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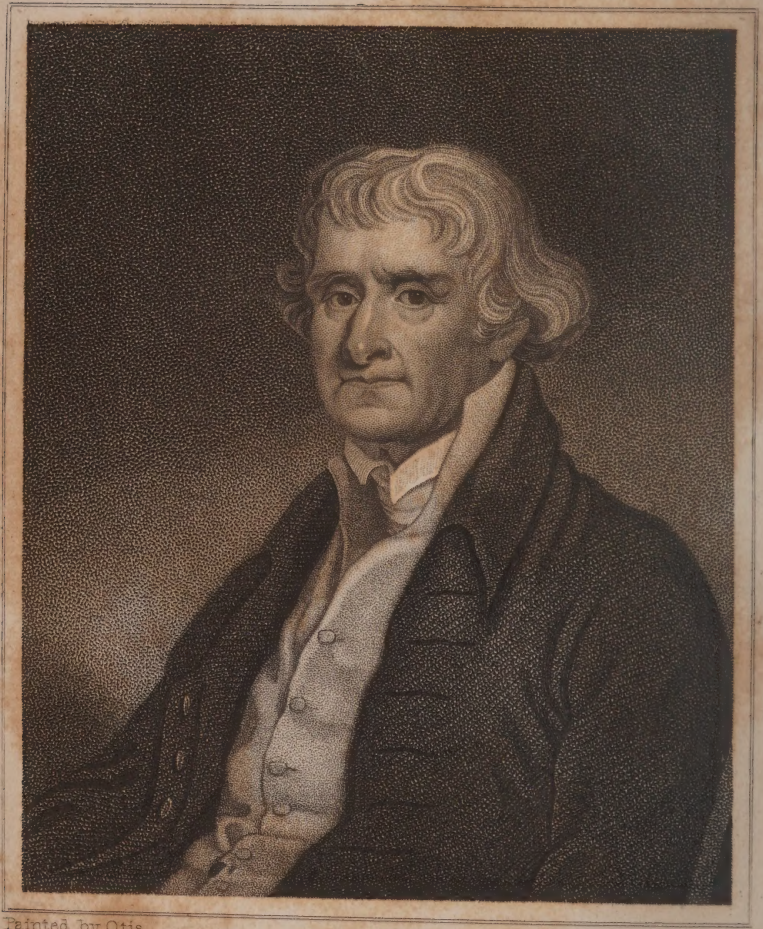

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Originally Compiled by the

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

VOL. 2. PROSE.

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BOSTON

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER, HARLEM-PLACE, WASHINGTON STREET

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

OR

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.—PROSE.

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Boston:

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NO. 347, (HARLEM-PLACE) WASHINGTON-STREET.

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JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *On the Great Historical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the æra of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens were seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks. —This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in

a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue, in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the nearest to perfection of all the four; enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable;

the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts: but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness: the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

§ 2. *On the Constitution of* ENGLAND.

In every government there are three sorts of power: the legislative; the executive, in respect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives embassies, he establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter we shall call the judiciary power, and the other simply the executive power of the state.

The political liberty of the subject

is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the government be so constituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, lest the same monarch or senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would be then the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the same man, or the same body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exercise those three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public resolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Most kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, because the prince, who is invested with the two first powers, leaves the third to his subjects. In Turkey, where these three powers are united in the Sultan's person, the subjects groan under the weight of a most frightful oppression.

In the republics of Italy, where these three powers are united, there is less liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourse to as violent methods for its support, as even that of the Turks; witness the state inquisitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accusations.

What a situation must the poor subject be in under those republics! The same body of magistrates are possessed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themselves in quality of legislators. They may plunder the state by their general determinations; and, as they have likewise the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular decisions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a despotic sway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whose aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have constantly set out with uniting in their own persons all the branches of magistracy, and all the great offices of state.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary aristocracy of the Italian republics, does not answer exactly to the despotic power of the eastern princes. The number of magistrates sometimes softens the power of the magistracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the same designs; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legislative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the mischief is, that these different tribunals are composed of magistrates all belonging to the same body, which constitutes almost one and the same power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a standing senate; it should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that should last only as long as necessity requires.

By this means the power of judg-

ing, a power so terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular state or profession, becomes, as it were, invisible. People have not then the judges continually present to their view; they fear the office, but not the magistrate.

In accusations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the person accused should have the privilege of choosing in some measure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at least he should have a right to except against so great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magistrates or permanent bodies, because they are not exercised on any private subject; one being no more than the general will of the state, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to such a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in society without knowing exactly the obligations it lays them under.

The judges ought likewise to be in the same station as the accused, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of persons inclined to treat him with rigour.

If the legislature leaves the executive power in possession of a right to imprison those subjects who can give security for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unless they are taken up, in order to answer without delay to a capital crime: in this case they are really free, being subject only to the power of the law.

But should the legislature think itself in danger by some secret conspiracy against the state, or by a correspondence with a foreign enemy, it might authorise the executive power, for a short and limited time, to imprison suspected persons, who in that case would lose their liberty only for a while, to preserve it for ever.

And this is the only reasonable method that can be substituted to the tyrannical magistracy of the Ephori, and to the state inquisitors of Venice, who are also despotical.

As in a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; so the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. But since this is impossible in large states, and in small ones is subject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people should act by their representatives, what they cannot act by themselves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and interests, than with those of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the rest of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legislature should not be chosen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every considerable place, a representative should be elected by the inhabitants.

The great advantage of representatives is their being capable of discussing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greatest inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all necessary that the representatives, who have received a general instruction from their electors, should wait to be particularly instructed in every affair, as is practised in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the speeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but, on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the assembly; and on the most urgent and pressing occa-

sions, the springs of the nation might be stopped by a single caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well observes, represent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their constituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the several districts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a representative, except such as are in so mean a situation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in most of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active resolutions, such as require some execution; a thing of which they are absolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the choosing of representatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the person they choose is better qualified than most of his neighbours.

Neither ought the representative body to be chosen for active resolutions, for which it is not so fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to see whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themselves can properly perform.

In a state, there are always persons distinguished by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a single vote like the rest, the common liberty would be their slavery, and they would have no interest in supporting it, as most of the popular resolutions would be against them. The share they have, therefore, in the legislature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the state; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a stop to the enterprises of the people, as the people have a right to put a stop to theirs.

The legislative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body chosen to represent the people, which have each their assemblies and deliberations apart, each their separate views and interests.

Of the three powers above mentioned, the judiciary is in some measure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as those have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legislative body, composed of the nobility, is extremely proper for this very purpose.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the first place it is so in its own nature: and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges; privileges that in themselves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of course, in a free state, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to pursue its own particular interests, and forget those of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a singular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the supplies, they should have no other share in the legislation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of resolving.

By the power of resolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be understood to mean the right of annulling a resolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the person possessed of the privilege of rejecting may likewise have the right of approving, yet this approbation passes for no more than a declaration, that he intends to make no use of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be

in the hands of a monarch: because this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better administered by one than by many: whereas whatever depends on the legislative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a single person.

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of persons selected from the legislative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reason the two powers would be united, as the same persons would actually sometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a share in both.

Were the legislative body to be a considerable time without meeting, this would likewise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy; or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually sitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people, upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled; and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously, it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled, or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are seasons, some of which are more proper than others, for assembling the legislative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power should regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of those assemblies, according to the circumstances and exigencies of state known to itself.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to the encroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic; for as it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased, it would soon destroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legislative power should have a right to stop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischiefs.

But if the legislative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws

have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cosmi and the Ephori gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct, of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amymones* to an account, even after their administration;† and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-sighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal, on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen, that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge; and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people, must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interests nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this

* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices. See Dionys. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were intrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legislative.

These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legislative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no share in the public debates. It is not even necessary that it should propose, because, as it may always disapprove of the resolutions that shall be taken, it may likewise reject the decisions on those proposals which were made against its will.

In some ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propose and debate with the people, otherwise their resolutions must have been attended with a strange confusion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raising of public money, otherwise than by giving its consent, liberty would be at an end; because it would become legislative in the most important point of legislation.

If the legislative power was to settle the subsidies, not from year to year, but for ever, it would run the risk of losing its liberty, because the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was possessed of such a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itself, or of another. The same may be said, if it should fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the sea and land forces with which it is to intrust the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the people, and have the same spirit as the people; as was the case at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the persons employed in the army should have sufficient property to answer for their conduct to their fellow-subjects, and be enlisted only for a year, as was customary at Rome: or if there should be a standing army, composed chiefly of the most despicable part of the nation, the legislative power should have a right to disband them as soon as it pleased; the soldiers should live in common with the rest of the people; and no separate camp, barracks, or fortress, should be suffered.

When once an army is established, it ought not to depend immediately on the legislative, but on the execu-

tive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its business consisting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongst mankind, they set a higher value upon courage than timorousness, on activity than prudence, on strength than counsel. Hence the army will ever despise a senate, and respect their own officers. They will naturally slight the orders sent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as soon as the army depends on the legislative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to some extraordinary circumstances. It is because the army has always kept divided; it is because it was composed of several bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is because the capital towns were strong places, defended by their natural situation, and not garrisoned with regular troops. Holland, for instance, is still safer than Venice: she might drown or starve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furnishing them with necessary subsistence, this subsistence is of course precarious.

Whoever shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful system was invented first in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty, it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my business to examine whether the English actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that it is established by their laws; and I inquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to say that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneasiness to those who have only a moderate share of it. How should I have any such design, I, who think that even the excess of reason is not always desirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his Oceana, has also inquired into the highest point of liberty to which the constitution of a state may be carried. But of him indeed it may be said, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he busied himself in pursuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

Montesquieu.

§ 3. *Of* COLUMBUS, *and the Discovery of* AMERICA.

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtless the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absorbed in this kind of new creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the ancients to a Greek, who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher

Columbus were not thus rewarded. Columbus, struck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguese, imagined that something greater might be done; and from a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by sailing always west. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulses of several princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain: which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after, he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprise to see him return, at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one was vieing who should be

foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremburg, who, it is said, went from that city to the straits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Duchess of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shown; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it, then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence

many years before Columbus was born. Most bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vespusius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vespusius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet could this man be said to deserve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, sailed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Vespusius, which seems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honour and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good breeding, and good sense, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

The inhabitants of these islands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much astonished at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ships and artillery: they at first looked upon these new visitors as monsters or gods, who had come out of the sky or the sea. These voyages, and those of the Portuguese, had now taught us how inconsiderable a spot of the globe our Europe was, and what an astonishing variety reigns in the world. Indostan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whose complexions were yellow. In Africa and Asia, at some distance from the equator, there had been found several kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chinese still appear to

differ entirely from the rest of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noses. But what is still to be remarked is, that into whatsoever regions these various races are transplanted, their complexions never change, unless they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifest proof that there is a differential principle in each species of men, as well as plants.

Dependent upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are seldom known to change. Hence the negroes are slaves to other men, and are purchased on the coast of Africa, like beasts, for a sum of money: and the vast multitudes of negroes transplanted into our American colonies, serve as slaves under a very inconsiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewise taught us how great a superiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where easily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thousand to one superior in numbers.

This part of America was also remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of so great use to us. Horses, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its use in dying has now made us forget the scarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was soon succeeded by that of indigo, cacao, vahille, and those woods which serve for ornament and medicinal purposes, particularly the quinquina, or jesuits' bark, which is the only specific against intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilst she had dispersed the disease it cured through all the rest of the world. This new continent likewise furnished pearls, coloured stones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at present furnishes the meanest citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleasures. The gold and silver mines, at their first discovery, were of service only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the rest of the world was impoverished by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow business, found themselves possessed of a very small quantity of specie, in comparison with the immense sums accumulated by those, who had the advantage of the first discoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and silver which was sent from America, was dispersed throughout all Europe, and by passing into a number of hands, the distribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewise increased in Europe, in proportion to the increase of specie.

To comprehend how the treasures of America passed from the possession of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be sufficient to consider these two things: the use which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a share in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, necessarily dispersed a great quantity of that specie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he sent his son Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince deposited in the tower of London twenty-seven large chests of silver in bars, and a hundred horse loads of gold and silver coin. The troubles

in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, cost this Philip, according to his own confession, above three thousand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and silver of Peru is distributed amongst all the people of Europe, and from thence is sent to the East Indies, is a surprising, though well known circumstance. By a strict law enacted by Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spanish America, but likewise from having the least share, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to subdue all Europe; and yet Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandise to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time consigned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes called *meteors:* these, armed with pistols at their belt, and a long sword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon his money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which, nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His Catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shows, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subjects, by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hispaniola. Several of the

companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards spread over Europe. It is certain, that this poison, which taints the springs of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the small pox were diseases originally endemial to the southern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human flesh, practised by some of the American savages occasioned this disorder. There were no cannibals on the island of Hispaniola, where it was most frequent and inveterate; neither are we to suppose, with some, that it proceeded from too great an excess of sensual pleasures. Nature had never punished excesses of this kind with such disorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been passed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and shameful scourge upon the chastest union.

The great Columbus, after having built several houses on these islands, and discovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unsullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hispaniola, who succeeded him, being persuaded that these provinces furnished gold, resolved to make the discovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In short, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehensive of their superior numbers; or that the rage of slaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they, in the space of a few years, entirely depopulated Hispaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above six hundred thousand.

Bartholomew de la Casas, bishop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witness to these desolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. These wretched savages, almost naked and without arms, were pursued like wild beasts in the forests, devoured alive by dogs, shot to death, or surprised and burnt in their habitations.

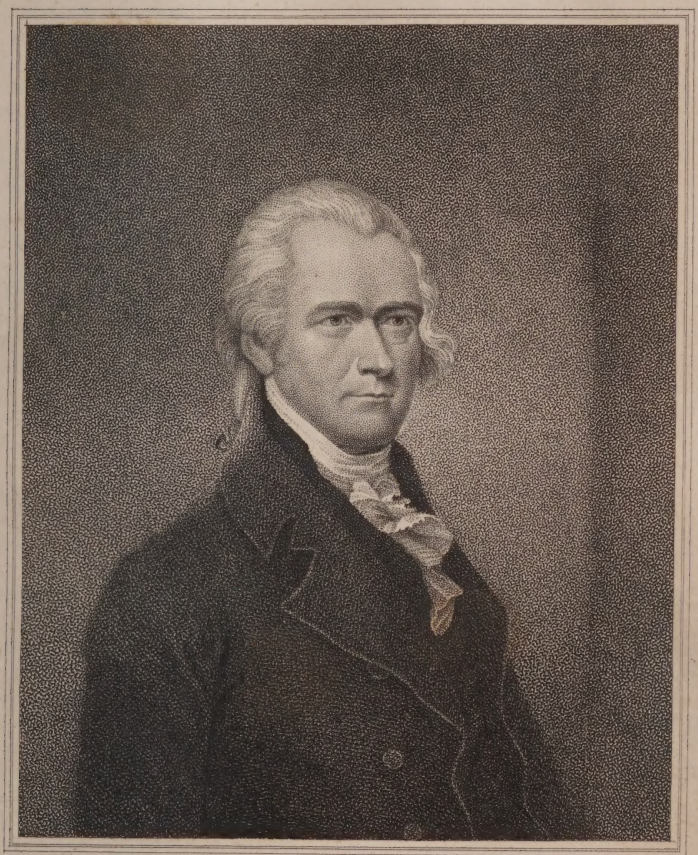
He farther declares, from ocular testimony, that they frequently caused a number of these miserable wretches to be summoned by a priest to come in, and submit to the Christian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injustice, they put them to death without the least remorse.—I believe that De la Casas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have said ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us shudder with horror.

It may seem surprising, that this massacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the sight, and under the administration of several religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime minister of Castile before the time of Charles V. sent over four monks of this order, in quality of presidents of the royal council of the island. Doubtless they were not able to resist the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new masters, being with just reason become implacable, rendered their destruction unhappily necessary.

Voltaire.

§ 4. *The effects of a dissolution of the Federal Union.*

Assuming it therefore as an established truth, that, in case of disunion, the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other, which have fallen to the lot of



Painted by Ames. *Engraved by Hoogland.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

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all neighbouring nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries, where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation, which used to mark the progress of war, prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength, and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighbouring country, almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate, the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war, in that quarter of the globe, is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country, the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would, with little difficulty, over-run their less populous neighbours. Conquests would be as easy to be made, as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events, which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess, it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war; the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty, to resort for repose and security to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they, at length, become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to, are STANDING ARMIES, and the correspondent appendages of military establishment. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it.* This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But STANDING ARMIES, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a disso-

* This objection will be fully examined in its proper place: and it will be shown, that the only rational precaution which could have been taken on this subject, has been taken; and a much better one than is to be found in any constitution that has been heretofore framed in America, most of which contain no guard at all on this subject.

lution of the confederacy. Frequent war, and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states, or confederacies, would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbours. They would endeavour to supply the inferiority of population and resources, by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which, their constitutions would require a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive, at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states, or confederacies, that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbours. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride, nor the safety, of the important states, or confederacies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should in a little time see established in every part of this country, the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the old world. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

These are not vague inferences deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

It may perhaps be asked, by way of objection, why did not standing armies spring up out of the contentions which so often distracted the ancient republics of Greece? Different answers, equally satisfactory, may be given to this question. The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain, and devoted to the improvements of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the condition of a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people of those republics. The means of revenue, which have been so greatly multiplied by the increase of gold and silver, and of the arts of industry, and the science of finance, which is the offspring of modern times, concurring with the habits of nations, have produced an entire revolution in the system of war, and have rendered disciplined armies, distinct from the body of the citizens, the inseparable companion of frequent hostility.

There is a wide difference also, between military establishments in a country which, by its situation, is seldom exposed to invasions, and in one which is often subject to them, and always apprehensive of them. The rulers of the former can have no good pretext, if they are even so inclined, to keep on foot armies so numerous as must of necessity be maintained in the latter. These armies being, in the first case, rarely, if at all, called into activity for interior defence, the people are in no danger of being broken to military subordination. The laws are not accustomed to relaxations, in favour of military exigencies; the civil state remains in full vigour, neither corrupted nor confounded with the prin-

ciples or propensities of the other state. The smallness of the army forbids competition with the natural strength of the community, and the citizens, not habituated to look up to the military power for protection, or to submit to its oppressions, neither love nor fear the soldiery: they view them with a spirit of jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil, and stand ready to resist a power which they suppose may be exerted to the prejudice of their rights.

The army under such circumstances, though it may usefully aid the magistrate to suppress a small faction, or an occasional mob, or insurrection, will be utterly incompetent to the purpose of enforcing encroachments against the united efforts of the great body of the people.

But in a country, where the perpetual menacings of danger oblige the government to be always prepared to repel it, her armies must be numerous enough for instant defence. The continual necessity for his services enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably degrades the condition of the citizen. The military state becomes elevated above the civil. The inhabitants of territories often the theatre of war, are unavoidably subjected to frequent infringements on their rights, which serve to weaken their sense of those rights; and, by degrees, the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their protectors, but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to that of considering them as masters, is neither remote nor difficult: but it is very difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions, to make a bold, or effectual resistance, to usurpations supported by the military power.

The kingdom of Great Britain falls within the first description. An insular situation, and a powerful marine, guarding it in a great measure against the possibility of foreign invasion, supersede the necessity of a numerous army within the kingdom. A sufficient force to make head against a sudden descent till the militia could have time to rally and embody, is all that has been deemed requisite. No motive of national policy has demanded, nor would public opinion have tolerated a larger number of troops upon its domestic establishment. This peculiar felicity of situation* has, in a great degree, contributed to preserve the liberty, which that country to this day enjoys, in spite of the prevalent venality and corruption. If Britain had been situated on the continent, and had been compelled, as she would have been, by that situation, to make her military establishments at home coextensive with those of the other great powers of Europe, she, like them, would, in all probability, at this day be a victim to the absolute power of a single man. It is possible, though not easy, for the people of that island to be enslaved from other causes; but it cannot be by the prowess of an army so inconsiderable as that which has been usually kept up within the kingdom.

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength, to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But, if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time,

* The recent prodigious aggrandizement of France has, probably, altered the situation of Great Britain in this respect: it will be happy if the alteration has no tendency inauspicious to British liberty.

in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial nor futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man, of whatever party: if such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its vast importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would in all probability put a final period to the Union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries, would then quickly give place to the more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

Hamilton.

§. 5. *Extent of Country not dangerous to the Union.*

We have seen the necessity of the union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the old world; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection, that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the union embraces. A few observations on this subject, will be the more proper, as it is perceived, that the adversaries of the new constitution are taking advantage of a prevailing prejudice, with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections, which they endeavour in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district, has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy—and by applying to the former, reasons drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms, was also adverted to on a former occasion.—It is, that in a democracy, the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error, may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects, either of an absolute, or limited monarchy, they have endeavoured to heighten the advantages, or palliate the evils, of those forms, by placing, in comparison with them, the vices and defects of the republican—and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece, and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and, among others, the observation, that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the

democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular, and founded, at the same time, wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which, the will of the largest political body may be concentered, and its force directed to any object, which the public good requires—America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy, is that distance from the central point, which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand; and will include no greater number than can join in those functions: so the natural limit of a republic, is that distance from the centre, which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said, that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect, that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the union; that, during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the states have been almost continually assembled; and that the members, from the most distant states, are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance, than those from the states in the neighbourhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent, with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it, appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet, representing the whole empire, is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island, have as far to travel to the national council, as will be required of those of the remote parts of the union.

Favourable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain, which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered, that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be at-

tained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects, which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention, to abolish the governments of the particular states, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show, that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the federal constitution, is to secure the union of the Thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other states, as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighbourhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory, which lie on our north-western frontier, must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will every where be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travellers will be multiplied and ameliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the Thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy, by those numerous canals, with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth, and still more important consideration, is, that as almost every state will, on one side or other, be a frontier, and will thus find in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of the general protection; so the states which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the states forming our western or north-eastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions, which may be dictated by the neighbourhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union in some respects, than the less distant states, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects, and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no lon-

ger be fellow citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favour of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered, no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily we trust for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

Madison.

§ 6. *Necessity of the Union.*

When the people of America reflect, that the question now submitted to their determination, is one of the most important that has engaged, or can well engage, their attention, the propriety of their taking a very comprehensive, as well as a very serious view of it, must be evident.

Nothing is more certain than the indispensable necessity of government; and it is equally undeniable, that whenever and however it is instituted, the people must cede to it some of their natural rights, in order to vest it with requisite powers. It is well worthy of consideration therefore, whether it would conduce more to the interest of the people of America, that they should, to all general purposes, be one nation, under one federal government, than that they should divide themselves into sepa-

rate confederacies, and give to the head of each, the same kind of powers which they are advised to place in one national government.

It has until lately been a received and uncontradicted opinion, that the prosperity of the people of America depended on their continuing firmly united; and the wishes, prayers, and efforts, of our best and wisest citizens, have been constantly directed to that object. But politicians now appear, who insist that this opinion is erroneous, and that instead of looking for safety and happiness in union, we ought to seek it in a division of the states into distinct confederacies or sovereignties. However extraordinary this new doctrine may appear, it nevertheless has its advocates; and certain characters who were formerly much opposed to it, are at present of the number. Whatever may be the arguments or inducements, which have wrought this change in the sentiments and declarations of these gentlemen, it certainly would not be wise in the people at large to adopt these new political tenets, without being fully convinced that they are founded in truth and sound policy.

It has often given me pleasure to observe, that independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories, but that one connected, fertile, wide-spreading country, was the portion of our western sons of liberty. Providence has in a particular manner blessed it with a variety of soils and productions, and watered it with innumerable streams, for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants. A succession of navigable waters forms a kind of chain round its borders, as if to bind it together; while the most noble rivers in the world, running at convenient distances, present them with highways for the easy communication of friendly aids, and the mutual transportation and exchange of their various commodities.

With equal pleasure I have as often taken notice, that Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people; a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs, and who, by their joint counsels, arms, and efforts, fighting side by side throughout a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general liberty and independence.

This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it was the design of Providence, that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren, united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous, and alien sovereignties.

Similar sentiments have hitherto prevailed among all orders and denominations of men among us. To all general purposes, we have uniformly been one people. Each individual citizen every where enjoying the same national rights, privileges, and protection. As a nation, we have made peace and war: as a nation, we have vanquished our common enemies: as a nation, we have formed alliances, and made treaties, and entered into various compacts and conventions with foreign states.

A strong sense of the value and blessings of Union induced the people, at a very early period, to institute a federal government to preserve and perpetuate it. They formed it almost as soon as they had a political existence; nay, at a time, when their habitations were in flames, when many of them were bleeding in the field; and when the progress of hostility and desolation left little room for those calm and mature inquiries and reflections, which must ever precede the formation of a wise

and well balanced government for a free people. It is not to be wondered at that a government instituted in times so inauspicious, should on experiment be found greatly deficient, and inadequate to the purpose it was intended to answer.

This intelligent people perceived and regretted these defects. Still continuing no less attached to union, than enamoured of liberty, they observed the danger which immediately threatened the former and more remotely the latter, and being persuaded that ample security for both, could only be found in a national government more wisely framed, they, as with one voice, convened the late Convention at Philadelphia, to take that important subject under consideration.

This Convention, composed of men who possessed the confidence of the people, and many of whom had become highly distinguished by their patriotism, virtue, and wisdom, in times which tried the souls of men, undertook the arduous task. In the mild season of peace, with minds unoccupied by other subjects, they passed many months in cool uninterrupted and daily consultations: and finally without having been awed by power, or influenced by any passion, except love for their country, they presented and recommended to the people the plan produced by their joint and very unanimous counsels.

Admit, for so is the fact, that this plan is only *recommended*, not imposed, yet, let it be remembered, that it is neither recommended to *blind* approbation, nor to *blind* reprobation; but to that sedate and candid consideration, which the magnitude and importance of the subject demand, and which it certainly ought to receive. But, as has been already remarked, it is more to be wished than expected that it may be so considered and examined. Experience on a former occasion teaches us not to be too sanguine in such hopes. It is not yet forgotten, that well grounded apprehensions of imminent danger, induced the people of America to form the memorable Congress of 1774. That body recommended certain measures to their constituents, and the event proved their wisdom; yet it is fresh in our memories how soon the press began to teem with pamphlets and weekly papers against those very measures. Not only many of the officers of government who obeyed the dictates of personal interest, but others from a mistaken estimate of consequences, from the undue influence of ancient attachments, or whose ambition aimed at objects which did not correspond with the public good, were indefatigable in their endeavours to persuade the people to reject the advice of that patriotic Congress. Many indeed were deceived and deluded, but the great majority reasoned and decided judiciously; and happy they are in reflecting that they did so.

They considered that the Congress was composed of many wise and experienced men. That being convened from different parts of the country, they brought with them and communicated to each other, a variety of useful information. That in the course of the time they passed together in inquiring into and discussing the true interests of their country, they must have acquired very accurate knowledge on that head. That they were invividually interested in the public liberty and prosperity, and therefore that it was not less their inclination than their duty, to recommend such measures only, as after the most mature deliberation they really thought prudent and advisable.

These and similar considerations then induced the people to rely greatly on the judgment and integrity of the Congress; and they took their advice, notwithstanding the various arts and endeavours used

to deter and dissuade them from it. But if the people at large had reason to confide in the men of that Congress, few of whom had then been fully tried or generally known, still greater reason have they now to respect the judgment and advice of the Convention; for it is well known, that some of the most distinguished members of that Congress, who have been since tried and justly approved for patriotism and abilities, and who have grown old in acquiring political information, were also members of this Convention, and carried into it their accumulated knowledge and experience.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first, but every succeeding Congress, as well as the late Convention, have invariably joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depended on its Union. To preserve and perpetuate it, was the great object of the people in forming that Convention; and it is also the great object of the plan which the Convention has advised them to adopt. With what propriety therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made, by some men, to depreciate the importance of the Union? or why is it suggested that three or four confederacies would be better than one? I am persuaded in my own mind, that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachment to the cause of the Union, rests on great and weighty reasons.

They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy: that certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim in the words of the Poet, "FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS!"

Jay.

§ 7. *The influence of the Progress of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.*

The progress of science and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centu-

ries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical inquiry. They had been converted to the Christain faith soon after they settled in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtile distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of inquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these unin-

viting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompense for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe during the period under review,* were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success. *Robertson.*

* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

§ 8. *The Resignation of the Emperor* CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brus-

sels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If, says he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your sub-

jects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people: and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremony equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. In this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

Robertson.

§ 9. *The Feudal System.*

The feudal policy and laws were established with little variation in

every kingdom of Europe. This uniformity originated from the similar state of society and manners to which they were accustomed. Instead of those loose associations, which were sufficient for their defence in their original countries, they saw the necessity of uniting in more close confederacy, to defend themselves against new invaders, or the ancient inhabitants whom their clemency had spared. Every freeman, upon receiving a portion of the lands which were divided, bound himself to appear in arms against the enemies of the community. This military service was the condition upon which he received and held his lands; and as they were exempted from every other burden, that tenure, among a warlike people, was deemed both easy and honourable. The king or general who led them to conquest, continuing still to be the head of the colony, had of course the largest portion allotted to him. Having thus acquired the means of rewarding past services, as well as of gaining new adherents, he parcelled out his lands with this view, binding those on whom they were bestowed to follow his standard with a number of men in proportion to the territory which they received, and to bear arms in his defence. His chief officers imitated the example of the sovereign, and in distributing portions of their lands among their dependents, annexed the same condition to the grant. Thus, a feudal kingdom resembled a military establishment rather than a civil institution. The victorious army, cantoned out in the country which it seized, continued ranged under its proper officers, and subordinate to military command. The names of a soldier and of a freeman were synonymous. Every proprietor of land, girt with a sword, was ready to march at the command of his superior, and to take the field against the common enemy.

The principles of disorder and corruption are discernible in that constitution under its best and most perfect form. They soon unfolded themselves, and, spreading with rapidity through every part of the system, produced the most fatal effects. The bond of political union was extremely feeble; the sources of anarchy were innumerable. The monarchical and the aristocratical parts of the constitution, having no intermediate power to balance them, were perpetually at variance, and justling with each other. The powerful vassals of the crown soon extorted a confirmation for life of those grants of lands, which, being at first purely gratuitous, had been bestowed only during pleasure. Not satisfied with this, they prevailed to have them converted into hereditary possessions. One step more completed their usurpation, and rendered them unalienable. With an ambition no less enterprising, and more preposterous, they appropriated to themselves titles of honour, as well as offices of power or trust. These personal marks of distinction, which the public administration bestows on illustrious merit, or which the public confidence confers on extraordinary abilities, were annexed to certain families, and transmitted like fiefs, from father to son, by hereditary right. The crown vassals having thus secured the possession of their lands and dignities, the nature of the feudal institutions, which though founded on subordination verged to independence, led them to new and still more dangerous encroachments on the prerogatives of the sovereign. They obtained the power of supreme jurisdiction both civil and criminal within their own territories, the right of coining money, together with the privilege of carrying on war against their private enemies, in their own name and by their own authority. The ideas of political subjection were almost entirely lost, and frequently scarcely

any appearance of feudal subordination remained. Nobles who had acquired such enormous power scorned to consider themselves as subjects. They aspired openly at being independent: the bonds which connected the principal members of the constitution with the crown were dissolved. A kingdom, considerable into as many separate principalities as it contained powerful barons. A thousand causes of jealousy and discord subsisted among them, and gave rise to as many wars. Every country in Europe, wasted or kept in alarm, during these endless contests, was filled with castles or places of strength, erected for the security of the inhabitants, not against foreign force, but against internal hostilities. A universal anarchy, destructive in a great measure of all the advantages which men expect to derive from society, prevailed. The people, the most numerous, as well as the most useful part of the community, were either reduced to a state of actual servitude, or treated with the same insolence and rigour, as if they had been degraded into that wretched state. The king, stripped of almost every prerogative, and without authority to enact or to execute salutary laws, could neither protect the innocent nor punish the guilty. The nobles, superior to all restraint, harassed each other with perpetual wars, oppressed their fellow-subjects, and humbled or insulted their sovereign. To crown all, time gradually fixed and rendered venerable this pernicious system, which violence had established. Such was the state of Europe with respect to the interior administration of government, from the seventh to the eleventh century. *Robertson.*

§ 10. *The Crusades.*

The Crusades, in order to rescue the holy land from the hands of the infidels, first roused Europe, and introduced a change in her government and manners. Venerating the spot where the Son of God accomplished the redemption of mankind, and impressed with the current idea, that the end of the world was near at hand, multitudes hastened to the holy land, there to meet with Christ in judgment. When the minds of men were thus prepared, the zeal of a fanatical monk, who conceived the idea of leading all the forces of Christendom against the infidels, and of driving them out of the holy land by violence, was sufficient to give a beginning to that wild enterprise.

Peter the Hermit, for that was the name of that martial apostle, ran from province to province with a crucifix in his hand, exciting princes and people to the holy war; and wherever he came, kindled the same enthusiastic ardour for it with which he himself was animated. The Council of Placentia, where upwards of thirty thousand persons were assembled, pronounced the scheme to have been suggested by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. In the Council of Clermont, still more numerous, as soon as the measure was proposed, all cried out with one voice, 'It is the will of God.' Persons of all ranks catched the contagion; not only the gallant nobles of that age, with their martial followers, whom we may suppose to have been allured by the boldness of a romantic enterprise; but men in the more humble and pacific stations of life; ecclesiastics of every order, and even women and children, engaged with emulation in an undertaking, which was deemed sacred and meritorious. According to the testimony of contemporary historians, six millions of persons assumed the cross, which was the badge that distinguished such as devoted themselves to this holy warfare. All Europe, torn up from the foundation, seemed ready to pre-

cipitate itself in one united body upon Asia. Nor did the fumes of this enthusiastic zeal evaporate at once; the frenzy was as lasting as it was extravagant. During two centuries, Europe seems to have had no object but to recover or to keep possession of the holy land; and through that period, vast armies continued to march thither.

Robertson.

§ 11. *Chivalry.*

The spirit of chivalry inspired the nobles of Europe with more liberal and generous sentiments than had formerly prevailed. This institution, though considered of a wild nature, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society, at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the European manners.

The feudal was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy, during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the holy land under the dominion of infidels put an end to those foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and to remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty, and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles, and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led

them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures, are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour, are sentiments inspired by chivalry, and have had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct, during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Robertson.

§ 12. *Assassination of David Rizio.*

The low birth and indigent condition of this man placed him in a station in which he ought naturally to have remained unknown to posterity. But what fortune called him to act and to suffer in Scotland, obliges history to descend from its dignity, and to record his adventures. He was the son of a musician in Turin; and having accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador into Scotland, gained admission into the queen's family by his skill in music. As his servile condition had taught him suppleness of spirit and insinuating manners, he quickly crept into the queen's favour; and her French secretary happening to return at that time into his own country, was preferred by her to that office. He now began to make a figure in court, and to appear as a man of weight and consequence. The whole train of suitors and expectants, who have an extreme sagacity in discovering the paths which lead most directly to success, applied to him. His recommendations were observed to have great influence over the queen, and he grew to be considered not only as a favourite but as a minister. Nor was Rizio careful to abate that envy which always attends such an extraordinary and rapid change of fortune. He studied, on the contrary, to display the whole extent of his favour. He affected to talk often and familiarly with the queen in public. He equalled the greatest and most opulent subjects in richness of dress and in the number of his attendants. He discovered in all his behaviour that unassuming insolence, with which unmerited prosperity inspires an ignoble mind. It was with the utmost indignation that the nobles beheld the power, it was with the utmost difficulty that they tolerated the arrogance, of this unworthy minion. Even in the queen's presence they could not forbear treating him with marks of contempt. Nor was it his exorbitant power alone which exasperated the Scots. They considered him, and not without reason, as a dangerous enemy to the protestant religion, and suspected that he held, for this purpose, a secret correspondence with the court of Rome.

In consequence of such a conduct, the king and nobles mutually conspired to take away his life. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan of operation, to choose the actors, and to assign them their parts in perpetrating this detestable crime. Every circumstance here paints and characterizes the manners and men of that age, and fills us with horror at both. The place chosen for committing such a deed was the queen's bed-chamber. Though Mary was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and though Rizio might have been seized elsewhere without any difficulty, the king pitched upon this place, that he might enjoy the mali-

cious pleasure of reproaching Rizio with his crimes before the queen's face. The earl of Morton, the lord high chancellor of the kingdom, undertook to direct an enterprise, carried on in defiance of all the laws, of which he was bound to be the guardian. The lord Ruthven, who had been confined to his bed for three months by a very dangerous distemper, and who was still so feeble that he could scarcely walk, or bear the weight of his own armour, was intrusted with the executive part; and while he himself needed to be supported by two men, he came abroad to commit a murder, in the presence of his sovereign.

On the 9th of March, Morton entered the court of the palace with a hundred and sixty men; and without noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates. While the queen was at supper with the countess of Argyle, Rizio, and a few domestics, the king suddenly entered the apartment by a private passage. At his back was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid look which long sickness had given him. Three or four of his most trusty accomplices followed him. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present. Rizio instantly apprehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was aimed; and in the utmost consternation retired behind the queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence due to her person might prove some protection to him. The conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any consideration of that kind. Numbers of armed men rushed into the chamber. Ruthven drew his dagger, and with a furious mien and voice commanded Rizio to leave a place of which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too long. Mary employed tears, and entreaties, and threatenings, to save her favourite. But, notwithstanding all these, he was torn from her by violence, and before he could be dragged through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds.

Robertson.

§ 13. *Death of Queen Mary of Scotland.*

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant of execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy of the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty sup-

pressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An Agnus Dei hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs, the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her: and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean

of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf: but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross, so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain; the pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries which laid Mary in her grave. James, soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

Such was the tragical death of Mary Queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity. The political parties which were formed in the kingdom during her reign have subsisted, under various denominations, ever since that time. The rancour with which they were at first animated, hath descended to succeeding ages, and their prejudices as well as their rage, have been perpetuated, and even augmented. Among historians, who were under the dominion of all those passions, and who have either ascribed to her every virtuous and amiable quality, or have imputed to her all the vices of which the human heart is susceptible, we search in vain for Mary's real character. She neither merited the exaggerated praises of the one, nor the undistinguishing censure of the other.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible: polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; be-

cause her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute some of her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

§ 14. *Execution of Lady Jane Grey.*

This excellent personage was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents.

She was carefully educated in the principles of the Reformation: and her wisdom and virtue rendered her a shining example to her sex. But

it was her lot to continue only a short period on this stage of being; for, in early life, she fell a sacrifice to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland; who promoted a marriage between her and his son, lord Guilford Dudley; and raised her to the throne of England, in opposition to the rights of Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of their marriage she was only about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also very young: a season of life very unequal to oppose the interested views of artful and aspiring men; who, instead of exposing them to danger, should have been the protectors of their innocence and youth.

This extraordinary young person, besides the solid endowments of piety and virtue, possessed the most engaging disposition, the most accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with King Edward VI., she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and classical literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of several modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, whilst the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park, and upon his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she "received more pleasure from that author, than others could reap from all their sport and gaiety."—Her heart, replete with this love of literature and serious studies, and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the crown; pleaded the preferable right of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in that private station in which she was born. Overcome at last with the entreaties, rather than reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and, above all, of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her elevation was of very short continuance. The nation declared for Queen Mary; and the lady Jane, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more satisfaction than she felt when royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person, from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given to lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send priests, who molested her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion to popery, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by solid arguments, but also to write a letter to her sister, in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

On the day of her execution, her husband, lord Guilford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them.—Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever united; and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and lord Guilford together on the same scaffold, at Tower-hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution, and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, "that human justice was against his body, but the Divine Mercy would be favourable to his soul: and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour." On the scaffold, she made a speech to the by-standers, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not having laid her hand upon the crown, but not rejecting it with sufficient constancy: that she had less erred through ambition, than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey: that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others: and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend any way to the destruction of the commonwealth.—After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

Hume.

§ 15. *Fall of Cardinal Wolsey.*

Cardinal Wolsey, the favourite of Henry VIII. was the most absolute and wealthy minister of state that England ever saw. In his rise and fall, he was the greatest instance which many ages had produced, of the mutability of human affairs.

When the intrigues of his enemies

had weakened the king's attachment, the meditated blow was for a time suspended, and fell not suddenly on the cardinal's head. The king, who probably could not justify, by any good reason, his alienation from his ancient favourite, seems to have remained some time in doubt; and he received him, if not with all his former kindness, at least with the appearance of trust and regard. But constant experience evinces how rarely high confidence and affection receive the least diminution, without sinking into absolute indifference, or even running into the opposite extreme. The king was at length determined to bring on the ruin of the cardinal, with a motion almost as precipitate as he had formerly employed in his elevation. The dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk were sent to require the great seal from him; and on his scrupling to deliver it, without a more express warrant, Henry wrote him a letter, upon which it was surrendered; and it was delivered by the king to sir Thomas More, a man who, besides the ornaments of an elegant literature, possessed the highest virtue, integrity, and capacity.

Wolsey was ordered to depart from York Place, a palace which he had built in London, and which, though it really belonged to the see of York, was seized by Henry, and became afterwards the residence of the kings of England, by the title of Whitehall. All his furniture and plate were also seized: their riches and splendour befitted rather a royal than a private fortune. The walls of his palace were covered with cloth of gold, or cloth of silver. He had a cupboard of plate of massy gold. There were found a thousand pieces of fine Holland belonging to him. The rest of his riches and furniture was in proportion: and his opulence was, probably, no small inducement to this violent persecution.

The Cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country-seat which he possessed near Hampton Court. The world that had paid him such abject court during his prosperity, now entirely deserted him on this fatal reverse of all his fortunes. He himself was much dejected with the change; and from the same turn of mind which had made him be so vainly elated with his grandeur, he felt the stroke of adversity with double rigour. The smallest appearance of his return to favour, threw him into transports of joy unbecoming a man. The king had seemed willing, during some time, to intermit the blows which overwhelmed him. He granted him his protection, and left him in possession of the sees of York and Winchester. He even sent him a gracious message, accompanied with a ring, as a testimony of his affection. Wolsey, who was on horseback when the messenger met him, immediately alighted; and throwing himself on his knees in the mire, received, in that humble attitude, these marks of his majesty's gracious disposition towards him. But his enemies, who dreaded his return to court, never ceased plying the king with accounts of his several offences. He dismissed, therefore, his numerous retinue; and as he was a kind and beneficent master, the separation passed not without a plentiful effusion of tears on both sides. The king's heart, notwithstanding some gleams of kindness, seemed now totally hardened against his old favourite. He ordered him to be indicted in the Star Chamber, where a sentence was passed against him. And not content with this severity, he abandoned him to all the rigour of the parliament.

After Wolsey had remained some time at Asher, he was allowed to remove to Richmond, a palace which he had received as a present from Henry, in return for Hampton Court. But the courtiers, dreading still his

vicinity to the king, procured an order for him to remove to his see of York. The Cardinal knew it was in vain to resist. He took up his residence at Cawood in Yorkshire, where he rendered himself extremely popular in the neighbourhood, by his affability and hospitality; but he was not allowed to remain long unmolested in this retreat. The earl of Northumberland received orders, without regard to Wolsey's ecclesiastical character, to arrest him for high treason, and to conduct him to London, in order to his trial. The cardinal, partly from the fatigues of his journey, partly from the agitation of his anxious mind, was seized with a disorder which turned into a dysentery; and he was able, with some difficulty, to reach Leicester Abbey. When the abbot and the monks advanced to receive him with much respect and reverence, he told them that he was come to lay his bones among them; and he immediately took to his bed, whence he never rose more. A little before he expired, he addressed himself in the following words to sir William Kingston, constable of the Tower, who had him in custody: "I pray you have me heartily recommended to his royal majesty; and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially with regard to his business with the queen; and then will he know in his conscience whether I have offended him. He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart; but rather than he will miss or want any part of his desire, he will endanger the one half of his kingdom. I do assure you, that I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but could not prevail. Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

Thus died this famous cardinal, whose character seems to have contained as singular a variety as the fortune to which he was exposed. The obstinacy and violence of the king's temper may alleviate much of the blame which some of his favourite's measures have undergone; and when we consider, that the subsequent part of Henry's reign was much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels, we shall be inclined to suspect those historians of partiality, who have endeavoured to load the memory of this minister with such violent reproaches. Henry much regretted his death, when informed of it; and always spoke favourably of his memory; a proof that humour more than reason, or any discovery of treachery, had occasioned the last persecutions against him.

Hume.

§ 16. *Execution of Archbishop Cranmer.*

Queen Mary determined to bring Cranmer, whom she had long detained in prison, to punishment; and in order more fully to satiate her vengeance, she resolved to punish him for heresy, rather than for treason. He was cited by the Pope to stand his trial at Rome; and though he was known to be kept in close custody at Oxford, he was, upon his not appearing, condemned as contumacious. Bonner, bishop of London, and Thirleby, bishop of Ely, were sent to degrade him; and the former executed the melancholy ceremony, with all the joy and exultation which suited his savage nature. The implacable spirit of the queen, not satisfied with the future misery of Cranmer, which she believed inevi-

table, and with the execution of that dreadful sentence to which he was condemned, prompted her also to seek the ruin of his honour, and the infamy of his name. Persons were employed to attack him, not in the way of disputation, against which he was sufficiently armed; but by flattery, insinuation, and address; by representing the dignities to which his character still entitled him, if he would merit them by a recantation; by giving him hopes of long enjoying those powerful friends, whom his beneficent disposition had attached to him, during the course of his prosperity. Overcome by the fond love of life; terrified by the prospect of those tortures which awaited him; he allowed, in an unguarded hour, the sentiments of nature to prevail over his resolution, and agreed to subscribe the doctrines of the papal supremacy, and of the real presence. The court, equally perfidious and cruel, was determined that this recantation should avail him nothing; and sent orders that he should be required to acknowledge his errors in church before the whole people; and that he should thence be immediately carried to execution.

Cranmer, whether he had received a secret intimation of their design, or had repented of his weakness, surprised the audience by a contrary declaration. He said, that he was well apprised of the obedience which he owed to his sovereign and the laws; but that this duty extended no further than to submit patiently to their commands: and to bear, without resistance, whatever hardships they should impose upon him: that a superior duty, the duty which he owed to his Maker, obliged him to speak truth on all occasions; and not to relinquish, by a base denial, the holy doctrine which the Supreme Being had revealed to mankind: that there was one miscarriage in his life, of which, above all others, he severely repented; the insincere declaration of faith to which he had the weakness to consent, and which the fear of death alone had extorted from him; that he took this opportunity of atoning for his error, by a sincere and open recantation; and was willing to seal, with his blood, that doctrine which he firmly believed to be communicated from heaven: and that, as his hand had erred, by betraying his heart, it should first be punished, by a severe but just doom, and should first pay the forfeit of its offences.

He was then led to the stake, amidst the insults of his enemies; and having now summoned up all the force of his mind, he bore their scorn, as well as the torture of his punishment, with singular fortitude. He stretched out his hand, and without betraying, either by his countenance or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even of feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed. His thoughts seemed wholly occupied with reflections on his former fault, and he called aloud several times, "This hand has offended." Satisfied with that atonement, he then discovered a serenity in his countenance; and when the fire attacked his body, he seemed to be quite insensible of his outward sufferings, and, by the force of hope and resolution, to have collected his mind, altogether within itself, and to repel the fury of the flames. He was undoubtedly a man of merit; possessed of learning and capacity, and adorned with candour, sincerity, and beneficence, and all those virtues which were fitted to render him useful and amiable in society. *Hume.*

§ 17. *Rienzi restores liberty to Rome—his fall.*

In a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an inn-keeper and a washerwoman produced the fu-

ture deliverer of Rome. From such parents Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini could inherit neither dignity nor fortune; and the gift of a liberal education, which they painfully bestowed, was the cause of his glory and untimely end. The study of history and eloquence, the writings of Cicero, Seneca, Livy, Cæsar, and Valerius Maximus, elevated above his equals and contemporaries the genius of the young plebeian: he perused with indefatigable diligence the manuscripts and marbles of antiquity; loved to dispense his knowledge in familiar language; and was often provoked to exclaim, "Where are now these Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? why was I not born in those happy times!" When the republic addressed to the throne of Avignon an embassy of the three orders, the spirit and eloquence of Rienzi recommended him to a place among the thirteen deputies of the commons. The orator had the honour of haranguing pope Clement the sixth, and the satisfaction of conversing with Petrarch, a congenial mind; but his aspiring hopes were chilled by disgrace and poverty; and the patriot was reduced to a single garment and the charity of the hospital. From this misery he was relieved by the sense of merit or the smile of favour; and the employment of apostolic notary afforded him a daily stipend of five gold florins, a more honourable and extensive connexion; and the right of contrasting, both in words and actions, his own integrity with the vices of the state. The eloquence of Rienzi was prompt and persuasive: the multitude is always prone to envy and censure: he was stimulated by the loss of a brother and the impunity of the assassins; nor was it possible to excuse or exaggerate the public calamities. The blessings of peace and justice, for which civil society has been instituted, were banished from Rome: the jealous citizens, who might have endured every personal or pecuniary injury, were most deeply wounded in the dishonour of their wives and daughters: they were equally oppressed by the arrogance of the nobles and the corruption of the magistrates; and the abuse of arms or of laws was the only circumstance that distinguished the lions, from the dogs and serpents, of the Capitol. These allegorical emblems were variously repeated in the pictures which Rienzi exhibited in the streets and churches; and while the spectators gazed with curious wonder, the bold and ready orator unfolded the meaning, applied the satire, inflamed their passions, and announced a distant hope of comfort and deliverance. The privileges of Rome, her eternal sovereignty over her princes and provinces, was the theme of his public and private discourse; and a monument of servitude became in his hands a title and incentive of liberty. The decree of the senate, which granted the most ample prerogatives to the emperor Vespasian, had been inscribed on a copper-plate still extant in the choir of the church of St. John Lateran. A numerous assembly of nobles and plebeians was invited to this political lecture, and a convenient theatre was erected for their reception. The notary appeared, in a magnificent and mysterious habit, explained the inscription by a version and commentary, and descanted with eloquence and zeal on the ancient glories of the senate and people, from whom all legal authority was derived. The supine ignorance of the nobles was incapable of discerning the serious tendency of such representations: they might sometimes chastise with words and blows the plebeian reformer; but he was often suffered in the Colonna palace to amuse the company with his threats and predictions; and the modern Brutus was concealed under the mask of folly and the

character of a buffoon. While they indulged their contempt, the restoration of the *good estate*, his favourite expression, was entertained among the people as a desirable, a possible, and at length as an approaching, event; and while all had the disposition to applaud, some had the courage to assist, their promised deliverer.

A prophecy, or rather a summons, affixed on the church-door of St. George, was the first public evidence of his designs; a nocturnal assembly of a hundred citizens on mount Aventine, the first step to their execution. After an oath of secrecy and aid, he represented to the conspirators the importance and facility of their enterprise; that the nobles, without union or resources, were strong only in the fear of their imaginary strength; that all power, as well as right, was in the hands of the people; that the revenues of the apostolical chamber might relieve the public distress; and that the pope himself would approve their victory over the common enemies of government and freedom. After securing a faithful band to protect his first declaration, he proclaimed through the city, by sound of trumpet, that on the evening of the following day all persons should assemble without arms before the church of St. Angelo, to provide for the re-establishment of the good estate. The whole night was employed in the celebration of thirty masses of the Holy Ghost; and in the morning, Rienzi, bareheaded, but in complete armour, issued from the church, encompassed by the hundred conspirators. The pope's vicar, the simple bishop of Orvieto, who had been persuaded to sustain a part in this singular ceremony, marched on his right hand; and three great standards were borne aloft as the emblems of their design. In the first, the banner of *liberty*, Rome was seated on two lions, with a palm in one hand and a globe in the other: St. Paul, with a drawn sword, was delineated in the banner of *justice;* and in the third, St. Peter held the keys of *concord* and *peace*. Rienzi was encouraged by the presence and applause of an innumerable crowd, who understood little, and hoped much; and the procession slowly rolled forwards from the castle of St. Angelo to the Capitol. His triumph was disturbed by some secret emotion which he laboured to suppress: he ascended without opposition, and with seeming confidence, the citadel of the republic; harangued the people from the balcony; and received the most flattering confirmation of his acts and laws. The nobles, as if destitute of arms and counsels, beheld in silent consternation this strange revolution; and the moment had been prudently chosen, when the most formidable, Stephen Colonna, was absent from the city. On the first rumour, he returned to his palace, affected to despise this plebeian tumult, and declared to the messengers of Rienzi, that at his leisure he would cast the madman from the windows of the Capitol. The great bell instantly rang an alarm, and so rapid was the tide, so urgent was the danger, that Colonna escaped with precipitation to the suburb of St. Laurence: from thence, after a moment's refreshment, he continued the same speedy career till he reached in safety his castle of Palestrina; lamenting his own imprudence, which had not trampled the spark of this mighty conflagration. A general and peremptory order was issued from the Capitol to all the nobles, that they should peaceably retire to their estates: they obeyed; and their departure secured the tranquillity of the free and obedient citizens of Rome.

But such voluntary obedience evaporates with the first transports of zeal; and Rienzi felt the importance of justifying his usurpation by a re-

gular form and a legal title. At his own choice, the Roman people would have displayed their attachment and authority, by lavishing on his head the names of senator or consul, of king or emperor: he preferred the ancient and modest appellation of tribune; the protection of the commons was the essence of that sacred office; and they were ignorant, that it had never been invested with any share in the legislative or executive powers of the republic. In this character, and with the consent of the Romans, the tribune enacted the most salutary laws for the restoration and maintenance of the good estate. By the first he fulfils the wish of honesty and inexperience, that no civil suit should be protracted beyond the term of fifteen days. The danger of frequent perjury might justify the pronouncing against a false accuser the same penalty which his evidence would have inflicted: the disorders of the times might compel the legislator to punish every homicide with death, and every injury with equal retaliation. But the execution of justice was hopeless, till he had previously abolished the tyranny of the nobles. It was formerly provided, that none, except the supreme magistrate, should possess or command the gates, bridges, or towers, of the state: that no private garrisons should be introduced into the towns or castles of the Roman territory; that none should bear arms, or presume to fortify their houses in the city or country; that the barons should be responsible for the safety of the highways, and the free passage of provisions; and that the protection of malefactors and robbers should be expiated by a fine of a thousand marks of silver. But these regulations would have been impotent and nugatory, had not the licentious nobles been awed by the sword of the civil power. A sudden alarm from the bell of the Capitol could still summon to the standard above twenty thousand volunteers: the support of the tribune and the laws required a more regular and permanent force. In each harbour of the coast, a vessel was stationed for the assurance of commerce; a standing militia of three hundred and sixty horse and thirteen hundred foot was levied, clothed, and paid in the thirteen quarters of the city: and the spirit of a commonwealth may be traced in the grateful allowance of one hundred florins, or pounds, to the heirs of every soldier who lost his life in the service of his country. For the maintenance of the public defence, for the establishment of granaries, for the relief of widows, orphans, and indigent convents, Rienzi applied, without fear of sacrilege, the revenues of the apostolic chamber: the three branches of hearth-money, the salt-duty, and the customs, were each of the annual produce of one hundred thousand florins; and scandalous were the abuses, if in four or five months the amount of the salt-duty could be trebled by his judicious economy. After thus restoring the forces and finances of the republic, the tribune recalled the nobles from their solitary independence; required their personal appearance in the Capitol; and imposed an oath of allegiance to the new government, and of submission to the laws of the good estate. Apprehensive for their safety, but still more apprehensive of the danger of a refusal, the princes and barons returned to their houses at Rome in the garb of simple and peaceful citizens: the Colonna and Ursini, the Savelli and Frangipani, were confounded before the tribunal of a plebeian, of the vile buffoon whom they had so often derided, and their disgrace was aggravated by the indignation which they vainly struggled to disguise. The same oath was successively pronounced by the several orders of society, the clergy, and gentlemen, the judges and notaries, the merchants and artisans, and

the gradual descent was marked by the increase of sincerity and zeal. They swore to live and die with the republic and the church, whose interest was artfully united by the nominal association of the bishop of Orvieto, the pope's vicar, to the office of tribune. It was the boast of Rienzi, that he had delivered the throne and patrimony of St. Peter from a rebellious aristocracy; and Clement the sixth, who rejoiced in its fall, affected to believe the professions, to applaud the merits, and to confirm the title, of his trusty servant. The speech, perhaps the mind, of the tribune, was inspired with a lively regard for the purity of the faith; he insinuated his claim to a supernatural mission from the Holy Ghost; enforced by a heavy forfeiture the annual duty of confession and communion; and strictly guarded the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of his faithful people.

Never perhaps has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden, though transient, reformation of Rome by the tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent; patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church, protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortifications of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous, and of being unable, to protect a criminal. A mule, with a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord, of the Ursina family, was condemned to restore the damage, and to discharge a fine of four hundred florins for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses: and, either from accident or design, the same impartial rigour was exercised against the heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Ursini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tyber. His name, the purple of two cardinals, his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease, were disregarded by the inflexible tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed: his trial was short and satisfactory: the bell of the Capitol convened the people: stript of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Ursini was led away to the gallows. After such an example, none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity, and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and territory of Rome. In this time (says the historian) the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway. As soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labours and rewards of industry spontaneously revive: Rome was still the metropolis of the Christian world; and the fame and fortunes of the tribune were diffused in every country by the strangers who

had enjoyed the blessings of his government.

The deliverance of his country inspired Rienzi with a vast, and perhaps visionary idea of uniting Italy in a great federative republic, of which Rome should be the ancient and lawful head, and the free cities and princes the members and associates. His pen was not less eloquent than his tongue; and his numerous epistles were delivered to swift and trusty messengers. On foot, with a white wand in their hand, they traversed the forests and mountains; enjoyed, in the most hostile states, the sacred security of ambassadors; and reported, in the style of flattery or truth, that the highways along their passage were lined with kneeling multitudes, who implored heaven for the success of their undertaking. Could passion have listened to reason; could private interest have yielded to the public welfare; the supreme tribunal and confederate union of the Italian republic might have healed their intestine discord, and closed the Alps against the Barbarians of the North. But the propitious season had elapsed; and if Venice, Florence, Sienna, Perugia, and many inferior cities, offered their lives and fortunes to the good estate, the tyrants of Lombardy and Tuscany must despise, or hate, the plebeian author of a free constitution. From them, however, and from every part of Italy, the tribune received the most friendly and respectful answers: they were followed by the ambassadors of the princes and republics: and in this foreign conflux, on all the occasions of pleasure or business, the low-born notary could assume the familiar or majestic courtesy of a sovereign. The most glorious circumstance of his reign was an appeal to his justice from Lewis king of Hungary, who complained, that his brother, and her husband, had been perfidiously strangled by Jane queen of Naples: her guilt or innocence was pleaded in a solemn trial at Rome; but after hearing the advocates, the tribune adjourned this weighty and invidious cause, which was soon determined by the sword of the Hungarian. Beyond the Alps, more especially at Avignon, the revolution was the theme of curiosity, wonder, and applause. Petrarch had been the private friend, perhaps the secret counsellor, of Rienzi: his writings breathe the most ardent spirit of patriotism and joy; and all respect for the pope, all gratitude for the Colonna, was lost in the superior duties of a Roman citizen. The poet-laureat of the Capitol maintains the act, applauds the hero, and mingles with some apprehension and advice the most lofty hopes of the permanent and rising greatness of the republic.

While Petrarch indulged these prophetic visions, the Roman hero was fast declining from the meridian of fame and power; and the people who had gazed with astonishment on the ascending meteor, began to mark the irregularity of its course, and the vicissitudes of light and obscurity. More eloquent than judicious, more enterprising than resolute, the faculties of Rienzi were not balanced by cool and commanding reason: he magnified in a tenfold proportion the objects of hope and fear; and prudence, which could not have erected, did not presume to fortify his throne. In the blaze of prosperity, his virtues were insensibly tinctured with the adjacent vices; justice with cruelty, liberality with profusion, and the desire of fame with puerile and ostentatious vanity. He might have learned, that the ancient tribunes, so strong and sacred in the public opinion, were not distinguished in style, habit, or appearance, from an ordinary plebeian; and that as often as they visited the city on foot, a single *viator*, or beadle, attended the exercise of their office. The Gracchi

would have frowned or smiled, could they have read the sonorous titles and epithets of their successor, "NICHOLAS, SEVERE AND MERCIFUL; DELIVERER OF ROME; DEFENDER OF ITALY; FRIEND OF MANKIND, AND OF LIBERTY, PEACE, AND JUSTICE; TRIBUNE AUGUST:" his theatrical pageants had prepared the revolution; but Rienzi abused, in luxury and pride, the political maxim of speaking to the eyes, as well as the understanding, of the multitude. From nature he had received the gift of a handsome person, till it was swelled and disfigured by intemperance; and his propensity to laughter was corrected in the magistrate by the affectation of gravity and sternness. He was clothed, at least on public occasions in a party-coloured robe of velvet or satin, lined with fur, and embroidered with gold: the rod of justice, which he carried in his hand, was a sceptre of polished steel, crowned with a globe and cross of gold, and enclosing a small fragment of the true and holy wood. In his civil and religious processions through the city, he rode on a white steed, the symbol of royalty: the great banner of the republic, a sun with a circle of stars, a dove with an olive branch, was displayed over his head; a shower of gold and silver was scattered among the populace; fifty guards with halberds encompassed his person; a troop of horse preceded his march; and their tymbals and trumpets were of massy silver.

The ambition of the honours of chivalry betrayed the meanness of his birth, and degraded the importance of his office; and the equestrian tribune was not less odious to the nobles, whom he adopted, than to the plebeians, whom he deserted. All that yet remained of treasure, or luxury, or art, was exhausted on that solemn day. Rienzi led the procession from the Capitol to the Lateran; the tediousness of the way was relieved with decorations and games; the ecclesiastical, civil, and military orders marched under their various banners; the Roman ladies attended his wife; and the ambassadors of Italy might loudly applaud, or secretly deride, the novelty of the pomp. In the evening, when they had reached the church and palace of Constantine, he thanked and dismissed the numerous asasembly, with an invitation to the festival of the ensuing day. From the hands of a venerable knight he received the order of the Holy Ghost; the purification of the bath was a previous ceremony; but in no step of his life did Rienzi excite such scandal and censure as by the profane use of the porphyry vase, in which Constantine (a foolish legend) had been healed of his leprosy by pope Sylvester. With equal presumption the tribune watched or reposed within the consecrated precints of the baptistery; and the failure of his state-bed was interpreted as an omen of his approaching downfal. At the hour of worship he showed himself to the returning crowds in a majestic attitude, with a robe of purple, his sword, and gilt spurs; but the holy rites were soon interrupted by his levity and insolence. Rising from his throne, and advancing towards the congregation, he proclaimed in a loud voice: "We summon to our tribunal pope Clement; and command him to reside in his diocese of Rome: we also summon the sacred college of Cardinals. We again summon the two pretenders, Charles of Bohemia and Lewis of Bavaria, who style themselves emperors: we likewise summon all the electors of Germany, to inform us on what pretence they have usurped the unalienable right of the Roman people, the ancient and lawful sovereigns of the empire." Unsheathing his maiden sword, he thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, "And this

too is mine!" The pope's vicar, the bishop of Orvieto, attempted to check this career of folly; but his feeble protest was silenced by martial music; and instead of withdrawing from the assembly, he consented to dine with his brother tribune, at a table which had hitherto been reserved for the supreme pontiff. A banquet such as the Cæsars had given, was prepared for the Romans. The apartments, porticoes, and courts of the Lateran were spread with innumerable tables for either sex, and every condition; a stream of wine flowed from the nostrils of Constantine's brazen horse; no complaint, except of the scarcity of water, could be heard; and the licentiousness of the multitude was curbed by discipline and fear. A subsequent day was appointed for the coronation of Rienzi; seven crowns of different leaves or metals were successively placed on his head by the most eminent of the Roman clergy; they represented the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost; and he still professed to imitate the example of the ancient tribunes. These extraordinary spectacles might deceive or flatter the people; and their own vanity was gratified in the vanity of their leader. But in his private life he soon deviated from the strict rule of frugality and abstinence; and the plebeians, who were awed by the splendour of the nobles, were provoked by the luxury of their equal. His wife, his son, his uncle (a barber in name and profession,) exposed the contrast of vulgar manners and princely expense: and without acquiring the majesty, Rienzi degenerated into the vices of a king.

A simple citizen describes with pity, or perhaps with pleasure, the humiliation of the barons of Rome. "Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast, they stood with downcast looks in the presence of the tribune; and they trembled, good God, how they trembled!" As long as the yoke of Rienzi was that of justice and their country, their conscience forced them to esteem the man, whom pride and interest provoked them to hate: his extravagant conduct soon fortified their hatred by contempt; and they conceived the hope of subverting a power which was no longer so deeply rooted in the public confidence. The old animosity of the Colonna and Ursini was suspended for a moment by their common disgrace: they associated their wishes and perhaps their designs; an assassin was seized and tortured; he accused the nobles; and as soon as Rienzi deserved the fate, he adopted the suspicions and maxims of a tyrant. On the same day, under various pretences, he invited to the Capitol his principal enemies, among whom were five members of the Ursini and three of the Colonna name. But instead of a council or a banquet, they found themselves prisoners under the sword of despotism or justice; and the consciousness of innocence or guilt might inspire them with equal apprehensions of danger. At the sound of the great bell the people assembled; they were arraigned for a conspiracy against the tribune's life; and though some might sympathise in their distress, not a hand, nor a voice, was raised to rescue the first of the nobility from their impending doom. Their apparent boldness was prompted by despair; they passed in separate chambers a sleepless and painful night; and the venerable hero, Stephen Colonna, striking against the door of his prison, repeatedly urged his guards to deliver him by a speedy death from such ignominious servitude. In the morning they understood their sentence from the visit of a confessor and the tolling of the bell. The great hall of the Capitol had been decorated for the bloody scene with red and white hangings: the countenance of the

tribune was dark and severe; the swords of the executioners were unsheathed; and the barons were interrupted in their dying speeches by the sound of trumpets. But in this decisive moment, Rienzi was not less anxious or apprehensive than his captives: he dreaded the splendour of their names, their surviving kinsmen, the inconstancy of the people, the reproaches of the world, and, after rashly offering a mortal injury, he vainly presumed that, if he could forgive, he might himself be forgiven. His elaborate oration was that of a Christian and a suppliant; and, as the humble minister of the commons, he entreated his masters to pardon these noble criminals, for whose repentance and future service he pledged his faith and authority. "If you are spared," said the tribune, "by the mercy of the Romans, will you not promise to support the good estate with your lives and fortunes?" Astonished by this marvellous clemency, the barons bowed their heads; and, while they devoutly repeated the oath of allegiance, might whisper a secret, and more sincere assurance of revenge. A priest, in the name of the people, pronounced their absolution: they received the communion with the tribune, assisted at the banquet, followed the procession; and, after every spiritual and temporal sign of reconciliation, were dismissed in safety to their respective homes, with the new honours and titles of generals, consuls, and patricians."

During some weeks they were checked by the memory of their danger, rather than of their deliverance, till the most powerful of the Ursini, escaping with the Colonna from the city, erected at Marino the standard of rebellion. The fortifications of the castle were instantly restored; the vassals attended their lord; the outlaws armed against the magistrate; the flocks and herds, the harvests and vineyards, from Marino to the gates of Rome, were swept away or destroyed; and the people arraigned Rienzi as the author of the calamities which his government had taught them to forget. In the camp, Rienzi appeared to less advantage than in the rostrum; and he neglected the progress of the rebel barons till their numbers were strong, and their castles impregnable. From the pages of Livy he had not imbibed the art, or even the courage, of a general: an army of twenty thousand Romans returned without honour or effect from the attack of Marino: and his vengeance was amused by painting his enemies, their heads downwards, and drowning two dogs (at least they should have been bears) as the representatives of the Ursini. The belief of his incapacity encouraged their operations; they were invited by their secret adherents; and the barons attempted, with four thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse, to enter Rome by force or surprise. The city was prepared for their reception: the alarm-bell rung all night; the gates were strictly guarded, or insolently open; and after some hesitation they sounded a retreat. The two first divisions had passed along the walls, but the prospect of a free entrance tempted the headstrong valour of the nobles in the rear; and after a successful skirmish, they were overthrown and massacred without quarter by the crowds of the Roman people. Stephen Colonna the younger, the noble spirit to whom Petrarch ascribed the restoration of Italy, was preceded or accompanied in death by his son John, a gallant youth, by his brother Peter, who might regret the ease and honours of the church, by a nephew of legitimate birth, and by two bastards of the Colonna race; and the number of seven, the seven crowns, as Rienzi styled them, of the Holy Ghost, was completed by the agony of the deplorable parent, and the ve-

teran chief, who had survived the hope and fortune of his house. The vision and prophecies of St. Martin and pope Boniface had been used by the tribune to animate his troops: he displayed, at least in the pursuit, the spirit of a hero; but he forgot the maxims of the ancient Romans, who abhorred the triumphs of civil war. The conqueror ascended the Capitol; deposited his crown and sceptre on the altar; and boasted with some truth, that he had cut off an ear which neither pope nor emperor had been able to amputate. His base and implacable revenge denied the honours of burial; and the bodies of the Colonna, which he threatened to expose with those of the vilest malefactors, were secretly interred by the holy virgins of their name and family. The people sympathized in their grief, repented of their own fury, and detested the indecent joy of Rienzi, who visited the spot where these illustrious victims had fallen. It was on that fatal spot, that he conferred on his son the honour of knighthood: and the ceremony was accomplished by a slight blow from each of the horsemen of the guard, and by a ridiculous and inhuman ablution from a pool of water, which was yet polluted with patrician blood.

A short delay would have saved the Colonna, the delay of a single month, which elapsed between the triumph and exile of Rienzi. In the pride of victory, he forfeited what yet remained of his civil virtues, without acquiring the fame of military prowess. A free and vigorous opposition was formed in the city; and when the tribune proposed in the public council to impose a new tax, and to regulate the government of Perugia, thirty-nine members voted against his measures; repelled the injurious charge of treachery and corruption; and urged him to prove, by their forcible exclusion, that, if the populace adhered to his cause, it was already disclaimed by the most respectable citizens. The pope and the sacred college had never been dazzled by his specious professions; they were justly offended by the insolence of his conduct; a cardinal legate was sent to Italy, and after some fruitless treaty, and two personal interviews, he fulminated a bull of excommunication, in which the tribune is degraded from his office, and branded with the guilt of rebellion, sacrilege, and heresy. The surviving barons of Rome were now humbled to a sense of allegiance; their interest and revenge engaged them in the service of the church; but as the fate of the Colonna was before their eyes, they abandoned to a private adventurer the peril and glory of the revolution. John Pepin, count of Minorbino in the kingdom of Naples, had been condemned for his crimes, or his riches, to perpetual imprisonment; and Petrarch, by soliciting his release, indirectly contributed to the ruin of his friend. At the head of one hundred and fifty soldiers, the count of Minorbino introduced himself into Rome; barricaded the quarter of the Colonna; and found the enterprise as easy as it had seemed impossible. From the first alarm, the bell of the Capitol incessantly tolled; but, instead of repairing to the well-known sound, the people was silent and inactive; and the pusillanimous Rienzi, deploring their ingratitude with sighs and tears, abdicated the government and palace of the republic.

Gibbon.

§ 18. *The Death of Cæsar.*

A meeting of the Senate being already summoned, for the ides, or fifteenth, of March, the proposal to bestow on Cæsar the title of King, as a qualification enjoined by the Sybils to make war on the Parthians, was expected to be the principal business

of the assembly. This circumstance determined the conspirators in the choice of a place for the execution of their design. They had formerly deliberated, whether to pitch upon the Campus Martius, and to strike their blow in the presence of the Roman people assembled, or in the entry to the theatre, or in a street through which Cæsar often passed in the way to his own house. But this meeting of the Senate seemed now to present the most convenient place, and the most favourable opportunity. The presence of the Senate, it was supposed, would render the action of the conspirators sufficiently awful and solemn; the common cause would be instantly acknowledged by all the members of that body; and the execution done would be justified under their authority. If any were disposed to resist, they were not likely to be armed; and the affair might be ended by the death of Cæsar alone, or without any effusion of blood beyond that which was originally intended.

It was at first proposed that Antony, being likely to carry on the same military usurpations which Cæsar had begun, should be taken off at the same time; but this was over-ruled. It was supposed that Antony, and every other Senator and citizen, would readily embrace the state of independence and personal consideration which was to be offered to them; or if they should not embrace it, they would not be of sufficient numbers or credit to distress the republic, or to overset that balance of parties in which the freedom of the whole consisted. It was supposed that the moment Cæsar fell, there would not be any one left to covet or to support an usurpation which had been so unfortunate in his person. "If we do any thing more than is necessary to set the Romans at liberty," said Marcus Brutus, "we shall be thought to act from private resentment, and to intend restoring the party of Pompey, not the republic."

The intended assembly of the Senate was to be held in one of the recesses of Pompey's theatre. It was determined by the conspirators, that they should repair to this meeting as usual, either separately, or in the retinue of the Consuls and Prætors; and that, being armed with concealed weapons, they should proceed to the execution of their purpose as soon as Cæsar had taken his seat. To guard against any disturbance or tumult that might arise to frustrate their intentions, Decimus Brutus, who was master of a troop of gladiators undertook to have this troop, under pretence of exhibiting some combats on that day to the people, posted in the theatre, and ready at his command for any service.

During the interval of suspense which preceded the meeting of the Senate, although in public Brutus seemed to perform all the duties of his station with an unaltered countenance; at home he was less guarded, and frequently appeared to have something uncommon on his mind. His wife Porcia suspected that some arduous design respecting the State was in agitation; and when she questioned him, was confirmed in this apprehension, by his eluding her inquiries. Thinking herself, by her extraction and by her alliance, entitled to confidence, she bore this appearance of distrust with regret; and, under the idea that the secret which was withheld from her, must be such as, upon any suspicion, might occasion the torture to be employed to force a confession; and supposing that she herself was distrusted more on account of the weakness than of the indiscretion of her sex, she determined to make a trial of her own strength, before she desired that the secret should be communicated to her. For this purpose she gave her-

self a wound in the thigh, and while it festered, and produced acute pain and fever, she endeavoured to preserve her usual countenance, without any sign of suffering or distress. Being satisfied with this trial of her own strength, she told her husband the particulars, and with some degree of triumph, added, "*Now you may trust me; I am the wife of Brutus and the daughter of Cato; keep me no longer in doubt or suspense upon any subject in which I too must be so deeply concerned.*" The circumstance of her wound, the pretensions which she otherwise had to confidence, drew the secret from her husband, and undoubtedly from thenceforward, by the passions which were likely to agitate the mind of a tender and affectionate woman, exposed the design to additional hazard of a discovery and of a failure.

But the morning of the Ides of March, the day on which this conspiracy was to be executed, arrived, and there was yet no suspicion. The conspirators had been already together at the house of one of the Prætors. Cassius was to present his son that morning to the people, with the ceremony usual in assuming the habit of manhood; and he was upon this account to be attended by his friends into the place of assembly. He was afterwards, together with Brutus, in their capacity of magistrates, employed as usual, in giving judgment on the causes that were brought before them. As they sat in the Prætor's chair they received intimation that Cæsar, having been indisposed over night, was not to be abroad; and that he had commissioned Antony, in his name, to adjourn the Senate to another day. Upon this report, they suspected a discovery; and while they were deliberating what should be done, Popilius Lænas, a Senator whom they had not entrusted with their design, whispered them as he passed, "I pray that God may prosper what you have in view. Above all things despatch." Their suspicions of a discovery being thus still further confirmed, the intention soon after appeared to be public. An acquaintance told Casca, "You have concealed this business from me, but Brutus told me of it." They were struck with surprise; but Brutus presently recollected that he had mentioned to this person no more than Casca's intention of standing for Ædile, and that the words which he spoke probably referred only to that business; they accordingly determined to wait the issue of these alarms.

In the mean time, Cæsar, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the Senate in his litter. Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret of the greatest moment to impart. He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained till Cæsar's return. Others, probably, had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Cæsar had a billet to this effect given to him as he passed in the streets; he was entreated by the person who gave it instantly to read it; and he endeavoured to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications; and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the Senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Cæsar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcia, in the same moments, being in great agitation,

exposed herself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she despatched, without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the Senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirit at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the Senate with this account. He was much affected, but kept his place. Popilius Lænas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Cæsar, as he lighted from his carriage. This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that it would be better to die by their own hands than to fall into the power of their enemy. But they saw of a sudden the countenance of Lænas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Cæsar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cæsar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Numbers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretence of business, had taken Antony aside at the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who, with others of the conspirators, met Cæsar in the Portico, presented him with a petition in favour of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the Dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Cæsar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe as if to press the entreaty. *Nay*, said Cæsar, *this is violence.* While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike. Casca aimed the first blow. Cæsar started from his place, and in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Casca with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other, in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown, and fell without any farther struggle. It was observed, in the superstition of the times, that in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the greatest abilities to subdue his fellow citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honour to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell, in the height of his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation; a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear in trifling with the feelings of a free people, and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by usurping it.

When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out, that there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the Senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them, and was proceeding to state the motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the Senate in the train of Cæsar, his Lictors, the ordinary officers of state, citizens and foreigners, with many servants and dependants of every sort, had been instantly seized with a panic; and as if the swords of

the conspirators were drawn against themselves, had already rushed into the streets, and carried terror and confusion wherever they went. The Senators themselves now followed. No man had presence of mind to give any account of what had happened, but repeated the cry that was usual on great alarms for all persons to withdraw, and to shut up their habitations and shops. This cry was communicated from one to another in the streets. The people, imagining that a general massacre was somewhere begun, shut up and barred all their doors as in the dead of night, and every one prepared to defend his own habitation.

Antony upon the first alarm had changed his dress, and retired to a place of safety. He believed that the conspirators must have intended to take his life, together with that of Cæsar; and he fled in the apprehension of being instantly pursued. Lepidus repaired to the suburbs, where the legion he commanded was quartered; and uncertain whether Cæsar's death was the act of the whole Senate, or of a private party, waited for an explanation, or an order from the surviving consul, to determine in what manner he should act. In these circumstances a general pause, and an interval of suspense and silence, took place over the whole city.

Ferguson.

§ 19. *Death and Character of Cicero.*

Marcus Cicero having got safe to Astura, embarked, and with a fair wind arrived at Circeii. When the vessel was again about to set sail, his mind wavered, he flattered himself that matters might yet take a more favourable turn; he landed, and travelled about twelve miles on his way to Rome: but his resolution again failed him, and he once more returned towards the sea. Being arrived on the coast, he still hesitated, remained on shore, and passed the night in agonies of sorrow, which were interrupted only by momentary starts of indignation and rage. Under these emotions, he sometimes solaced himself with a prospect of returning to Rome in disguise, of killing himself in the presence of Octavius, and of staining the person of that young traitor with the blood of a man, whom he had so ungratefully and so vilely betrayed. Even this appeared to his frantic imagination some degree of revenge; but the fear of being discovered before he could execute his purpose, the prospect of the tortures and indignities he was likely to suffer, deterred him from this design; and, being unable to take any resolution whatever, he committed himself to his attendants, was carried on board of a vessel, and steered for Capua. Near to this place, having another villa on the shore, he was again landed, and being fatigued with the motion of the sea, went to rest; but his servants, according to the superstition of the times, being disturbed with prodigies and unfavourable presages, or rather being sensible of their master's danger, after a little repose awakened him from his sleep, forced him into his litter, and hastened again to embark. Soon after they were gone, Popilius Lænas, a Tribune of the legions, and Herennius, a Centurion, with a party who had been for some days in search of this prey, arrived at the villa. Popilius had received particular obligations from Cicero, having been defended by him when tried upon a criminal accusation; but these were times, in which bad men could make a merit of ingratitude to their former benefactors, when it served to ingratiate them with those in power. This officer, with his party, finding the gates of the court and the passages of the villa shut, burst them open; but miss-

ing the person they sought for, and suspecting that he must have taken his flight again to the sea, they pursued through an avenue that led to the shore, and came in sight of Cicero's litter, before he had left the walks of his own garden.

On the appearance of a military party, Cicero perceiving the end of his labours, ordered the bearers of his litter to halt; and having been hitherto, while there were any hopes of escape, distressed chiefly by the perplexity and indecision of his own mind, he became, as soon as his fate appeared to be certain, determined and calm. In this situation, he was observed to stroke his chin with his left hand, a gesture for which he was remarked in his moments of thoughtfulness, and when least disturbed. Upon the approach of the party, he put forth his head from the litter, and fixed his eyes upon the Tribune with great composure. The countenance of a man so well known to every Roman, now worn out with fatigue and dejection, and disfigured by neglect of the usual attention to his person, made a moving spectacle even to those who came to assist in his murder. They turned away, while the assassin performed his office, and severed the head from his body.

Thus perished Marcus Tullius Cicero, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Although his character may be known from the part which he bore in several transactions, of which the accounts are scattered in different parts of this history, yet it is difficult to close the scene of his life, without some recollection of the circumstances which were peculiar to so distinguished a personage. He appears to have been the last of the Romans, who rose to the highest offices of the state by the force of his personal character, and by the fair arts of a republican candidate for public honours. None of his ancestors having enjoyed any considerable preferments, he was upon this account considered as a new man, and with reluctance admitted by the nobility to a participation of honours. It was however impossible to prevent his advancement, so long as preferments were distributed according to the civil and political forms of the republic, which gave so large a scope to the industry, abilities, and genius of such men. Under those forms, all the virtues of a citizen were allowed to have some effect, and all the variety of useful qualifications were supposed to be united in forming a title to the confidence of the public; the qualifications of a warrior were united with those of a statesman, and even the talents of a lawyer and barrister, with those of a Senator and Counsellor of State. The law required that the same person should be a warrior and statesman, and it was at least expedient or customary, that he should be also a barrister, in order to secure the public favour, and to support his consideration with the People.

Cicero was by no means the first person at Rome, who with peculiar attention cultivated the talents of a pleader, and applied himself with ardour to literary studies. He is nevertheless universally acknowledged, by his proficiency in these studies, to have greatly excelled all those who went before him, so much, as to have attained the highest preferments in the commonwealth, without having quitted the gown, and to have made his first campaign in the capacity of Roman Proconsul, and above ten years after he had already exercised the supreme executive power in the state.

To the novelty of this circumstance, as well as to the novelty of his family-name in the list of officers of state, was owing some part of that obloquy which his enemies employed against him; and it may be admitted, that for a Roman he was too much a mere man of the robe, and that he

possibly may have been less a statesman and a warrior, for having been so much a man of letters, and so accomplished a pleader.

Cicero, whether we suppose him to have been governed by original vanity, or by a habit of considering the world as a theatre for the display of his talents, and the acquisition of fame, more than as a scene of real affairs, in which objects of serious consequence to mankind were to be treated, was certainly too fond of applause, courted it as a principal object even in the fairest transactions of his life, and was too much dependent on the opinion of other men to possess himself sufficiently amidst the difficulties which occur in the very arduous situation which fell to his lot. Though disposed, in the midst of a very corrupt age, to merit commendation by honest means, and by the support of good government, he could not endure reproach or censure, even from those whose disapprobation was a presumption of innocence and of merit; and he felt the unpopularity of his actions, even where he thought his conduct the most meritorious, with a degree of mortification which greatly distracted his mind, and shook his resolution. Being, towards the end of his life, by the almost total extirpation of the more respectable citizens and members of the Senate who had laboured with him for the preservation of the commonwealth, left in a situation which required the abilities of a great warrior, as well as those of the ablest statesman, and in which, even such abilities could not have stemmed the torrent which burst forth to overwhelm the republic, it is not surprising that he failed in the attempt.

Ferguson.

§ 20. *A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breast to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not that

duty to parents is the first law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 21. *The Continence of* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by inquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many of Rome who resemble us; and there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours. The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to rerist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," said he, "a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse. *Livy.*

§ 22. *The private Life of* ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's

military exploits. But in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor to use the intervals of rest from public business with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences."*

* Velleius Paterculus.

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, that he was never less idle than when at leisure, or less alone than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shows that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all, persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversa-

tion of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table at our common expense, the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to learn something; this was the employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was it not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. The friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived

great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire into what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

Rollin.

§ 23. *Declaration of American Independence.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, de-

riving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representatives houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others, to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriation of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us, without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power, to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked, by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war;—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved: and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude

peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

Jefferson.

§ 24. *Battle of Lexington and Concord.*

The company assembled on Lexington Green, which the British officers, in their report, had swelled to five hundred, consisted of sixty or seventy of the militia of the place. Information had been received about nightfall, both by private means and by communications from the Committee of Safety, that a strong party of officers had been seen on the road, directing their course toward Lexington. In consequence of this intelligence, a body of about thirty of the militia, well armed, assembled early in the evening; a guard of eight men, under Colonel William Munroe, then a sergeant in the company, was stationed at Mr. Clark's; and three men were sent off to give the alarm at Concord. These three messengers were however stopped on their way, as has been mentioned, by the British officers, who had already passed onward. One of their number, Elijah Sanderson, has lately died at Salem at an advanced age. A little after midnight, as has been observed, Messrs. Revere and Dawes arrived with the certain information, that a very large body of the royal troops was in motion. The alarm was now generally given to the inhabitants of Lexington, messengers were sent down the road to ascertain the movements of the troops, and the militia company under Captain John Parker appeared on the green to the number of one hundred and thirty. The roll was duly called, at this perilous midnight muster, and some answered to their names for the last time on earth. The company was now ordered to load with powder and ball, and waited in anxious expectation the return of those who had been sent to reconnoitre the enemy. One of them, in consequence of some misinformation, returned and reported that there was no appearance of troops on the road from Boston. Under this harassing uncertainty and contradiction, the militia were dismissed, to await the return of the other expresses and with orders to be in readiness at the beat of the drum. One of these messengers was made prisoner by the British, whose march was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting-house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

The new alarm was now given; the bell rings, alarm guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighbouring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, their banners flying and drums beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them, they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire. A moment's delay, as of compunction follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom had

never seen such a body of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army out-numbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not till they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force, that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now succeeded on both sides while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green to fire a volley and give a shout in honour of the victory.

While these incidents were taking place, and every moment then came charged with events which were to give a character to centuries, Hancock and Adams, though removed by their friends from the immediate vicinity of the force sent to apprehend them, were apprized, too faithfully, that the work of death was begun. The heavy and quick repeated vollies told them a tale, that needed no exposition,—which proclaimed that Great Britain had renounced that strong invisible tie which bound the descendants of England to the land of their fathers, and had appealed to the right of the strongest. The inevitable train of consequences burst in prophetic fulness upon their minds; and the patriot Adams, forgetting the scenes of tribulation through which America must pass to realize the prospect, and heedless that the ministers of vengeance, in overwhelming strength, were in close pursuit of his own life, uttered that memorable exclamation, than which nothing more generous, nothing more sublime can be found in the records of Grecian or Roman heroism, —"O, what a glorious morning is this!"

Elated with its success, the British army took up its march toward Concord. The intelligence of the projected expedition had been communicated to this town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, in the manner already described; and from Concord had travelled onward in every direction. The interval was employed in removing a portion of the public stores to the neighbouring towns, while the aged and infirm, the women and children, sought refuge in the surrounding woods. About seven o'clock in the morning, the glittering arms of the British column were seen advancing on the Lincoln road. A body of militia from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, who had taken post for observation on the heights above the entrance to the town, retire at the approach of the army of the enemy, first to the hill a little farther north, and then beyond the bridge. The British troops press forward into the town, and are drawn up in front of the court-house. Parties are then ordered out to the various spots where the public stores and arms were supposed to be deposited. Much had been removed to places of safety, and something was saved by the prompt and innocent artifices of individuals. The destruction of property and of arms was hasty and incomplete, and considered as the object of an enterprise of such fatal consequences, it stands in shocking contrast with the waste of blood by which it was effected.

I am relating events, which, though they can never be repeated more frequently than they deserve, are yet familiar to all who hear me. I need not therefore attempt, nor would it be practicable did I attempt it, to recall the numerous interesting occurrences of that ever memorable day. The reasonable limits of a public discourse must confine us to a selection of the more prominent incidents.

It was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighbouring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge

and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie, was sent to the north bridge. Three companies under Captain Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores. While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their brave brethren from the neighbouring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their own party, then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction. The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep open the communication with the town, and perceiving the attempt which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They draw near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of our citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made;—a British soldier steps from the ranks and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his company, Mr. Hosmer, of Acton, also fell at his side. A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the centre of the town, followed by the brave band who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction. But the idea of a declared war had yet scarcely forced itself, with all its consequences, into the minds of our countrymen; and these advanced companies were allowed to return unmolested to the main band.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The swift watches of that eventful night had scattered the tidings far and wide; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting. The old New England drums, that had beat at Louisburg, at Quebec, at Martinique, at the Havana, were now sounding on all the roads to Concord. There were officers in the British line, that knew the sound;—they had heard it, in the deadly breach, beneath the black, deep-throated engines of the French and Spanish castles. With the British it was a question no longer of protracted hostility, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labour, confusion, and distress of the day's efforts. Their dead were hastily buried in the public square; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded; and a flight commenced, to which the annals of British warfare will hardly afford a parallel. On all the neighbouring hills were multitudes, from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children,

who had fled from the terrors and the perils of the plunder and conflagration of their homes; or were collected, with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The panic fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground, within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties; but who was to flank the flankers? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall, was *lined* (I use the words of a British officer in the battle), was lined with an unintermitted fire. Every cross-road opened a new avenue to the assailants. Through one of these the gallant Brooks led up the minute men of Reading. At another defile, they were encountered by the Lexington militia, under Captain Parker, who, undismayed at the loss of more than a tenth of their number in killed and wounded in the morning, had returned to the conflict. At first the contest was kept up by the British, with all the skill and valour of veteran troops. To a military eye it was not an unequal contest. The commander was not, or ought not to have been, taken by surprise. Eight hundred picked men, grenadiers and light infantry, from the English army, were no doubt considered by General Gage a very ample detachment to march eighteen or twenty miles through an open country; and a very fair match for all the resistance which could be made by unprepared husbandmen, without concert, discipline, or leaders. With about ten times their number, the Grecian commander had forced a march out of the wrecks of a field of battle and defeat, through the barbarous nations of Asia, for thirteen long months, from the plains of Babylon to the Black sea, through forests, defiles, and deserts, which the foot of civilized man had never trod. It was the American cause,—its holy foundation in truth and right, its strength and life in the hearts of the people, that converted what would naturally have been the undisturbed march of a strong, well provided army, into a rabble route of terror and death. It was this, which sowed the fields of our pacific villages with dragon's teeth; which nerved the arm of age; called the ministers and servants of the church into the hot fire; and even filled with strange passion and manly strength the heart and the arm of the stripling. A British historian, to paint the terrific aspect of things that presented itself to his countrymen, declares that the rebels swarmed upon the hills, as if they dropped from the clouds. Before the flying troops had reached Lexington, their rout was entire. Some of the officers had been made prisoners, some had been killed, and several wounded, and among them the commander in chief, Colonel Smith. The ordinary means of preserving discipline failed; the wounded, in chaises and wagons, pressed to the front and obstructed the road; wherever the flanking parties, from the nature of the ground, were forced to come in, the line of march was crowded and broken; the ammunition began to fail; and at length the entire body was on a full run. "We attempted," says a British officer already quoted, "to stop the men and form them two deep, but to no purpose; the confusion rather increased than lessened." An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like sheep; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they pre-

sented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men. and told them if they advanced they should die." Upon this they began to form, under what the same British officer pronounces "a very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps. At this critical moment, it pleased Providence that a reinforcement should arrive. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington to apprize General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cambridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their field-pieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, "who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half an hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the field-pieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished, several houses were destroyed. Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus drawn off; and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile the struggle was sharp and bloody. At West Cambridge, the gallant Warren, never distant when danger was to be braved, appeared in the field, and a musket ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment, to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. The British field-pieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides. Indignation and outraged humanity struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers had been compelled to descend from their horses to escape the certain destruction which attended their exposed situation. The wounded, to the number of two hundred, now presented the most distressing and constantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march. Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight; a considerable number had been made prisoners; a round or two of ammunition only remained; and it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown. The boats of the vessels of war were immediately employed to transport the wounded; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night; and before the close of the next day the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.

Such, fellow citizens, imperfectly sketched in their outline, were the events of the day we celebrate; a day as important as any recorded in the history of man. Such were the first of a series of actions, that have extensively changed and are every day more extensively changing the

condition and prospects of the human race. Such were the perils, such the sufferings of our fathers, which it has pleased Providence to crown with a blessing beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who then ventured their all in the cause.

It is a proud anniversary for our neighbourhood. We have cause for honest complacency, that when the distant citizens of our own republic, when the stranger from foreign lands, inquires for the spots where the noble blood of the revolution began to flow, where the first battle of that great and glorious contest was fought, he is guided through the villages of Middlesex, to the plains of Lexington and Concord. It is a commemoration of our soil, to which ages, as they pass, will add dignity and interest; till the names of Lexington and Concord, in the annals of freedom, will stand by the side of the most honourable names in Roman or Grecian story.

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men, as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendour of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men, in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their sub-

jection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado, and nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave and never will give a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

E. Everett.

§ 25. *General Washington resigns his commission and retires to private life.*

The interval between the treaty with Great Britain, and his retiring into private life, was devoted by the commander in chief to objects of permanent utility.

The independence of his country being established, he looked forward with anxiety to its future destinies. These might greatly depend on the systems to be adopted on the return of peace; and to those systems, much of his attention was directed. Among the various interesting subjects which at this period claimed the consideration of congress, was the future peace establishment of the United States. As the experience of General Washington would certainly enable him to suggest many useful ideas on this important point, his opinions respecting it were requested by the committee to whom it was referred. His letter on this occasion, which it is presumed was deposited in the archives of state, will long deserve the attention of those to whom the interests of the United States may be confided. On a well regulated and disciplined militia during peace, his strongest hopes of securing the future tranquillity, dignity, and respectability of his country were placed; and his sentiments on this subject are entitled to the more regard, as a long course of severe experience had enabled him to mark the total incompetency of the existing system to the great purposes of national defence.

At length, on the 25th of November, the British troops evacuated New York, and a detachment from the American army took possession of that town.

The guards being posted for the security of the citizens, general Washington accompanied by governor Clinton, and attended by many civil and military officers, and a large number of respectable inhabitants on horseback, made his public entry into the city; where he was received with every mark of respect and attention. His military course was now on the point of terminating; and previous to divesting himself of the supreme command, he was about to bid adieu to his comrades in arms.

This affecting interview took place on the fourth of December. At noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances' tavern; soon after which, their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, "with a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." Having drunk, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of ut-

terance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White-hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles' hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company; and waving his hat bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled.

Congress was then in session at Annapolis in Maryland, to which place General Washington repaired for the purpose of resigning into their hands the authority with which they had invested him. He arrived on the 19th of December. The next day he informed that body of his intention to ask leave to resign the commission he had the honour of holding in their service, and requested to know, whether it would be their pleasure that he should offer his resignation in writing, or at an audience.

To give the more dignity to the act, they determined that it should be offered at a public audience on the following Tuesday at twelve o'clock.*

When the hour arrived for performing a ceremony so well calculated to recall to the mind the various interesting scenes which had passed since the commission now to be returned was granted, the gallery was crowded with spectators; and many respectable persons, among whom were the legislative and executive characters of the state, several general officers, and the consul general of France, were admitted on the floor of congress.

The representatives of the sovereignty of the union remained seated and covered. The spectators were standing and uncovered. The general was introduced by the secretary, and conducted to a chair. After a decent interval, silence was commanded, and a short pause ensued. The president* then informed him, that "The United States in congress assembled were prepared to receive his communications." With a native dignity improved by the solemnity of the occasion, the general rose and delivered the following address.

"Mr. President,

"The great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States, of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received

* The 23d of December.

* General Mifflin.

from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of congress.

"I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

After advancing to the chair, and delivering his commission to the president, he returned to his place, and received standing, the following answer of congress, which was delivered by the president.

"Sir,

"The United States, in congress assembled, receive with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and a doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge, before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have by the love and confidence of your fellow citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered, until these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety, and independence; on which happy event, we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action, with the blessings of your fellow citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command: it will continue to animate remotest ages.

"We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens, to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we address to Him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved, may be fostered with all His care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious; and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

This scene being closed, a scene rendered peculiarly interesting by the personages who appeared in it, by the great events it recalled to the memory, and by the singularity of the circumstances under which it was displayed,

the American chief withdrew from the hall of congress, leaving the silent and admiring spectators deeply impressed with those sentiments which its solemnity and dignity were well calculated to inspire.

Having laid down his military character, General Washington retired to Mount Vernon, to which place he was followed by the enthusiastic love, esteem, and admiration of his countrymen. Relieved from the agitations of a doubtful contest, and from the toils of an exalted station, he returned with increased delight to the duties and the enjoyments of a private citizen. In the shade of retirement, under the protection of a free government, and the benignant influence of mild and equal laws, he indulged the hope of tasting that felicity which is the reward of a mind at peace with itself, and conscious of its own purity.

Marshall.

§ 26. *Death of General Washington.*

On Friday the 13th of December, while attending to some improvements upon his estate, he was exposed to a light rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance, he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night, he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the windpipe. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration.

Believing bloodletting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood, but he would not permit a messenger to be despatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning doctor Craik arrived; and perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. The utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder; speaking, which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable: respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect; until half past eleven on Saturday night, when, retaining the full possession of his intellect, he expired without a struggle.

Believing, at the commencement of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician doctor Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, "doctor, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time, but I am not afraid to die."

During the short period of his illness he economized his time, in arranging with the utmost serenity those few concerns which required his attention; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

The deep and wide spreading grief occasioned by this melancholy event, assembled a great concourse of people for the purpose of paying the last

tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday the 18th of December, attended by military honours and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon.

Marshall.

§ 27. *The first Oration against Philip: pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

We have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγραμμα or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases all matters were first deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first

containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the lunar year complete, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epistate: three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assemble the people; the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epistatæ demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epistatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the custom still continued out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker had delivered his sentiments, he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or resumed his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments: and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Porrexerunt manus, saith Cicero (pro Flacco) *et Psephisma natum est.* And, to constitute this Psephisma or decree, six thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dismissed the assembly.

The reader who chooses to be more minutely informed in the customs, and manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult the Archæologia of Archbishop Potter, Sigonius, or the Concionatrices of Aristophanes.

Had we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued si-

lent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, ye would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece.

Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" He would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you renouncing all evasions will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then, (if Heaven so pleases,) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath

neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead? No, but in great danger." How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him; should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded: this point therefore I shall urge no farther. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessaries; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at first, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out, "Instantly!" "This moment!" whose counsels suit the present juncture (as it is not possible to repel violences already committed by any occasional detachment) but he who will show you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may subsist until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out; not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say, that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transport, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse. Thus far we should be provided against those sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Chersonesus, to Olynthus, to whatever place he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and, but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensable duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing): or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him; as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the state: and if you choose a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry, therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you shall think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse, fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light gallies. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain, when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harass him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a prodigious army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions), nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet; because I am informed, that sometime since the state main-

tained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polystratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedemonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the state, sail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them: nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians?" the answer would immediately be, "By no means!" we are at war with Philip. Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of clay, you make your officers for show, and not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body, that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten gallies, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minæ. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myself am ready to sail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what funds the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to

be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conquests; that he watches the blowing of the Etesians, and the severity of the winter, and forms his sieges when it is impossible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to consider this, and not to carry on the war by occasional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army constantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thassus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent islands; in which there are ports and provisions, and all things necessary for the soldiery in abundance. As to the season of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greatest ease, and be in no danger from the winds, either upon the coast to which we are bound, or at the entrance of those harbours where we may put in for provisions—this will be easily discovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the junctures of affairs. What you are to perform on your part, is contained in the decree I have now proposed. And if you will be persuaded, Athenians! first, to raise these supplies which I have recommended, then to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and lastly, to confine your forces, by a law, to that service which is appointed to them; reserving the care and distribution of their money to yourselves, and strictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer wasted in continual debates upon the same subject, and scarcely to any purpose; then, you will deprive him of the most considerable of his revenues. For his arms are now supported by seizing and making prizes of those who pass the seas.—But is this all?—No.—You shall also be secure from his attempts: not as when some time since he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he surprised your vessels at Gerastus, and spoiled them of an unspeakable quantity of riches: not as when lately he made a descent on the coast of Marathon, and carried off our sacred galley: while you could neither oppose these insults, nor detach your forces at such junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians, what is the reason (think ye) that the public festivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of persons less distinguished: (festivals which cost more treasure than is usually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever cost) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methone, that to Pegasæ, that to Potidæa. The reason is this: every thing relating to the former is ascertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the several entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of these things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, first, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the supplies are considered. These points once settled, we resolve to man our fleet with strangers and foreigners; then find it necessary to supply their place ourselves. In the midst of these delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already master of: for the time of action we spend in preparing: and the juncture of affairs will not wait our

slow and irresolute measures. These forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raised, when put to the proof plainly discover their insufficiency. By these means hath he arrived at such a pitch of insolence, as to send a letter to the Eubœans, conceived in such terms as these :

* * * *The* LETTER *is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the most part true, Athenians ! too true ! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by suppressing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themselves could be prevented, then the sole concern of a public speaker should be to please. If, on the contrary, these unseasonably pleasing speeches be really injurious, it is shameful, Athenians, to deceive yourselves, and, by deferring the consideration of every thing disagreeable, never once to move until it be too late ; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow but to direct events ; to direct them with the same absolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces : that the course of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their measures. But you, Athenians, although possessed of the greatest power of all kinds, ships, infantry, cavalry, and treasure ; yet, to this day have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip : for, when one of them receives a blow, that blow engages him : if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted ; but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit. Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither ; if in Thermopylæ, thither ; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this restless ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly, he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you look back to the beginning of this war, and consider that we engaged in it to chastise the insolence of Philip ; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we send out armaments composed of empty gallies, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you ; can you then think your interests well secured ? shall we not embark ? shall we not sail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto ?—But where shall we make our descent ?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will show us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our orators ; we can-

not expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person; but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed? —By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they choose the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, *as to your own conduct*—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. 'I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours) —Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resource left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occasion chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me, indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be assured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantages: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to

speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal!

Leland.

§ 28. *The first Olynthiac Oration: pronounced four Years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any considerable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian assembly, who probably recommended less vigorous measures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince pursued his ambitious designs. When he found himself shut out of Greece, he turned his arms to such remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the states of Greece. And, at the same time, he revenged himself upon the Athenians, by making himself master of some places which they laid claim to. At length his success emboldened him to declare those intentions which he had long entertained secretly against the Olynthians.

Olynthius (a city of Thrace possessed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Eubœa and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcidian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had arisen by degrees to such a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable contests both with Athens and Lacedemon. Nor did the Olynthians show great regard to the friendship of Philip when he first came to the throne, and was taking all measures to secure the possession of it. For they did not scruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealousy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, against him, which he, by secret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet scarcely secure upon his throne, instead of expressing his resentment, he courted, or rather purchased, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the cession of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long disputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidæa: which their joint forces had besieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards such a benefactor. The rapid progress of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made some inroads on their territories, and now began to act against them with less reserve. They therefore despatched ambassadors to Athens to propose an alliance, and request assistance against a power which they were equally concerned to oppose.

Philip affected the highest resentment at this step; alleged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed against their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conspirators; and, under pretence of punishing their infractions, pursued his hostilities with double vigour, made himself master of some of their cities, and threatened the capital with a siege.

In the mean time the Olynthians pressed the Athenians for immediate succours. Their ambassadors opened their commission in an assembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the im-

portance of the occasion increased the number of speakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demosthenes arose. In the following oration therefore he speaks as to a people already informed, urges the necessity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the designs and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehensions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuses, to restore ancient discipline, and to put an end to all domestic dissensions.

In many instances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifestly declared their favour to this state: nor is it least observable in this present juncture. For that an enemy should arise against Philip, on the very confines of his kingdom, of no inconsiderable power, and, what is of most importance, so determined upon the war, that they consider any accommodation with him, first, as insidious, next, as the downfal of their country: this seems no less than the gracious interposition of Heaven itself. It must, therefore, be our care (Athenians!) that we ourselves may not frustrate this goodness. For it must reflect disgrace, nay, the foulest infamy upon us, if we appear to have thrown away not those states and territories only which we once commanded, but those alliances and favourable incidents, which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occasion with a display of Philip's power, or to press you to exert your vigour, by motives drawn from hence, is, in my opinion, quite improper. And why? Because whatever may be offered on such a subject, sets him in an honourable view, but seems to me, as a reproach to our conduct. For the higher his exploits have arisen above his former estimation, the more must the world admire him: while your disgrace hath been the greater, the more your conduct hath proved unworthy of your state. These things therefore I shall pass over. He indeed, who examines justly, must find the source of all his greatness here, not in himself. But the services he hath here received, from those whose public administration hath been devoted to his interest; those services which you must punish, I do not think it seasonable to display. There are other points of more moment for you all to hear; and which must excite the greatest abhorrence of him, in every reasonable mind.—These I shall lay before you.

And now, should I call him perjured and perfidious, and not point out the instances of this his guilt, it might be deemed the mere virulence of malice, and with justice. Nor will it engage too much of your attention to hear him fully and clearly convicted, from a full and clear detail of all his actions. And this I think useful upon two accounts: first, that he may appear, as he really is, treacherous and false; and then, that they who are struck with terror, as if Philip was something more than human, may see that he hath exhausted all those artifices to which he owes his present elevation; and that his affairs are now ready to decline. For I myself (Athenians!) should think Philip really to be dreaded and admired, if I saw him raised by honourable means. But I find, upon reflection, that at the time when certain persons drove out the Olynthians from this assembly, when desirous of conferring with you, he began with abusing our simplicity by his promise of surrendering Amphipolis, and executing the secret article of his treaty, then so much spoken of: that after this, he courted the friendship of the Olynthians by seizing Potidæa, where we were rightful sovereigns, despoil-

ing us his former allies, and giving them possession: that, but just now, he gained the Thessalians, by promising to give up Magnesia; and, for their ease, to take the whole conduct of the Phocian war upon himself. In a word, there are no people who ever made the least use of him, but have suffered by his subtlety: his present greatness being wholly owing to his deceiving those who were unacquainted with him, and making them the instruments of his success. As these states therefore raised him, while each imagined he was promoting some interest of theirs; these states must also reduce him to his former meanness, as it now appears that his own private interest was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circumstanced. If not, let the man stand forth, who can prove to me, I should have said to this assembly, that I have asserted these things falsely; or that they whom he hath deceived in former instances, will confide in him for the future; or that the Thessalians, who have been so basely, so undeservedly enslaved, would not gladly embrace their freedom.—If there be any one among you, who acknowledges all this, yet thinks that Philip will support his power, as he hath secured places of strength, convenient ports, and other like advantages; he is deceived. For when forces join in harmony and affection, and one common interest unites the confederating powers, then they share the toils with alacrity, they endure the distresses, they persevere. But when extravagant ambition, and lawless power (as in his case) have aggrandized a single person; the first pretence, the slightest accident, overthrows him, and all his greatness is dashed at once to the ground. For it is not, no Athenians! it is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may perhaps succeed for once; and borrow for a while, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness; and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true. But these advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I say, then, that you should despatch succours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiously this is proposed to be done, the more agreeably to my sentiments) and send an embassy to the Thessalonians, to inform some, and to enliven that spirit already raised in others: (for it hath actually been resolved to demand the restitution of Pagasæ, and to assert their claim to Magnesia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambassadors may not depend only upon words, but give them some action to display, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the state, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, must ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whose prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in speaking, make us to be always heard with the greater suspicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your measures must be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed; your fortunes, your persons, must appear devoted to the common cause; your utmost efforts must be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your interest require; then, Athenians! you will not only discover the weakness and insincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will also be laid open. The power and sovereignty of Macedon may have some weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched against the

Olynthians, under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an useful ally; when united with the Olynthians against Potidæa, it added something to their force; just now, when the Thessalians were in the midst of disorder, sedition, and confusion, it aided them against the family of their tyrants: (and in every case, any, even a small accession of strength, is, in my opinion, of considerable effect.) But of itself, unsupported, it is infirm, it is totally distempered: for by all those glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatness, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his subjects are the same with those of Philip. He thirsts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly pursues, through toils and dangers of every kind; despising safety and life, when compared with the honour of achieving such actions, as no other prince of Macedon could ever boast of. But his subjects have no part in this ambition. Harassed by those various excursions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their business and their families, and without opportunity to dispose of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is shut out from the coast of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his subjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the soldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained completely to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a person from that country, incapable of falsehood, that they have no such superiority. For, as he assures me, if any man of experience in military affairs should be found among them, he dismisses all such, from an ambition of having every great action ascribed wholly to himself: (for, besides his other passions, the man hath this ambition in the highest degree.) And if any person, from a sense of decency, or other virtuous principle, betrays a dislike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obscenities, he loses all favour and regard; so that none are left about him, but wretches, who subsist on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not scruple to descend to such instances of revelry, as it would shock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conspired to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Callias the public servant, and others of the same stamp; buffoons, composers of lewd songs, in which they ridicule their companions: these are the persons whom he entertains and caresses. And these things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to some, are to men of just discernment great indications of the weakness both of his mind and fortune. At present, his successes cast a shade over them; for prosperity hath great power to veil such baseness from observation. But let his arms meet with the least disgrace, and all his actions will be exposed. This is a truth, of which he himself, Athenians! will, in my opinion, soon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weakness; but when disease attacks him, every thing becomes sensible, in the vessels, in the joints, or in whatever other part his frame may be disordered; so in states and monarchies, while they carry on a war abroad, their defects escape the general eye: but when once it approaches their own territory, then they are all detected.

If there be any one among you who, from Philip's good fortune, concludes that he must prove a formidable enemy; such reasoning is not unworthy a man of prudence. For-

tune hath great influence, nay, the whole influence in all human affairs: but then, were I to choose, I should prefer the fortune of Athens (if you yourselves will assert your own cause with the least degree of vigour) to this man's fortune. For we have many better reasons to depend upon the favour of Heaven, than this man. But our present state is, in my opinion, a state of total inactivity; and he who will not exert his own strength, cannot apply for aid, either to his friends or to the gods. It is not then suprising, that he who is himself ever amidst the dangers and labours of the field; who is every where; whom no opportunity escapes; to whom no season is unfavourable; should be superior to you, who are wholly engaged in contriving delays, and framing decrees, and inquiring after news. I am not surprised at this, for the contrary must have been surprising: if we, who never act in any single instance, as becomes a state engaged in war, should conquer him, who, in every instance, acts with an indefatigable vigilance. This indeed surprises me; that you, who fought the cause of Greece against Lacedemon, and generously declined all the many favourable opportunities of aggrandizing yourselves; who, to secure their property to others, parted with your own, by your contributions; and bravely exposed yourselves in battle; should now decline the service of the field, and delay the necessary supplies, when called to the defence of your own rights: that you, in whom Greece in general, and each particular state, hath often found protection, should sit down quiet spectators of your own private wrongs. This I say surprises me: and one thing more; that not a man among you can reflect how long a time we have been at war with Philip, and in what measures, this time hath all been wasted. You are not to be informed, that, in delaying, in hoping that others would assert our cause, in accusing each other, in impeaching, then again entertaining hopes, in such measures as are now pursued, that time hath been entirely wasted. And are you so devoid of apprehension, as to imagine, when our state hath been reduced from greatness to wretchedness, that the very same conduct will raise us from wretchedness to greatness? No! this is not reasonable, it is not natural; for it is much easier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we must acquire. And to this work you yourselves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion. You should raise supplies; you should take the field with alacrity. Prosecutions should be all suspended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man's sentence be determined by his actions: honour those who have deserved applause; let the iniquitous meet their punishment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a severe scrutiny, unless you have first been careful of your own duty. What indeed, can be the reason, think ye, that every man whom ye have sent out at the head of an army, hath deserted your service, and sought out some private expedition? (if we must speak ingenuously of these our generals also,) the reason is this: when engaged in the service of the state, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, should Amphipolis be now taken, you instantly possess yourselves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not share. But, in their private enterprises, the dangers are less; the acquisitions are all shared by the generals and soldiers; as were Lampsacus, Sigæum, and those vessels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private

interest. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched state of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to speak; you hear the necessities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be distracted with endless contests and divisions: (some urging these, some those measures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into classes, to raise supplies. Now the business of these classes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the THREE HUNDRED are assistants to these, and the rest of you divide, some to this, some to that party. You must rectify these disorders; you must appear yourselves: you must leave the power of speaking, of advising, and of acting, open to every citizen. But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effected seasonably and successfully; for the injured party ever will desert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies'.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state.

Leland.

§ 29. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician extraction, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, he was sent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following years he likewise stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust has drawn of Catiline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pronounced in the senate, convened in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occasion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conspirators, had met together in the house of one Marcus Lecca; where it was resolved, that a general insurrection should be

raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the consternation of the fire and massacre, Catiline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Cassius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very desirous to see him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meeting was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conspirators of senatorian rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the same subject of Catiline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Catiline, by a profound dissimulation, and the constant professions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; representing the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself to the custody of any whom the senate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the prætor Metellus, or of Cicero himself: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mask, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him; and the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Catiline, he

broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the fire and force of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villanies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen Publius Scipio, sovereign Pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus, for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country. But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negli-

gence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death: I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canst now have in view, if neither the obscurity of night can conceal thy traitorous assemblies, nor the walls of a private house prevent the voice of thy treason from reaching our ears? if all thy projects are discovered, and burst into public view? Quit then your detestable purpose, and think no more of massacres and conflagrations. You are beset on all hands; your most secret councils are clear as noon day; as you may easily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October last, I said publicly in the senate, that before the twenty-fifth of the same month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I say not as to this enormous, this detestable, this improbable attempt; but, which is still more surprising, as to the very day on which it happened? I said, likewise, in the senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth of the same month for the massacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the first rank to retire from Rome, not so much on account of their own preservation, as with a view to baffle your designs. Can you deny, that on that very same day you was so beset by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against the state; though you had given out, after the departure of the rest, that you would nevertheless content yourself with the blood of those who remained? Nay, when on the first of November, you confidently hoped to surprise Præneste by night; did you not find that colony secured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garrison I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, see, and plainly understand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with me, the transactions of last night. You will soon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preservation, than you in plotting the destruction of the state. I say then, and say it openly, that last night you went to the house of M. Lecca, in the street called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your associates in guilt and madness. Dare you deny this? Why are you silent? If you disown the charge, I will prove it: for I see some in this very assembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conscript fathers, within these walls, and in this assembly, the most awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin

and yours, the destruction of this city, and consequently of the world itself. Myself, your consul, behold these men, and ask their opinions on public affairs; and instead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not so much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Catiline, to the house of Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you singled out those who were to be left at Rome, and those who were to accompany you in person; you marked out the parts of the city destined to conflagration; you declared your purpose of leaving it soon, and said you only waited a little to see me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to ease you of that care, and assassinate me the same night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your assembly dismissed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to secure my house from assault; I refused admittance to those whom you sent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy persons before hand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, such is the state of your affairs, finish what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody opposes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themselves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at least as many as possible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to stay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not suffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee, Jupiter Stator, the ancient protector of this city, for having already so often preserved us from this dangerous, this destructive, this pestilent scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only consul elect, Catiline, I contented myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to assassinate me, and your competitors in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since therefore I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators; but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How Catiline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you was so lately about to do of your own accord? The consul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the case, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic

stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and choose to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information. Yet you cease not to concert and enterprise. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul!

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man, do you expect that I should imbitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner with-

draw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does she reason with you, Catiline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years, but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that, to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prætor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But say you, put the question to the senate, (for so you affect to talk,) and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with respect to you. Leave the city, Catiline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banishment. Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have

risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform! Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure; nor shall I be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouse every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but, on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you, for this desperate enterprise. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great

a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically styled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprises: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which to me is much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put pestilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of posterity? A noble proof, indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who, without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them, through all the degrees of honour, to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety! But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity? When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to escape the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply; that if I had thought it the most advisable to put Catiline to death, I would not have allowed that gladiator the use of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of sullying, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with posterity. Yet if the greatest was sure to befall me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who, by

the softness of their votes, cherish Catiline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this pestilence would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and seed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy: but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all those crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men, oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this distemper, which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to beset the tribunal of the city prætor, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilst thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, will drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villany.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 30. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, astonished by the thunder of the last speech, had little to say for himself in answer to it; yet

with downcast looks and suppliant voice, he begged of the fathers not to believe too hastily what was said against him by an enemy; that his birth and past life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whose ancestors, as well as himself, had given many proofs of their affection to the Roman people, should want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a stranger, and late inhabitant of Rome, was so zealous to preserve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the senate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and desperate, he declared again aloud what he had said before to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raised about him by the common ruin; and so rushed out of the assembly. As soon as he was come to his house, and began to reflect on what had passed, perceiving it in vain to dissemble any longer, he resolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the republic were increased, or any new levies made: so that after a short conference with Lentulus Cethegus, and the rest, about what had been concerted in the last meeting, having given fresh orders and assurances of his speedy return at the head of a strong army, he left Rome that very night with a small retinue, to make the best of his way towards Etruria. He no sooner disappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marseilles, which was industriously spread through the city the next morning, to raise an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into banishment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions, to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had sent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the ensigns of military command, with that silver eagle, which he used to keep with great superstition in his house, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition against the Cimbri. But, lest the story should make an ill impression on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what passed in the senate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the subject of the oration now before us.

At length, Romans, have we driven, discarded, and pursued with the keenest reproaches to the very gates of Rome, L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing mischief, impiously plotting the destruction of his country, and threatening to lay waste this city with fire and sword. He is gone, he is fled, he has escaped, he has broke away. No longer shall that monster, that prodigy of mischief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conquest over this chief and ringleader of domestic broils. His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breasts, nor shall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the senate-house, or within our domestic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his most advantageous post. We shall now, without opposition, carry on a just war against an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his secret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think he is overwhelmed and crushed

with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at seeing the weapons prepared for our destruction wrested out of his hands: in a word, that Rome is still standing, and her citizens safe. He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himself impotent and despised, often casting back his eyes upon this city, which he sees, with regret, rescued from his destructive jaws; and which seems to me to rejoice for having disgorged and rid herself of so pestilent a citizen.

But if there be any here, who blame me for what I am boasting of, as you all indeed justly may, that I did not rather seize than send away so capital an enemy: that is not my fault, citizens, but the fault of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have suffered the last punishment; the custom of our ancestors, the discipline of the empire, and the republic itself required it: but how many would there have been, who would not have believed what I charged him with? How many, who, through weakness, would never have imagined it? how many, who would even have defended him? how many, who, through wickedness, would have espoused his cause? But had I judged that his death would have put a final period to all your dangers, I would long ago have ordered him to execution, at the hazard not only of public censure, but even of my life. But when I saw, that by sentencing him to the death he deserved, and before you were all fully convinced of his guilt, I should have drawn upon myself such an odium, as would have rendered me unable to prosecute his accomplices; I brought the matter to this point, that you might then openly and vigorously attack Catiline, when he was apparently become a public enemy. What kind of an enemy I judge him to be, and how formidable in his attempt, you may learn from hence, citizens, that I am only sorry he went off with so few to attend him. I wish he had taken his whole forces along with him. He has carried off Tongillus indeed, the object of his criminal passion when a youth; he has likewise carried off Publicius and Munatius, whose tavern debts would never have occasioned any commotions in the state. But how important are the men he has left behind him? how oppressed with debt, how powerful, how illustrious by their descent?

When therefore I think of our gallic legions, and the levies made by Metellus in Picenum and Lombardy, together with those troops we are daily raising; I hold in utter contempt that army of his, composed of wretched old men, of debauchees from the country, of rustic vagabonds, of such as have fled from their bail to take shelter in his camp: men ready to run away not only at the sight of an army, but of the prætor's edict. I could wish he had carried likewise with him those whom I see fluttering in the forum, sauntering about the courts of justice, and even taking their places in the senate; men sleek with perfumes, and shining in purple. If these still remain here, mark what I say, the deserters from the army are more to be dreaded than the army itself; and the more so, because they know me to be informed of all their designs, yet are not in the least moved by it. I behold the person to whom Apulia is allotted, to whom Etruria, to whom the territory of Picenum, to whom Cisalpine Gaul. I see the man who demanded the task of setting fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter. They know that I am acquainted with all the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting: I laid them open yesterday in the senate: Catiline himself was disheartened and fled; what then can these others

mean? They are much mistaken if they imagine I shall always use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hitherto been waiting for, to make you all sensible that a conspiracy is openly formed against the state: unless there be any one who imagines, that such as resemble Catiline may yet refuse to enter into his designs. There is now therefore no more room for clemency; the case itself requires severity. Yet I will still grant them one thing; let them quit the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suffer their miserable leader to languish in their absence. Nay, I will even tell them the way; it is the Aurelian road: if they make haste, they may overtake him before night. O happy state, were it but once drained of this sink of wickedness! To me the absence of Catiline alone seems to have restored fresh beauty and vigour to the commonweath. What villany, what mischief can be devised or imagined, that has not entered into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be found in all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what sharper, what debauchee, what squanderer, what adulterer, what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal, who will not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? What murder has been perpetrated of late years without him? What act of lewdness speaks not him for its author? Was ever man possessed of such talents for corrupting youth? To some he prostituted himself unnaturally; for others he indulged a criminal passion. Many were allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoyment, many by the promise of their parents' death; to which he not only incited them, but even contributed his assistance. What a prodigious number of profligate wretches has he just now drawn together, not only from the city, but also from the country? There is not a person oppressed with debt, I will not say in Rome, but in the remotest corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public schools, remarkable for being audacious in mischief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of distinguished impudence and guilt, but openly boasts of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continual exercise of lewdness and villany, while he was wasting in riot and debauchery the means of virtue, and supplies of industry, was extolled by these his associates for his fortitude and patience in supporting cold, hunger, thirst, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of desperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my consulship? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or supportable measure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing less than murders, rapines, and conflagrations employ their thoughts. They have squandered away their patrimonies, they have wasted their fortunes in debauchery; they have long been without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet still they retain the same desires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidst their revels and gaming, affect no other pleasures than those of lewdness and feasting, however desperate their case must appear, it might still notwithstanding be borne with. But it is altogether insufferable, that the cowardly should pretend to plot against the brave, the foolish against the prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy

against the vigilant; who, lolling at feasts, embracing mistresses, staggering with wine, stuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, wasted with intemperance, belch in their conversations of massacring the honest, and firing the city. Over such, I trust, some dreadful fatality now hangs; and that the vengeance so long due to their villany, baseness, guilt, and crimes, is either just breaking, or just ready to break upon their heads. If my consulship, since it cannot cure, should cut off all these, it would add no small period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reason to fear; no king who can make war upon the Roman people. All disturbances abroad, both by land and sea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domestic war still remains: the treason, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madness, with villany. In this war I profess myself your leader, and take upon myself all the animosity of the desperate. Whatever can possibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at rest; but if they are resolved both to remain in the city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the punishment they deserve.

But some there are, Romans, who assert, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very timorous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the consul; but being ordered into banishment, immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the consular senators quitted that part of the house where he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent consul, who by a single word drive citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night; where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plains of Fesulæ, would declare war against the Roman people in his own name: that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general: or that he, submitting to a voluntary banishment, has, as some pretend, repaired to Marseilles, and not to the before-mentioned camp?

O wretched condition! not only of governing, but even of preserving the state. For should Catiline, discouraged and disconcerted by my counsels, vigilance, and strenuous care of the republic, be seized with a sudden dread, change his resolution,

desert his party, quit his hostile designs, and alter his course of war and guilt, into that of flight and banishment; it will not then be said, that I have wrested out of his hands the weapons of insolence, that I have astonished and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and schemes: but he will be considered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into banishment by the threats and violence of the consul. Nay, there are, who in this event, would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant consul, but a cruel tyrant. But, I little regard this storm of bitter and undeserved censure, provided I can screen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into banishment and I am content it be ascribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no design to go. My desire of avoiding public envy, Romans, shall never induce me to wish you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traversing, in a hostile manner, the territories of the republic. But assuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reason to fear being censured for letting him escape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are so perverse as to complain of his being driven away, what would they have said if he had been put to death? Yet there is not one of those who talk of his going to Marseilles, but would be sorry for it if it was true; and with all the concern they express for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himself, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet such is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and desire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome; let us rather wish he may go into banishment, than complain of it.

But why do I speak so much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himself such; and whom I no longer dread, since, as I always wished, there is now a wall between us. Shall I say nothing of those who dissemble their treason, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our assemblies? With regard to these, indeed, I am less intent upon vengeance, than to reclaim them, if possible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but listen to my advice. For first I will show you, citizens, of what different sorts of men their forces consist, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the most powerful remedies of persuasion and eloquence. The first sort consists of those, who having great debts, but still greater possessions, are so passionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the most honourable class, for they are rich: but their intention and aim is the most infamous of all. Art thou distinguished by the possession of an estate, houses, money, slaves, and all the conveniences and superfluities of life; and dost thou scruple to take from thy possessions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expectest? Is it war? and dost thou hope thy possessions will remain unviolated, amidst an universal invasion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou hast in view? 'Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations shall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preserve those who have estates from ruin. And had they consented to this expedient sooner, nor foolishly run out their estates in mortgages, they would have been at

this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this class of men, as believing they may be easily disengaged from the conspiracy; or, should they persist, they seem more likely to have recourse to imprecations than arms.

The next class consists of those, who though oppressed with debt, yet hope for power, and aspire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they shall obtain those honours by throwing the state into confusion, which they despair of during its tranquillity. To these I shall give the same advice as to the rest, which is, to quit all hope of succeeding in their attempts. For first, I myself am watchful, active, and attentive to the interest of the republic: then there is on the side of the honest party, great courage, great unanimity, a vast multitude of citizens, and very numerous forces: in fine, the immortal gods themselves will not fail to interpose in behalf of this unconquered people, this illustrious empire, this fair city, against the daring attempts of guilty violence. And even supposing them to accomplish what they with so much frantic rage desire, do they hope to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings, from the ashes of a city, and blood of her citizens, which with so much treachery and sacrilege they have conspired to spill? They are ignorant of the tendency of their own desires, and that, in case of success, they must themselves fall a prey to some fugitive or gladiator. The third class consists of men of advanced age, but hardened in all the exercises of war. Of this sort is Manlius, whom Catiline now succeeds. These come mostly from the colonies planted by Sylla at Fesulæ; which, I am ready to allow, consist of the best citizens, and the bravest men: but coming many of them to the sudden and unexpected possession of great wealth, they ran into all the excesses of luxury and profusion. These, by building fine houses, by affluent living, splendid equipages, numerous attendants, and sumptuous entertainments, have plunged themselves so deeply in debt, that, in order to retrieve their affairs, they must recall Sylla from his tomb. I say nothing of those needy indigent rustics, whom they have gained over to their party, by the hopes of seeing the scheme of rapine renewed; for I consider both in the same light of robbers and plunderers. But I advise them to drop their frantic ambition, and think no more of dictatorships and proscriptions. For so deep an impression have the calamities of those times made upon the state, that not only men, but the very beasts would not bear a repetition of such outrages.

The fourth is a mixed, motley mutinous tribe, who have been long ruined beyond hopes of recovery: and, partly through indolence, partly through ill management, partly too through extravagance, droop beneath a load of ancient debt: who persecuted with arrests, judgments, and confiscations, are said to resort in great numbers, both from city and country, to the enemy's camp. These I consider, not as brave soldiers, but dispirited bankrupts. If they cannot support themselves, let them even fall: yet so, that neither the city nor neighbourhood may receive any shock. For I am unable to perceive why, if they cannot live with honour, they should choose to die with infamy: or why they should fancy it less painful to die in company with others, than to perish by themselves. The fifth sort is a collection of parricides, assassins, and ruffians of all kinds; whom I ask not to abandon Catiline, as knowing them to be inseparable. Let these even perish in their robberies, since their number is so great, that no prison could be found large enough to contain them. The last class, not only in this enumeration,

but likewise in character and morals, are Catiline's peculiar associates, his choice companions, and bosom friends; such as you see with curled locks, neat array, beardless, or with beards nicely trimmed; in full dress, in flowing robes, and wearing mantles instead of gowns; whose whole labour of life, and industry of watching, are exhausted upon midnight entertainments. Under this class we may rank all gamesters, whoremasters, and the lewd and lustful of every denomination. These slim delicate youths, practised in all the arts of raising and allaying the amorous fire, not only know to sing and dance, but on occasion can aim the murdering dagger, and administer the poisonous draught. Unless these depart, unless these perish, know, that was even Catiline himself to fall, we shall still have a nursery of Catilines in the state. But what can this miserable race have in view? Do they purpose to carry their wenches along with them to the camp! Indeed, how can they be without them these cold winter nights? But have they considered of the Apennine frosts and snows? or do they imagine they will be the abler to endure the rigours of winter, for having learned to dance naked at revels? O formidable and tremendous war! where Catiline's prætorian guard consists of such a dissolute effeminate crew.

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies: and first, to that battered and maimed gladiator, oppose your consuls and generals: next, against that outcast miserable crew, lead forth the flower and strength of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and free towns will easily resist the efforts of Catiline's rustic troops. But I ought not to run the parallel farther, or compare your other resources, preparations, and defences, to the indigence and nakedness of that robber. But if omitting all those advantages of which we are provided, and he destitute, as the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign states: I say, if omitting all these, we only compare the contending parties between themselves, it will soon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one side modesty contends, on the other petulance: here chastity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here resolution, there rage: here honour, there baseness: here moderation, there unbridled licentiousness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice. Lastly, the contest lies between wealth and indigence, sound and depraved reason, strength of understanding and frenzy; in fine, between well-grounded hope, and the most absolute despair. In such a conflict and struggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable such illustrious virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before advised, watch and keep guard in your private houses: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to secure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline's nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard against him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon, as his best and surest support, though in truth they are better affected than some part of the patricians, are nevertheless taken care of in such a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Q. Metellus the prætor, whom, foreseeing Cati-

line's flight, I sent into Gaul and the district of Picenum, will either wholly crush the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to settle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a conclusion, I am just going to lay them before the senate, which you see now assembling. As for those therefore who continue in the city, and were left behind by Catiline, for the destruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are likewise fellow-citizens, I again and again admonish them, that my lenity, which to some may have rather appeared remissness, has been waiting only for an opportunity of demonstrating the certainty of the plot. As for the rest, I shall never forget that this is my country, that I am its consul, and that I think it my duty either to live with my countrymen, or die for them. There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himself, he may go wherever he pleases. But whoever makes the least stir within the city, so as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt against the republic; he shall know, that there are in it vigilant consuls, excellent magistrates, and a resolute senate; that there are arms, and a prison, which our ancestors provided as the avenger of manifest and atrocious crimes.

And all this shall be transacted in such a manner, citizens, that the greatest disorders shall be quelled without the least hurry; the greatest dangers without any tumult; a domestic and intestine war, the most cruel and desperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage so, that, as far as it is possible, not one even of the guilty shall suffer punishment in the city: but if their audaciousness and my country's danger should necessarily drive me from this mild resolution; yet I will effect, what in so cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honest man shall fall, but all of you be safe by the punishment of a few. This I promise, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counsels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whose impulse I am led into this persuasion; who assist us, not as they used to do, at a distance, against foreign and remote enemies, but by their present help and protection defend their temples and our houses. It is your part, therefore, citizens, to worship, implore, and pray to them, that since all our enemies are now subdued both by land and sea, they would continue to preserve this city, which was designed by them for the most beautiful, the most flourishing and most powerful on earth, from the detestable treasons of its own desperate citizens.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 31. *Part of* CICERO'S *Oration against* VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. All opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is al-

ready acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols: so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them,

but on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in a prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Cicero's Orations.

§ 32. *The Oration which was spoken by* PERICLES, *at the public Funeral of those* ATHENIANS *who had been first killed in the* PELOPONNESIAN *War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their

lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since-succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have risen to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to show, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever, in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenauce of discontent, which pains, though it cannot pu-

nish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedemonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat: and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we show an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we show the greatest courage, and yet debate before-hand the expedi-

ency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweats of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanour, and a most ready habit of despatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath risen, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempts their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed by their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, though that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at

length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes showed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious. Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shows their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sor-

row flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expense of the state,* which hath appointed so beneficial a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire.

Thucydides.

§ 33. *The Character of* SYLLA.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a

* The law was, that they should be instructed at the public expense, and when come to age presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

peculiar gayety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money: so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt; for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

Middleton.

§ 34. *The Character of* POMPEY.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was

about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to show his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the license of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had

seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man; the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war; but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 35. *Submission; Complaint; Entreating.—The Speech of* SENECA *the Philosopher to Nero, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has,

indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it,) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statutes which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti?* Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expense, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, showed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them. *Corn. Tacit.*

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

§ 36. *The Character of* JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such

men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other; with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 37. *The Character of* CATO.

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour: yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal: which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

Middleton.

§ 38. *A Comparison of* CÆSAR *with* CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways; Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rose.

§ 39. CAIUS MARIUS *to the* ROMANS, *showing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations,

favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by stand-

ing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. —What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces. *Sallust.*

§ 40. *The Character of* CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 41. *Speech of* TITUS QUINCTIUS *to the* ROMANS, *when the* ÆQUI *and* VOLSCI, *taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their country to the Gates of* ROME.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not

wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans?—If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty: while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which

you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 42. *The Character of* HANNIBAL.

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

Livy.

43. *The Character of* MARTIN LUTHER.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to

him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in consulting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were

all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility: but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.

§ 44. *Character of* ALFRED, *King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the de-

nomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 45. *Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government; they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last enterprise of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *The Character of* WILLIAM RUFUS.

The memory of this monarch is

transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which hey have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities; he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged entirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40.

Hume.

§ 47. *Character of* HENRY I.

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother showed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Ibid.*

§ 48. *Character of* STEPHEN.

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince; but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability; had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of farther crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189. *Hume.*

§ 50. *Character of* RICHARD I.

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the *lion hearted, cœur de lion.* He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it; his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years; he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in

the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have farther exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 51. *Character of* JOHN.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch: but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Character of* HENRY III.

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises: and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variableness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation to which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipations of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least, disgusted

his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 53. *Character of* EDWARD I.

The enterprises finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprise. He was frugal in all expenses that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years. *Ibid.*

§ 54. *Character of* EDWARD II.

It is not easy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffensive than this unhappy king; nor a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear; the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attacking his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and

men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which required the most steady and the most skilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to the person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327. *Hume.*

§ 55. *Character of* EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness; he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprises, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign. *Ibid.*

§ 56. *Character of* RICHARD II.

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expenses, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites,

and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent economy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much farther his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy.* *Hume.*

§ 57. *Character of* HENRY IV.

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near relation: these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorses by which it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both mili-

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

tary and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation. Died 1413. Aged 43. *Hume.*

§ 58. *Character of* HENRY V.

This prince possessed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unstained by any considerable blemish; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprises was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The English, dazzled by the lustre of his character, still more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almost forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars in which his short reign was almost occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied so on his friendship, is no less a proof of his established character for candour and sincerity.

There remain, in history, few instances of such mutual trust; and still fewer, where neither found reason to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful; his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises.

Died 31st August, 1422; in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th. *Ibid.*

§ 59. HUME'S *Account of* HENRY VI. *(for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) is expressed in the following Manner.*

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 60. SMOLLETT'S *Account of the Death of* HENRY VI. *with some Strictures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortu-

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge.

nate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alleged, that he was assassinated by the Duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compassionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred: but it was afterwards removed by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 61. *Character of* EDWARD IV.

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and showy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprise. *Hume.*

§ 62. *Another Character of* EDWARD IV.

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handsomest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection, which stood him in great stead in several circumstances of his life. For some time he was exceeding liberal: but at length he grew covetous, not so much from his na-

tural temper, as out of a necessity to bear the immediate expenses which his pleasures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and a sound judgment, he committed, however, several oversights. But the crimes Edward is most justly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The first appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the scaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reason to show mercy in case of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almost impossible to stand neuter, and so difficult to choose the justest side between the two houses that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not see that Edward had any regard to that consideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may say, that his whole life was one continued scene of excess that way; he had abundance of mistresses, but especially three, of whom he said, that one was the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the other the holiest in the world, since she would not stir from the church but when he sent for her.—What is most astonishing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which seemed to be prodigious.

He was raised to the throne, after the loss of two battles, one by the Duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the house of York. The head of the father was still upon the walls of York, when the son was proclaimed in London.

Edward escaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was restored to the throne, or at least received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilst his fortune yet depended upon the issue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in person. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

Rapin.

§ 63. EDWARD V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 64. *Character of* RICHARD III.

Those historians, who favour Richard, for even *He* has met partisans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of small stature, humpbacked, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage: so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind.

Hume.

§ 65. *Character of* HENRY VII.

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long harassed; he maintained peace and order to the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards it was unknown to himself, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the sallies of passion, or allurements of pleasure; still less from the benign motives of friendship and generosity.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be gained: and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

§ 66. *Character of* HENRY VIII.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontrolled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was

he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence: the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence and personal bravery rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expense.

Died January 28th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regni 37.

Hume.

§ 67. *Character of* EDWARD VI.

All the English historians dwell with pleasure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the less to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward.

Ibid.

§ 68. *Character of* MARY.

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny, every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in those cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement.

She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 69. *Character of* ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones.—Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior providence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both

of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

* * * * *

Thus left unfinished by *Hume.*

§ 70. *Character of* JAMES I.

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes, who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. *Ibid.*

§ 71. *Character of* CHARLES I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the

most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns savoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms to the assaults of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince; but for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; those are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince. *Hume.*

§ 72. *Character of* CROMWELL.*

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonery; yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination, perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villany and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind. †

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April, 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

§ 73. *Character of* CHARLES II.

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge,‡ could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have

‡ Marquis of Halifax.

no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, economy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent, in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper; a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54. *Hume.*

§ 74. *Character of* JAMES II.

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his disposal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprises. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689.

Macpherson.

§ 75. *Character of* WILLIAM III.

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave, solemn aspect. He was very

sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years.

Smollett.

§ 76. *Character of* MARY, *Queen Consort of* WILLIAM III.

Mary was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife.

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Character of* ANNE.

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirtieth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well-proportioned; her hair was of a dark

brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging: her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess, during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession; unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne."

She died in 1714. *Smollett.*

§ 78. *The Character of* FRANCIS I. *with some Reflections on his Rivalship with* CHARLES V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact; Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address; the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes: Charles, by

a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking: Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes, too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men.—Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of maladministration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly, he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due,

though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a man, have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable but less amiable rival. *Robertson.*

§ 79. *Character of* CHARLES V.

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguished censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no go-

vernor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory: and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain, that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view.—Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit. *Robertson.*

§ 80. *Character of Lord* TOWNSHEND.

Lord Townshend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business: which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when form-

ed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real good-nature, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic economy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it, he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the First and Second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the First. He resolved, therefore, to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I must declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

Chesterfield.

§ 81. *Character of Mr.* POPE.

Pope in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old

bedridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him. *Chesterfield.*

§ 82. *Character of Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted, with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character: but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attention of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he

pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

Chesterfield.

§ 83. *Character of Mr.* PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was

seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people: the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off; for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Chesterfield.

§ 84. *Character of Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE.

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was a man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or for great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the

disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "No saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances, indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind; and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affection of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst. *Chesterfield.*

§ 85. *Character of Lord* GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord

Strafford. He was neither ill-natured nor vindictive, and had a contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable, good-humoured, and instructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking; which together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption. *Chesterfield.*

§ 86. *Character of Mr.* GRENVILLE.

Here began to dawn the first glimmerings of this new colony system. It appeared more distinctly afterwards, when it was devolved upon a person, to whom on other accounts this country owes very great obligations. I do believe that he had a very serious desire to benefit the public. But with no small study of the detail, he did not seem to have his view, at least equally, carried to the total circuit of our affairs. He generally considered his objects in lights that were rather too detached. No man can believe, that at this time of day I mean to lean on the venerable memory of a great man whose loss we deplore in common. Our little party differences have been long ago composed; and I have acted more with him, and certainly with more pleasure with him, than ever I acted against him. Undoubtedly Mr. Grenville was a first-rate figure in this country. With a masculine understanding, and a stout and resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He took public business, not as a duty which he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy, and he seemed to have no delight out of this house, except in such things as some way related to the business that was to be done in it. If he was ambitious, I will say this for him, his ambition was of a noble and generous strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low pimping politics of a court, but to win his way to power, through the laborious gradations of public service; and to secure to himself a well-earned rank in parliament, by a thorough knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all its business.

Sir, if such a man fell into errors, it must be from defects not intrinsical: they must be rather sought in the particular habits of his life; which, though they do not alter the groundwork of character, yet tinge it with their own hue. He was bred in a profession. He was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences: a science, which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other kinds of human learning put together: but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion. Passing from that study, he did not go very largely into the world, but plunged into business; I mean into the business of office, and the limited and fixed methods and forms established there. Much knowledge is undoubtedly to be had in that line; and there is no knowledge which is not valuable. But it may be truly said, that men too much conversant in office, are rarely minds of remarkable enlargement. Their habits are apt to give them a turn to think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms in which it is conducted. These forms are adapted to ordinary occasions;

and therefore persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well, as long as things go on in their common order; but when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords not precedent, then it is that a far greater knowledge of mankind, and a more extensive comprehension of things, is requisite than ever office gave, or than office can ever give. Mr. Grenville thought better of the wisdom and power of legislation than in truth it deserves. He conceived, and many conceived along with him, that the flourishing trade of this country was greatly owing to law and institution, and not quite so much to liberty; for but too many are apt to believe regulation to be commerce, and taxes to be revenue. *Burke.*

§ 87. *Character of Mr.* PELHAM.

Mr. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a more manly and steady resolution than his brother the Duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and unsatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par negotiis neque supra*;* had many domestic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister. *Chesterfield.*

* Equal to business and not above it.

§ 88. *Character of* RICHARD, *Earl of* SCARBOROUGH.

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biassed my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it: for the most secret movements of his whole soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address, of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical,

and a great one of modern knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expenses he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniences.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention; a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit;** I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation: nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

> When I confess there is who feels for fame,
> And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could be only such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried

* He never said, did, or felt any thing, that did not deserve praise.

him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writen for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had. *Chesterfield.*

§ 89. *Character of Lord* HARDWICKE.

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres.* He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "bloodhounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

Ibid.

§ 90. *Character of the Duke of* NEWCASTLE.

The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias, either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were contemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; sometimes well, and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining parts would do, without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in despatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier, than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so: there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the antichamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Chesterfield.*

§ 91. *Character of Mr.* HENRY FOX, *afterwards Lord Holland.*

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the lowest extraction. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a considerable fortune, somehow or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he soon spent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for some time.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ablest *elèves*. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable industry in business; great skill in managing, that is, in corrupting, the house of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himself. He promoted, encouraged, and practised their vices; he gratified their avarice, or supplied their profusion. He wisely and punctually performed whatever he promised, and most liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By these, and all other means that can be imagined, he made himself many personal friends and political dependants.

He was a most disagreeable speaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, hesitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but skilful in discerning the temper of the house, and in knowing, when and how to press, or to yield.

A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life, and in all domestic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became subservient to his avarice. His early profusion and dissipation had made him feel the many inconveniences of want, and, as it often happens, carried him to the contrary and worse extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo rem,** became his maxim, which he observed (I will not say religiously and scrupulously, but) invariably and shamefully.

He had not the least notion of, or regard for the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones: and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name. *Chesterfield.*

§ 92. *Character of Mr.* PITT.

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities; in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus, unassisted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbad him the idle dissipations of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge.—Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendour.

* Get money, no matter how.

His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him;* their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon king George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made secretary of state: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the king more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinteredness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature. *Chesterfield.*

* Hume, Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

§ 93. *Characters of Lord* CHATHAM *and Mr.* C. TOWNSHEND.

I have done with the third period of your policy: the return to your

ancient system, and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind; and more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offence. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself: and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which, I am afraid, are for ever incurable. He made an administration, so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on.

In consequence of this arrangement, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand on; when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister. When his face was hid for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel of the state were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed so as to seize upon the vacant derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted and with great parade, in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid

orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour, became lord of the ascendant.

This light too is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the re-producer of this fatal scheme; whom I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the pre-conceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required: to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the house; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

I beg pardon, sir, if, when I speak of this and of other great men, I appear to digress in saying something of their characters. In this eventful history of the revolutions of America, the characters of such men are of much importance. Great men are the guide-posts and land-marks in the state. The credit of such men at court, or in the nation, is the sole cause of all the public measures. It would be an invidious thing (most foreign, I trust to what you think my disposition) to remark the errors into which the authority of great names has brought the nation without doing justice at the same time to the great qualities whence that authority arose. The subject is instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them. There are many young members in the house, who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townshend; nor of course know what ferment he was able to excite in every thing by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had undoubtedly—many of us remember them—we are this day considering the effects of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause; to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared; but he paid his particular devotious to her in her favourite habitation, in her chosen temple, the house of commons. Besides the characters of the individuals who compose our body, it is impossible, Mr. Speaker, not to observe, that this house has a collective character of its own. That character, too, however imperfect, is not unamiable. Like all great public collections of men, you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But among vices, there is none which the house abhors in the same degree with *obstinacy*. Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It

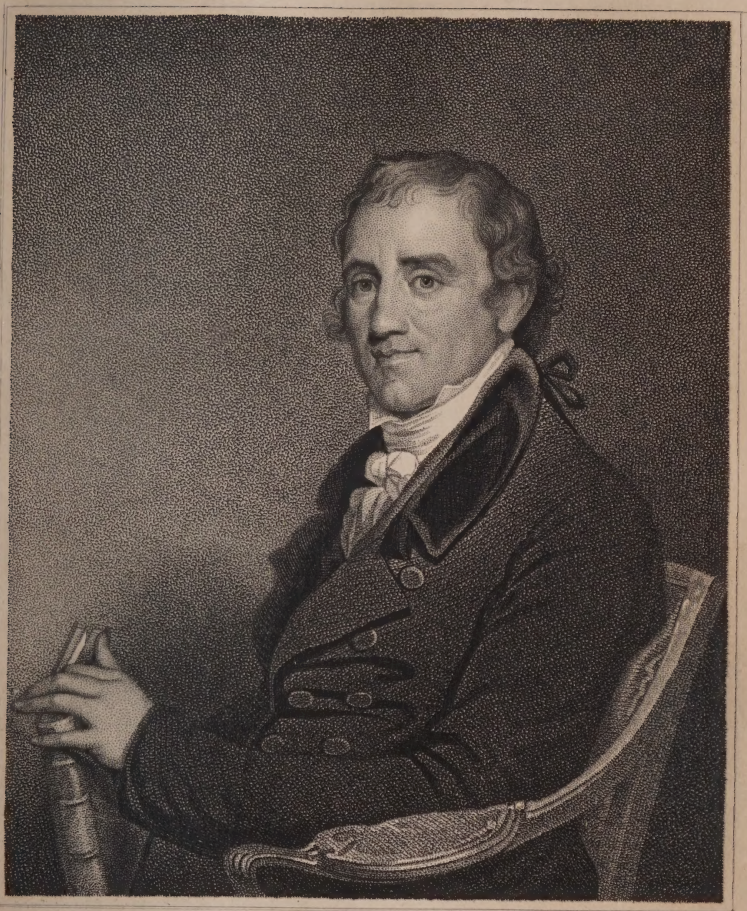
happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it. He who paid such a particular attention to all your feelings, certainly took care not to shock them by that vice which is most disgustful to you.

That fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him sometimes into the other extreme. He had voted, and, in the year 1765, had been an advocate for the stamp-act. Things and the dispositions of men's minds were changed. In short, the stamp-act began to be no favourite with this house. Accordingly, he voted for the repeal. The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the repeal began to be in as bad repute as the stamp-act had been the session before. To conform to the temper which began to prevail, and to prevail mostly amongst those most in power, he declared very early in the winter that a revenue must be had out of America. Here this extraordinary man, then chancellor of the exchequer, found himself in great straits. To please universally was the object of his life; but to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. However, he attempted it. To render the tax palatable to the partisans of American revenue, he had made a preamble, stating the necessity of such a revenue. To close with the American distinction, this revenue was *external*, or port-duty; but again to soften it to the other party, it was a duty of supply, &c. This fine-spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy. But the original plan, and the mode of executing that plan, both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause. He was truly the child of the house. He never thought, did, or said any thing, but with a view to you. He every day adapted himself to your disposition; and adjusted himself before it, as at a looking-glass.

He had observed, that several persons, infinitely his inferiors in all respects, had formerly rendered themselves considerable in this house by one method alone. They were a race of men (I hope in God the species is extinct) who, when they rose in their place, no man living could divine from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles; from any order or system in their politics; or from any sequel or connexion in their ideas, what part they were going to take in any debate. It is astonishing, how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, called the attention of all parties, on such men. All eyes were fixed on them, all ears open to hear them; each party gaped and looked alternately for their vote, almost to the end of their speeches. While the house hung in this uncertainty, now the *hear-hims* rose from this side—now they re-bellowed from the other; and that party to whom they fell at last from their tremulous and dancing balance, always received them in a tempest of applause. The fortune of such men was a temptation too great to be resisted by one, to whom a single whiff of incense withheld gave much greater pain, than he received delights in the clouds of it, which daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers. He was a candidate for contradictory honours; and his great aim was to make those agree in the admiration of him, who never agreed in any thing else. *Burke.*

§ 94. *Character of* WASHINGTON.

It is not impossible, that some will affect to consider the honours paid to



Painted by Stuart. Engraved by T. Kelly.

Fisher Ames.

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this great patriot by the nation, as excessive, idolatrous, and degrading to freemen, who are all equal. I answer, that refusing to virtue its legitimate honours would not prevent their being lavished, in future, on any worthless and ambitious favourite. If this day's example should have its natural effect, it will be salutary. Let such honours be so conferred only when, in future, they shall be so merited: then the public sentiment will not be misled, nor the principles of a just equality corrupted. The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas! all Washington's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man, whose character has been more admired in his life-time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner, as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance; for it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of the superiority of his character over many others, whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived, in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life: for if there were any errors in his judgment, (and he discovered as few as any man,) we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach: he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided: but when his country needed sacrifices, that no other man could, or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least in this age. Two instances cannot be denied: when the army was disbanded; and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France.

It is indeed almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of virtue. The reasons are similar; our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. Washington's example is the happiest, to show what virtue is; and to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue: much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model, a precious one to a free republic!

It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own. His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent. In public trusts, where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious, and in those private concerns, where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, Washington was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen

with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it, so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject, and then he made his decision without bias.

This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err. If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed is of the kind that will last for ever; yet it was rather the effect, than the motive, of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is perhaps the brighest name of all antiquity. Our Washington resembled him in the purity and ardour of his patriotism; and, like him, he first exalted the glory of his country. There, it is to be hoped, the parallel ends: for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude. For we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers: some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts; others, for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams: we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or like his own Potowmac, widening and deepening his channel, as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country. The constant veneration and affection of his country will show, that it was worthy of such a citizen.

Ames.

§ 95. *Character of Mr.* AMES.

Mr. Ames was more adapted to the senate than the bar. His speeches in congress, always respectable, were many of them excellent, abounding in argument and sentiment, having all the necessary information, embellished with rhetorical beauties and animated with patriotic fires.

So much of the skill and address of the orator do they exhibit, that, though he had little regard to the rules of the art, they are, perhaps, fair examples of the leading precepts for the several parts of an oration. In debates on important questions he generally waited, before he spoke, till the discussion had proceeded at some length, when he was sure to notice every argument that had been offered. He was sometimes in a minority, when he well considered the temper of a majority in a republican assembly, impatient of contradiction, refutation, or detection, claiming to be allowed sincere in their convictions, and disinterested in their views. He

was not unsuccessful in uniting the prudence and conciliation necessary in parliamentary speaking, with lawful freedom of debate and an effectual use of those sharp and massy weapons which his talents supplied, and which his frankness and zeal prompted him to employ.

He did not systematically study the exterior graces of speaking, but his attitude was erect and easy, his gestures manly and forcible, his intonations varied and expressive, his articulation distinct, and his whole manner animated and natural. His written compositions, it will be perceived, have that glow and vivacity which belonged to his speeches.

All the other efforts of his mind, however, were probably exceeded by his powers in conversation. He appeared among his friends with an illuminated face, and with peculiar amenity and captivating kindness displayed all the playful felicity of his wit, the force of his intellect, and the fertility of his imagination.

On the kind or degree of excellence which criticism may concede or deny to Mr. Ames's productions, we do not undertake with accurate discrimination to determine. He was undoubtedly rather actuated by the genius of oratory, than disciplined by the precepts of rhetoric; was more intent on exciting attention and interest and producing effect, than securing the praise of skill in the artifice of composition. Hence critics might be dissatisfied, yet hearers charmed. The abundance of materials, the energy and quickness of conception, the inexhaustible fertility of mind, which he possessed, as they did not require, so they forbade a rigid adherence to artificial guides in the disposition and employment of his intellectual stores. To a certain extent, such a speaker and writer may claim to be his own authority.

Image crowded upon image in his mind, he is not chargeable with affectation in the use of figurative language; his tropes are evidently prompted by imagination, and not forced into his service. Their novelty and variety create constant surprise and delight. But they are, perhaps, too lavishly employed. The fancy of his hearers is sometimes overplied with stimulus, and the importance of the thought liable to be concealed in the multitude and beauty of the metaphors. His condensation of expression may be thought to produce occasional abruptness. He aimed rather at the terseness, strength, and vivacity of the short sentence, than the dignity of the full and flowing period. His style is conspicuous for sententious brevity, for antithesis and point. Single ideas appear with so much lustre and prominence, that the connexion of the several parts of his discourse is not always obvious to the common mind, and the aggregate impression of the composition is not always completely obtained. In those respects where his peculiar excellencies came near to defects, he is rather to be admired than imitated.

In public speaking, he trusted much to excitement, and did little more in his closet than draw the outlines of his speech and reflect on it, till he had received deeply the impressions he intended to make; depending for the turns and figures of language, illustrations and modes of appeal to the passions, on his imagination and feelings at the time. This excitement continued, when the cause had ceased to operate. After debate his mind was agitated, like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves were like the shrouds of a ship torn by the tempest.

He brought his mind much in contact with the minds of others, ever pleased to converse on subjects of public interest, and seizing every hint that might be useful to him in writing, for the instruction of his fellow-citizens. He justly thought, that persons

below him in capacity might have good ideas, which he might employ in the correction and improvement of his own. His attention was always awake to grasp the materials that came to him from every source. A constant labour was going on in his mind.

He never sunk from an elevated tone of thought and action, nor suffered his faculties to slumber in indolence. The circumstances of the times in which he was called to act, contributed to elicit his powers, and supply fuel to his genius. The greatest interests were subjects of debate. When he was in the national legislature, the spirit of party did not tie the hands of the public functionaries; and questions, on which depended the peace or war, the safety or danger, the freedom or dishonour of the country, might be greatly influenced by the counsels and efforts of a single patriot. *Kirkland.*

§ 96. *Speech of Sir Robert* PHILLIPS *on Public Grievances.*

I read of a custom amongst the old Romans, that once every year, they had a solemn feast for their slaves, at which they had liberty, without exception, to speak what they would, thereby to ease their afflicted minds; which being finished, they severally returned to their former servitude.

This may, with some resemblance and distinction, well set forth our present state, where now, after the revolution of some time, and grievous sufferance of many violent oppressions, we have, as those slaves had, a day of liberty of speech; but shall not, I trust, be hereafter slaves, for we are free. Yet what new illegal proceedings our states and persons have suffered under, my heart yearns to think, my tongue falters to utter. They have been well represented by divers worthy gentlemen before me; yet one grievance, and the main one, as I conceive, hath not been touched, which is our religion;—religion, Mr. Speaker, made vendible by commission; and men, for pecuniary annual rates, dispensed withal, whereby papists may, without fear of law, practise idolatry.

For the oppressions under which we groan, I draw them under two heads: acts of power against law, and judgments of law against our liberty.

Of the first sort are, strange instructions, violent exactions of money thereupon, imprisonment of the persons of such who (to deliver over to their posterity the liberty they received from their forefathers, and lawfully were in possession of) refused so to lend; and this aggravated by the remediless continuance and length thereof; and chiefly the strange, vast, and unlimited power of our lieutenants and their deputies, in billeting of soldiers, in making rates, in granting warrants for taxes as their discretions shall guide them. And all this against the law.

These last are the most insupportable burdens that at this present afflict our poor country, and the most cruel oppression that ever yet the kingdom of England endured. These upstart deputy lieutenants (of whom perhaps in some cases and times there may be good use, being regulated by law) are the worst of grievances, and the most forward and zealous executioners of those violent and unlawful courses which have been commended unto them; of whose proceedings, and for the qualifying of whose unruly power, it is more than time to consult and determine.

Judgments of law against our liberty there have been three, each latter stepping forwarder than the former upon the right of the subject, aiming in the end to tread and trample under foot our law, and that even in the form of law.

The first was the judgment of the *postnai*, whereby a nation (which I heartily love for their singular good zeal in our religion, and their free spirits to preserve our liberties far beyond many of us) is made capable of any the like favours, privileges, and immunities, as ourselves enjoy; and this especially argued in the exchequer chamber by all the judges of England. The second was, the judgment upon impositions in the exchequer court, by the barons, which hath been the source and fountain of many bitter waters of affliction unto our merchants. The third was, that fatal late judgment against the liberty of the subject imprisoned by the king, argued and pronounced but by one judge alone.

I can live, although another who has no right, be put to live with me; nay, I can live, although I pay excises, and impositions more than I do; but to have my liberty, which is the soul of my life, taken from me by power, and to have my body pent up in a gaol, without remedy by law, and to be so adjudged! O improvident ancestors! O unwise forefathers! to be so curious in providing for the quiet possession of our laws and the liberties of parliament, and to neglect our persons and bodies, and to let them lie in prison, and that *durante bene placito*, remediless! If this be law, why do we talk of liberties? why do we trouble ourselves with a dispute about law, franchises, property of goods, and the like? what may any man call his own, if not the liberty of his person?

I am weary of treading these ways, and therefore conclude to have a select committee deputed, to frame a petition to his majesty for redress of these things; which being read, examined, and approved by the house, may be delivered to the king, of whose gracious answer we have no cause to doubt, our desires being so reasonable, our intentions so loyal, and the manner so humble: neither need we fear this to be the critical parliament, as was insinuated, or this a way to distraction: but assure ourselves of a happy issue: then shall the king, as he calls us his great council, find us his good council, and own us as his good council—which God grant.

§ 97. *Mr.* PULTENEY'S *Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army: I believe

they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever any army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them; if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every

succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers ?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction ? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years ? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months ? How long have we already continued our army from year to year ? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke ? We are now come to the Rubicon ; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will ; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction ; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army ; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 98. *Speech of Sir* G. HEATHCOTE, *on the Establishment of Excise Officers.*

Sir,

Other gentlemen have already fully explained and set forth the great inconveniences which must be brought on the trade of this nation, by the scheme now proposed to us ; those have been made very apparent, and from them arises a very strong objection against what is now proposed : but the greatest objection arises from the danger to which this scheme will most certainly expose the liberties of our country ; those liberties, for which our ancestors have so often ventured their lives and fortunes ; those liberties, which have cost this nation so much blood and treasure, seem already to be greatly retrenched. I am sorry to say it, but what is now in dispute, seems to me to be the last branch of liberty we have to contend for : we have already established a standing army, and have made it, in a manner, a part of our constitution ; we have already subjected great numbers of the people of this nation to the arbitrary laws of excise ; and this scheme is so wide a step towards subjecting all the rest of the people of England to those arbitrary laws, that it will be impossible for us to recover, or prevent the fatal consequences of such a scheme.

We are told that his majesty is a good and a wise prince : we all believe him to be so ; but I hope no man will pretend to draw any argument from thence for our surrendering those liberties and privileges, which have been handed down to us by our ancestors. We have, indeed, nothing to fear from his present majesty : he never will make a bad use of that power which we have put into his hands ; but if we once grant to the crown too great an extent of power we cannot recall that grant when we have a mind ; and though his majesty should never make a bad use of it, some of his successors may : the being governed by a wise and good king, does not make the people a free people ; the Romans were as great slaves under the few good emperors they had to reign over them, as they were under the most cruel of their tyrants. After the people have once given up their liberties, their govern-

ors have all the same power of oppressing them, though they may not perhaps all make the same wicked use of the power lodged in their hands; but a slave that has the good fortune to meet with a good-natured and a humane master, is no less a slave than he that meets with a cruel and barbarous one. Our liberties are too valuable, and have been purchased at too high a price, to be sported with, or wantonly given up even to the best of kings: we have before now had some good, some wise and gracious sovereigns to reign over us, but we find, that under them our ancestors were as jealous of their liberties, as they were under the worst of our kings. It is to be hoped that we have still the same value for our liberties: if we have, we certainly shall use all peaceable methods to preserve and secure them; and if such methods should prove ineffectual, I hope there is no Englishman but has spirit enough to use those methods for the preservation of our liberties, which were used by our ancestors for the defence of theirs, and for transmitting them down to us in that glorious condition in which we found them. There are some still alive who bravely ventured their lives and fortunes in defence of the liberties of their country; there are many, whose fathers were embarked in the same glorious cause; let it never be said that the sons of such men wantonly gave up those liberties for which their fathers had risked so much, and that for the poor pretence of suppressing a few frauds in the collecting of the public revenues, which might easily have been suppressed without entering into any such dangerous measures. This is all I shall trouble you with at present; but so much I thought it was incumbent upon me to say, in order that I might enter my protest against the question now before us.

§ 99. *Sir Robert* WALPOLE'S *Speech on the Establishment of Excise Officers.*

Sir,

As I was obliged, when I opened the affair now before you, to take up a great deal of your time, I then imagined that I should not have been under a necessity of giving you any further trouble; but when such things are thrown out, things which in my opinion are quite foreign to the debate; when the ancient histories, not only of this but other countries are ransacked for characters of wicked ministers, in order to adapt them to the present times, and to draw parallels between them and some modern characters, to which they bear no other resemblance than that they were ministers, it is impossible for one to sit still. Of late years I have dealt but little in the study of history; but I have a very good prompter by me (meaning Sir Philip Yorke), and by his means, I can recollect that the case of Empson and Dudley, mentioned by the honourable gentleman who spoke last, was so very different from any thing that can possibly be presumed from the scheme now before us, that I wonder how it was possible to lug them into the debate. The case as to them was, that they had, by virtue of old and obsolete laws, most unjustly extorted great sums of money from people, who, as was pretended, had become liable to great pains and penalties, by having been guilty of breaches of those obsolete laws, which for many years before, had gone entirely into disuse. I must say, and I hope most of those that hear me think, that it is very unjust and unfair to draw any parallel between the character of those two ministers and mine, which was, I suppose, what the honourable gentleman meant to do, when he brought that piece of history into the debate. If I ever endeavour

to raise money from the people, or from any man whatever, by oppressive or illegal means, if my character should ever come to be in any respect like theirs, I shall deserve their fate. But while I know myself to be innocent, I shall depend upon the protection of the laws of my country. As long as they can protect me, I am safe; and if that protection should fail, I am prepared to submit to the worst that can happen. I know that my political and ministerial life has by some gentlemen been long wished at an end; but they may ask their own disappointed hearts, how vain their wishes have been; and as for my natural life, I have lived long enough to learn to be as easy about parting with it, as any man can well be.

As to those clamours which have been raised without doors, and which are now so much insisted on, it is very well known by whom and by what methods they were raised, and it is no difficult matter to guess with what views; but I am very far from taking them to be the sense of the nation, or believing that the sentiments of the generality of the people were thereby expressed. The most part of the people concerned in those clamours did not speak their own sentiments. They were played upon by others, like so many puppets; it was not the puppets that spoke, it was those behind the curtain that played them, and made them speak whatever they had a mind.

There is now a most extraordinary concourse of people at our door. I hope it will not be said that all those people came there of themselves naturally, and without any instigation from others, for to my certain knowledge, some very odd methods were used to bring such multitudes hither. Circular letters were wrote, and sent by the beadles, in the most public and unprecedented manner, round almost every ward in the city, summoning them upon their peril to come down this day to the house of commons. This I am certain of, because I have now one of those letters in my pocket, signed by a deputy of one of the greatest wards in the city of London, and sent by the beadle to one of the inhabitants of that ward; and I know that such letters were sent in the same manner almost to every liveryman and tradesman in that ward; and by the same sort of unwarrantable methods have the clamours been raised almost in every other part of the nation.

Gentlemen may say what they please of the multitudes now at our door, and in all the avenues leading to this house; they may call them a modest multitude if they will; but whatever temper they were in when they came hither, it may be very much altered now, after having waited so long at our door. It may be a very easy matter for some designing seditious person to raise a tumult and disorder among them: and when tumults are once begun, no man knows where they may end. He is a greater man than any I know in the nation, that could with the same ease appease them. For this reason I must think, that it was neither prudent nor regular to use any methods for bringing such multitudes to this place, under any pretence whatever. Gentlemen may give them what name they think fit; it may be said, that they came hither as humble supplicants; but I know whom the law calls sturdy beggars, and those who brought them hither could not be certain but that they might have behaved in the same manner.

§ 100. *Sir* JOHN ST. AUBIN'S *Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker,

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly

the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper: he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second, naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution,

it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands apart of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review here shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it. That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments therefore become independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expenses; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak

princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason,) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown; if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§101. *Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE'S *Reply*.

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is

no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical forms of government, are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences; that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to show them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, sir, I will grant that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in or out of power: when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension, or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious: I will allow, sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a cause, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence

over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge: whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do we not know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 102. *Lord* LYTTELTON'S *Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill, in the year* 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew

will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is, indeed, of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance in human nature; not to resist the latter at all times would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a christian, is himself not a christian. Christianity, sir, breathes love, and peace, and good will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much

longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure, should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

§ 103. *Speech of Mr.* PITT *(afterwards Earl of Chatham), on American taxation*, 1765.

Mr. Pitt at beginning was rather low, and as every one was in agitation at his first rising, his introduction was not heard, till he said:

I came to town but to-day; I was a stranger to the tenor of his majesty's speech, and the proposed address, till I heard them read in this house. Unconnected and unconsulted, I have not the means of information; I am fearful of offending through mistake, and therefore beg to be indulged with a second reading of the proposed address.

The address being read, he went on; he commended the king's speech, approved of the address in answer, as it decided nothing, every gentleman being left at perfect liberty to take such a part concerning America, as he might afterwards see fit. One word only he could not approve of: 'early' is a word that does not belong to the notice the ministry have given to parliament of the troubles in Ame-

rica. In a matter of such importance the communication ought to have been immediate: I speak not with respect to parties, I stand up in this place singly and unconnected. As to the late ministry (turning himself to Mr. Grenville), every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong. As to the present gentlemen, to those at least whom I have in my eye (looking at the bench where Mr. Conway sat, with the lords of the treasury), I have no objection; I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Their characters are fair; and I am always glad when men of fair character engage in his majesty's service. Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage. These will do me the justice to own, I advised them to engage; but, notwithstanding, I love to be explicit; I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen (bowing to the ministry), confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: youth is the season of credulity; by comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an overruling influence.

There is a clause in the act of settlement, to oblige every minister to sign his name to the advice which he gives to his sovereign. Would it were observed! I have had the honour to serve the crown, and if I could have submitted to influence, I might have still continued to serve; but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments: it is indifferent to me, whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this or that side of the Tweed. I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister that looked for it, and I found it in the mountains of the North. I called forth, and drew into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men! men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state, in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side: they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world: detested be the national reflections against them! they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly. When I ceased to serve his majesty as a minister, it was not the country of the man by which I was moved, but the man of that country wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom.

It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in parliament. When the resolution was taken in the house to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequence, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it. It is now an act that has passed; I would speak with decency of every act of this house, but I must beg the indulgence of the house to speak of it with freedom.

I hope a day may soon be appointed to consider the state of the nation with respect to America. I hope gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper and impartiality that his majesty recommends, and the importance of the subject requires: a subject of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this house, that subject only excepted, when, near a century ago, it was the question, whether you yourselves were to be bound or free.

In the mean time, as I cannot depend upon health for any future day, such is the nature of my infirmities, I will beg to say a few words at present, leaving the justice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the act, to another time. I will only speak

to one point, a point which seems not to have been generally understood—I mean the right. Some gentlemen (alluding to Mr. Nugent) seem to have considered it a point of honour. If gentlemen consider it in that light, they leave all measures of right and wrong to follow a delusion that may lead to destruction. It is my opinion that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies, to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. They are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind, and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen.

Equally bound by its laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country, the Americans are the sons, not the bastards of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the commons alone. In legislation the three estates of the realm are alike concerned; but the concurrency of the peers and the crown to a tax, is only necessary to close with the form of a law.

The gift and grant is of the commons alone. In ancient days, the crown, the barons, and the clergy, possessed the lands. In those days the barons and the clergy gave and granted to the crown. They gave and granted what was their own. At present, since the discovery of America, and other circumstances permitting, the commons are become the proprietors of the land. The crown has divested itself of its great estates. The church (God bless it!) has but a pittance. The property of the lords, compared with that of the commons, is as a drop of water in the ocean; and this house represents these commons, the proprietors of the lands; and those proprietors virtually represent the rest of the inhabitants.

When, therefore, in this house we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your majesty's commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your majesty, what? our own property?—No, we give and grant to your majesty the property of the commons of America. It is an absurdity in terms.

The distinction between legislation and taxation is essentially necessary to liberty. The crown, the peers, are equally legislative powers with the commons. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the crown, the peers, have rights in taxation as well as yourselves; rights they will claim, which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by power.

There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this house. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough,—a borough which perhaps no man ever saw? That is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in this house is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of man. It does not deserve a serious consideration.

The commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this, their constitutional right, of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this kingdom, as the supreme governing and legislative power, has always bound the colonies by her laws, by her regulations, and

restrictions in trade, in navigation, in manufactures, in every thing, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent. Here I would draw the line,

Quam ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

He concluded with a familiar voice and tone, but so low that it was not easy to distinguish what he said. A considerable pause ensued after Mr. Pitt had done speaking.

§ 104. *Speech of Mr.* GRENVILLE *on the same subject.*

He began with censuring the ministry very severely, for delaying to give earlier notice to parliament of the disturbances in America. He said they began in July, and now we are in the middle of January; lately they were only occurrences; they are now grown to disturbances, to tumults, and riots. I doubt they border on open rebellion; and if the doctrine I have heard this day be confirmed, I fear they will lose that name to take that of a revolution. The government over them being dissolved, a revolution will take place in America. I cannot understand the difference between external and internal taxes. They are the same in effect, and differ only in name. That this kingdom has the sovereign, the supreme legislative power over America, is granted. It cannot be denied; and taxation is a part of that sovereign power. It is one branch of the legislation. It is, it has been exercised, over those who are not, who were never represented. It is exercised over the India Company, the merchants of London, and the proprietors of the stocks, and over great manufacturing towns. It was exercised over the county palatine of Chester, and the bishopric of Durham, before they sent any representatives to parliament. I appeal for proof to the preambles of the acts which gave them representatives; one in the reign of Henry VIII. the other in that of Charles II. [He then quoted the acts, and desired they might be read; which being done, he said:] When I proposed to tax America, I asked the house, if any gentleman would object to the right; I repeatedly asked it, and no man would attempt to deny it. Protection and obedience are reciprocal. Great Britain protects America, America is bound to yield obedience. If not, tell me when the Americans were emancipated? When they want the protection of this kingdom, they are always very ready to ask it. That protection has always been afforded them in the most full and ample manner. The nation has run itself into an immense debt to give them this protection; and now they are called upon to contribute a small share towards the public expense, an expense arising from themselves, they renounce your authority, insult your officers, and break out, I might almost say, in open rebellion.

The seditious spirit of the colonies owes its birth to factions in this house. Gentlemen are careless of the consequences of what they say, provided it answers the purposes of opposition.

We were told we trod on tender ground; we were bid to expect disobedience. What was this, but telling the Americans to stand out against the law, to encourage their obstinacy with expectation of support from hence? let us only hold out a little, they would say, our friends will soon be in power. Ungrateful people of America! bounties have been extended to them. When I had the honour of serving the crown, while you yourselves were loaded with an enormous debt, you have given bounties on their lumber, on their iron, their hemp, and many other articles. You have relaxed, in their favour, the act of navigation, that palladium of British

commerce; and yet I have been abused in all the public papers as an enemy to the trade of America. I have been particularly charged with giving orders and instructions to prevent the Spanish trade, and thereby stopping the channel by which alone North America used to be supplied with cash for remittances for this country. I defy any man to produce any such orders or instructions. I discouraged no trade but what was illicit, what was prohibited by act of parliament. I desire a West India merchant, well known in this city (Mr. Long), a gentleman of character, may be admitted. He will tell you that I offered to do every thing in my power to advance the trade of America. I was above giving an answer to anonymous calumnies; but in this place it becomes me to wipe off the aspersion.

§ 105. *Speech of Mr.* PITT, *in reply to Mr. Grenville.*

I do not apprehend I am speaking twice; I did expressly reserve a part of my subject, in order to save the time of this house; but I am compelled to proceed in it. I do not speak twice; I only mean to finish what I designedly left imperfect. But if the house is of a different opinion, far be it from me to indulge a wish of transgression against order. (Here he paused, the house resounding with, "Go on, go on,"—he proceeded.)

Gentlemen, sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this house imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise.

No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it—it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited, by which he ought to have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here armed at all points, with law cases and acts of parliament, with the statute book doubled down in dogs-ears, to defend the cause of liberty: if I had, I myself would have cited the two cases of Chester and Durham: I would have cited them to have shown, that even under the most arbitrary reigns, parliaments were ashamed of taxing people without their consent, and allowed them representatives. Why did the gentleman confine himself to Chester and Durham? He might have taken a higher example in Wales; Wales, that never was taxed by parliament till it was incorporated. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman: I know his abilities: I have been obliged by his diligent researches. But for the defence of liberty upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground upon which I stand firm; on which I dare meet any man. The gentleman tells us of many who are taxed, and are not represented. The India Company, merchants, stock-holders, manufacturers. Surely many of these are represented in other capacities, as owners of land, or as freemen of boroughs. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented. But they are all inhabitants, and, as such, are virtually represented. Many have it in their option to be actually represented. They have connexions with those that elect, and they have influence over them. The gentleman mentioned the stock-holders. I hope he does not reckon the debts of

the nation a part of the national estate. Since the accession of king William, many ministers, some of great, others of more moderate abilities, have taken the lead of government. He then went through the list of them, bringing it down till he came to himself, giving a short sketch of the characters of each of them. None of these, he said, thought or ever dreamed of robbing the colonies of their constitutional rights That was reserved to mark the era of the late administration: not that there were wanting some when I had the honour to serve his majesty, to propose to me to burn my fingers with an American stamp act. With the enemy at their back, with our bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans would have submitted to the imposition; but it would have been taking an ungenerous, an unjust advantage. The gentleman boasts of his bounties to America! Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America, I stand up for this kingdom. I maintain that the parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America.

Our legislative power over the colonies is supreme. When it ceases to be sovereign and supreme, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, if he can, and embark for that country. Where two countries are connected together like England and her colonies, without being incorporated, the one must necessarily govern; the greater must rule the less; but so rule it, as not to contradict the fundamental principles that are common to both. If the gentleman does not understand the difference between external and internal taxes, I cannot help it: but there is a plain distinction between taxes levied for the purposes of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of trade, for the accommodation of the subject; although, in the consequences, some revenue might incidentally arise from the latter. The gentleman asks, when were the colonies emancipated? But I desire to know, when were they made slaves? but I dwell not upon words. When I had the honour of serving his majesty, I availed myself of the means of information which I derived from my office. I speak therefore from knowledge. My materials were good. I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm, that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. The estates that were rented at two thousand pounds a year, threescore years ago, are at three thousand at present. Those estates sold then for from fifteen to eighteen years purchase; the same may be now sold for thirty.

You owe this to America. This is the price that America pays you for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast, that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the exchequer, to the loss of a million to the nation! I dare not say, how much higher these profits may be augmented. Omitting the immense increase of people, by natural population, in the northern colonies, and the migration from every part of Europe, I am convinced the whole commercial system of America may be altered to advantage. You have prohibited where you ought to have encouraged; you have encouraged where you ought to have prohibited. Improper restraints have been laid on the continent, in favour of the islands. You have but two nations to trade with in America. Would you had twenty! Let acts of parliament in consequence of treaties remain, but let not an English minister become a custom-house officer for Spain, or for any fo-

reign power. Much is wrong, much may be amended for the general good of the whole.

Does the gentleman complain he has been misrepresented in the public prints? It is a common misfortune. In the Spanish affair of the last war, I was abused in all the newspapers, for having advised his majesty to violate the laws of nations with regard to Spain. The abuse was industriously circulated even in handbills. If administration did not propagate the abuse, administration never contradicted it. I will not say what advice I did give to the king. My advice is in writing, signed by myself, in the possession of the crown. But I will say what advice I did not give to the king: I did not advise him to violate any of the laws of nations.

As to the report of the gentleman's preventing in some way the trade for bullion with the Spaniards, it was spoken of so confidently that I own I am one of those who did believe it to be true. The gentleman must not wonder he was not contradicted, when, as the minister, he asserted the right of parliament to tax America. I know not how it is, but there is a modesty in this house which does not choose to contradict a minister. Even your chair, sir, looks too often towards St. James's. I wish gentlemen would get the better of this modesty: if they do not, perhaps the collective body may begin to abate of its respect for the representative. Lord Bacon has told me, that a great question would not fail of being agitated at one time or another. I was willing to agitate that at the proper season, the German war:—my German war they called it. Every sessions I called out, Has any body any objections to the German war? Nobody would object to it, one gentleman only excepted, since removed to the upper house by succession to an ancient barony, (meaning Lord Le Despencer, formerly Sir Francis Dashwood.) He told me, 'He did not like a German war.' I honoured the man for it, and was sorry when he was turned out of his post. A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the stamp act, which so many here will think a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you, while France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer; a gentleman (colonel Draper), whose noble and generous spirit would do honour to the proudest grandee of the country? The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper; they have been wronged; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for

America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behaviour to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them.

Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the house what is really my opinion. It is, that the stamp act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever; that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

§ 106. *Speech of Lord* MANSFIELD, *on the Bill for preventing the delays of Justice by claiming the Privilege of Parliament.*

My Lords,

When I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away from two-thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities, of which they have long been possessed. Perhaps there is no situation which the human mind can be placed in, that is so difficult and so trying, as where it is made a judge in its own cause. There is something implanted in the breast of man, so attached to itself, so tenacious of privileges once obtained, that in such a situation, either to discuss with impartiality, or to decide with justice, has ever been held as the summit of all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your lordships in this very predicament; and I doubt not but the wisdom of your decision will convince the world, that where self-interest and justice are in opposite scales, the latter will ever preponderate with your lordships.

Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages, and in all countries. The practice is founded in wisdom; and indeed, it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of this country, that the members of both houses should be free in their persons in cases of civil suits; for there may come a time when the safety and welfare of this whole empire may depend upon their attendance in parliament. God forbid that I should advise any measure that would in future endanger the state: but the bill before your lordships has, I am confident, no such tendency, for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits. This being the case, I confess, when I see many noble lords, for whose judgment I have a very great respect, standing up to oppose a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of just and legal debts, I am astonished and amazed. They, I doubt not, oppose the bill upon public principles: I would not wish to insinuate that private interest has the least weight in their determinations.

This bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently miscarried; but it was always lost in the lower house. Little did I think when it had passed the commons, that it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be said, that you, my lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow-subjects? Forbid it, justice!—I

am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am with but half the difficulties and delays, that are every day occasioned in the courts of justice, under pretence of privilege, they would not, nay, they could not, oppose this bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against the bill; but I have waited in vain. The truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice, the expediency of this bill is such, as renders it self-evident. It is a proposition of that nature that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with sophistry. Much, indeed, has been said by some noble lords on the wisdom of our ancestors, and how differently they thought from us.

They not only decreed that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the sitting of parliament, but likewise granted protection to the very servants of members. I shall say nothing on the wisdom of our ancestors; it might perhaps appear invidious, and is not necessary in the present case.

I shall only say that the noble lords that flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection, should remember, that as circumstances alter, things themselves should alter. Formerly, it was not so fashionable, either for masters or servants, to run in debt as it is at present; nor, formerly, were merchants and manufacturers members of parliament, as at present. The case now is very different; both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the lower house. Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom, privileges must be done away.

We all know that the very soul and essense of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compressive power of the laws. The law, then, ought to be equally open to all; any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest nature.

But I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that which is sufficiently evident without any. I shall only say a few words to some noble lords, who foresee much inconveniency from the persons of their servants being liable to be arrested. One noble lord observes, that the coachman of a peer may be arrested while he is driving his master to the house, and consequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament. If this was actually to happen, there are so many methods by which the member might still get to the house, I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection. Another noble peer said, that by this bill they might lose their most valuable and honest servants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms; for he can neither be a valuable servant, nor an honest man, who gets into debt, which he is neither able nor willing to pay, until compelled by law. If my servant, by unforeseen accidents, has got in debt, and I still wish to retain him, I certainly would pay the debt. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever, can my servant have a title to set his creditors at defiance, while, for forty shillings only, the honest tradesman may be torn from his family and locked up in jail. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all such partial proceedings for the future, by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' consideration.

I now come to speak upon what, indeed, I would gladly have avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left

hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race—to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine; but if that noble lord means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action in my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next: and many, who by the popularity of the times have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, where truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why, then, the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular; it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular, to compel people to pay their debts; and in that case the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privileges; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said, that privilege protected members even in criminal actions: nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with this doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine: I thought so then, and think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty—how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place nor employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as a judge, neither royal favour nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty. I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time; and am sorry a bill, fraught with so good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate; but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your lordships but very little support.

§ 107. *Lord* CHATHAM'S *Speech for the immediate removal of the troops from Boston in America.*

On the 20th of January 1775, the plan of absolute coercion being resolved upon by the ministry, Lord Dartmouth, the secretary of state for America, laid before the Peers the official papers belonging to his department, when Lord Chatham, though sinking under bodily infirmities, made the following powerful effort before

the die was finally cast, to avert the calamity, the danger, and the ruin, which he saw impending:

Too well apprised of the contents of the papers, now at last laid before the house, I shall not take up their lordships' time in tedious and fruitless investigations, but shall seize the first moment to open the door of reconcilement; for every moment of delay is a moment of danger. As I have not the honour of access to his majesty, I will endeavour to transmit to him through the constitutional channel of this house, my ideas of America, to rescue him from the misadvice of his present ministers. America, my lords, cannot be reconciled, she ought not to be reconciled to this country, till the troops of Britain are withdrawn from the continent; they are a bar to all confidence; they are a source of perpetual irritation: they threaten a fatal catastrophe. How can America trust you with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore, my lords, move, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, most humbly to advise and beseech his majesty, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please his majesty to transmit orders to general Gage for removing his majesty's forces from the town of Boston. I know not, my lords, who advised the present measures; I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that the authors of such advice ought to answer it at their utmost peril. I wish, my lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis: an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, in any stage of its progress, the conduct of this momentous business. Unless fettered to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitting attention. I will knock at the gates of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger. The recall of your army I urge as necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace. By this it will appear that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably, and to consider, revise, and repeal, if it should be found necessary, as I affirm it will, those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout the empire. Resistance to these acts was necessary, and therefore just: and your vain declarations of the omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or enslave America, who feels that tyranny is equally intolerable, whether it be exercised by an individual part of the legislature, or by the collective bodies which compose it. The means of enforcing this thraldom are found to be as ridiculous and weak in practice as they are unjust in principle. Conceiving of general Gage as a man of humanity and understanding; entertaining, as I ever must, the highest respect and affection for the British troops, I feel the most anxious sensibility for their situation, pining in inglorious inactivity. You may call them an army of safety and defence, but they are in truth an army of impotence and contempt; and to make the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation and vexation. Allay then the ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile cause. If you delay concession till your vain hope shall be accomplished of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay for ever: the force of this country would be disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts—three millions of people, the genuine de-

scendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. But is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond what history has related, or poetry has feigned?

——Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque, *auditque* dolos.

But the Americans must not be heard; they have been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects of all ranks, ages, and descriptions to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but, my lords, they will still despise your power, for they have yet remaining their woods and their liberty. What, though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and of resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious from the nature of things, and from the nature of man, and, above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of whiggism, flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in this country—the same spirit which roused all England to action at the revolution, and which established at a remote æra your liberties on the basis of that great fundamental maxim of the constitution, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every generous Briton? To maintain this principle is the common cause of the whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this; it is liberty to liberty engaged. In this great cause they are immoveably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal, fixed as the firmament of heaven. As an Englishman, I recognise to the Americans their supreme unalterable right of property. As an American, I would equally recognise to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. This distinction is involved in the abstract nature of things: property is private, individual, absolute: the touch of another annihilates it. Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can blow: it is a vast and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and to combine them in one harmonious effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power of the empire. On this grand practical distinction, then, let us rest; taxation is theirs; commercial regulation is ours. As to the metaphysical refinements, attempting to show that the Americans are equally free from legislative control and commercial restraint, as from taxation for the purpose of revenue, I pronounce them futile, frivolous, groundless. When your lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favourite study; and in the celebrated writings of antiquity

have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my lords, I must declare and avow, that, in the master-states of the world, I know not the people, nor the senate, who in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the Delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile. Can such a national principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvres? Heaping papers on your table, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my lords, unless these fatal acts are done away: it must arrive in all its horrors; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads. But it is not repealing this or that act of parliament; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them to your unworthy terms of submission: it is impossible: WE ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract: let us retract while we can, not when we must. I repeat it, my lords, we shall one day be *forced* to undo these violent acts of oppression: they must be repealed; you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them: I stake my reputation on it: I will consent to be taken for an *idiot* if they are not repealed. Avoid then this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power: it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures: foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, MORE THAN TO THEIR OWN CONCERNS, BE THEY WHAT THEY MAY. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they *can* alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown; but I affirm they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the KING IS BETRAYED, but I will pronounce, that the KINGDOM IS UNDONE.

§ 108. *Speech of the Earl of* CHATHAM, *on the subject of employing Indians to fight against the Americans.* 1777.

My Lords,

It has been usual, on similar occasions of public difficulty and distress, for the crown to make application to this house, the great hereditary council of the nation, for advice and assistance. As it is the right of parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on your counsels; no advice is asked of parliament; but the crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable

determination to pursue its own preconcerted measures; measures which have produced hitherto nothing but disappointments and defeats.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy;—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent;—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—'That God and nature have put into our hands!' What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and

humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible savages!—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

§ 109. *Part of Mr.* Fox's *Speech, on his Bill for the better government of India.*

The honourable gentleman who opened the debate (Mr Powis) charges me with abandoning that cause, which, he says, in terms of flattery, I had once so successfully asserted. I tell him in reply, that if he were to search the history of my life, he would find, that the period in it in which I struggled most for the real, substantial cause of liberty, is this very moment that I am addressing you. Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined and certain; with many personal privileges, natural, civil, and religious, which he cannot surrender without ruin to himself; and of which to be deprived by any other power, is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to stabilitate these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it; instead of suppressing, its object is to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty.

What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate. That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless labourer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation; in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world.

What is the end of all government? Certainly the happiness of the governed. Others may hold other opinions; but this is mine, and I proclaim it. What are we to think of a government, whose good fortune is to spring from the calamities of its subjects; whose aggrandizement grows out of the miseries of mankind? This is the government exercised under the East India Company upon the natives of Indostan; and the subversion of that infamous government is the main object of the bill in question. But in the progress of accomplishing this end, it is objected that the charter of the company should not be violated; and upon this point, sir, I shall deliver my opinion without disguise. A charter is a trust to one or more persons for some given benefit. If this trust be abused; if the benefit be not obtained, and that its failure arises from palpable guilt, or what, in this case, is full as bad, from palpable ignorance or mismanagement; will any man gravely say, that trust should not be resumed, and delivered to other hands: more especially in the case of the East India Company, whose manner of executing this trust, whose laxity and languor produced, and tend to produce, consequences diametrically opposite to the ends of confiding that trust, and of the institution for which it was granted! I beg of gentlemen to be aware of the lengths to which their arguments upon the intangibility of this charter may be carried. Every syllable virtually impeaches the establishment by which we sit in this house, in the enjoyment of this freedom, and of every other blessing of our government. These kind of arguments are batteries against the main pillar of the British constitution. Some men are consistent with their own private opinions, and discover the inheritance of family maxims, when they question the principles of the Revolution; but I have no scruple in subscribing to the articles of that creed which produced it. Sovereigns are sacred, and reverence is due to every king; yet, with all my attachments to the person of a first magistrate, had I lived in the reign of James the Second, I should most certainly have contributed my efforts, and borne part in those illustrious struggles, which vindicated an empire from hereditary servitude, and recorded this valuable doctrine, that 'trust abused was revocable.'

No man will tell me that a trust to a company of merchants stands upon the solemn and sanctified ground, by which a trust is committed to a monarch; and I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men, who approve that resumption of violated trust, which rescued and re-established our unparalleled and admirable constitution, with a thousand valuable improvements and advantages, at the Revolution; and who, at this moment, rise up the champions of the East India Company's charter, although the incapacity and incompetence of that company to a due and adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them by charter, are themes of ridicule and contempt to all the world; and although, in consequence

of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia; and the national character is become degraded and dishonoured. To rescue that name from odium, and redeem this character from disgrace, are some of the objects of the present bill; and gentlemen should indeed gravely weigh their opposition to a measure, which, with a thousand other points not less valuable, aims at the attainment of these objects.

Those who condemn the present bill, as a violation of the chartered rights of the East India Company, condemn on the same ground, I say again, the Revolution, as a violation of the chartered rights of king James the Second. He, with as much reason, might have claimed the property of dominion. But what was the language of the people? 'No, you have no property in dominion: dominion was vested in you, as it is in every chief magistrate, for the benefit of the community to be governed; it was a sacred trust delegated by compact; you have abused the trust; you have exercised dominion for the purposes of vexation and tyranny—not of comfort, protection, and good order; and we therefore resume the power which was originally ours; we recur to the first principles of all government, the will of the many; and it is our will that you shall no longer abuse your dominion.' The case is the same with the East India Company's government over a territory (as it has been said by Mr. Burke) of two hundred and eighty thousand square miles in extent, nearly equal to all Christian Europe, and containing thirty millions of the human race. It matters not whether dominion arises from conquest or from compact. Conquest gives no right to the conqueror to be a tyrant; and it is no violation of right, to abolish the authority which is misused.

§ 110. *Part of a Speech of Mr.* BURKE *on the same occasion.*

The several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians into India were, for the greater part, ferocious and bloody, and wasteful in the extreme: our entrance into the dominion of that country, was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood, being introduced by various frauds and delusions, and by taking advantage of the incurable, blind, and senseless animosity, which the several country powers bear towards each other, rather than by open force. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity, and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast, and it is the natural wish of all, that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation, are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man, and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, nature had still fair play; the sources of acqui-

sition were not dried up, and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest, but then they augmented the fund from whence they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure, and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort.

But under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship: our conquest there, after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the gray head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there without society, and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people, than if they still resided in England, nor indeed any species of intercourse, but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune, with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates, through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments, which repair the mischiefs which pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ourang-outang, or the tiger.

There is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike or bending over a desk at home. But as English youth in India, drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads are able to bear it, and as they are full grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason have any opportunity to exert themselves for remedy of the excesses of their premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England, and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean. In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed, by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom, will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the pea-

sant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families, they enter into your senate, they ease your estates by loans, they raise their value by demand, they cherish and protect your relations, which lie heavy on your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest, that makes all reform of our eastern government appear officious and disgusting, and on the whole a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness or to resent injury. If you succeed, you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the difficulty of the work we have on hand: but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is, in its best state, a grievance; it is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous, and the work of men, sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from our own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers.

§ 111. *Part of a Speech of Mr.* BURKE, *on the Debts of the Nabob of Arcot.*

You have all heard, and he has made himself to be well remembered, of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company, under the name of the nabob of Arcot, does the eastern divisions of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the designs of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and, on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence, which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood, from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found, that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature, could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and pre-destinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Hav-

ing terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and, compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity, that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury, in their most plenteous days, had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hur-

ricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and those not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little farther, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed, that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt-tax, in order that they should charge upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny, sublimed into madness, would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing, not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

§ 111. *Personal Invective of Mr.* PITT *and Mr.* FOX, *in the debate on the Irish Propositions.*

MR. PITT

Replied to Mr. Sheridan in a style considerably marked with invective. He charged that gentleman with inconsistency, and with having for many weeks concealed his intentions so effectually, as to leave it a doubt whether he were friendly or inimical to the proposed arrangement. But the conduct of Mr. Sheridan was not to be wondered at, when it was remembered how inconsistent all the measures of the party, of which he was the mouth, were in themselves, and how inconsistent the persons who composed that party were with each other. Still their pursuits, however various and contradictory, had one uniform tendency. Whether they reprobated on this day what they had approved on the preceding, or whether one individual differed from or coincided with the rest of his associates, still the effects of all their efforts, of the artful silence of one man, and the prolix declamations of another, were to be the same; to embarrass and confound the measures of administration, to embroil and disunite the affections of their fellow-subjects; to excite groundless alarms, and foment the most dangerous discontents. Mr. Pitt enlarged with some humour on the pains which gentlemen had taken to deprecate in their speeches any imputation of inflammatory or dangerous intentions. It was not for him to determine whether their intentions were really so bad as they seemed apprehensive they should appear. On the present occasion, however, he predicted they would have no occasion to exult. The proposition, which so much pains had been taken to wrest, instead of being insidious with respect to Ireland, was a virtual recognition of her complete emancipation. With respect to the light in which the system would be regarded in that country, he would answer with the boldness which became him, and he would not scruple to say, that as far as probability would go on such an occasion, it certainly would be received with gratitude and

joy. An enlightened and liberal nation would not suffer itself to become a dupe to the designs of a set of men, who having exerted all their industry for the space of five months in alarming every interest in this country against the original propositions, were now, with equal diligence, employing the same violent methods for creating a similar opposition in Ireland, against the modification applied by the British house of commons. Their conduct was not in reality dictated by a friendship to one country or to the other; but by a desire to embroil the legislatures of both, and to defeat a measure which was necessary to the public tranquillity and permanent welfare of the empire. To illustrate the spirit of the fourth proposition, Mr. Pitt referred to the negotiations of states independent and unconnected with each other; and asserted, that provisions exactly similar to that in question were frequently adopted on such occasions. He instanced in the late treaty with France, in which that kingdom bound herself to publish certain edicts, as soon as other acts stipulated on her part were performed by this country; and he defied opposition to produce a single collection of treaties, in which there was not, in almost every page, a contract of a similar tendency.

Mr. Fox.

If Mr. Pitt employed invective on this occasion, Mr. Fox was roused in his reply to a language, perhaps more pointed, and scarcely less severe. In the personal and political character of the chancellor of the exchequer, there were many qualities and habits which had often surprised him, and which he believed confounded the speculations of every man who had ever much considered or analyzed his disposition. But his conduct on that night had reduced all that was unaccountable, incoherent, and contradictory in his character in times past, to a mere nothing. He shone out in a new light, surpassing even himself, and leaving his hearers wrapped in amazement, uncertain whether most to wonder at the extraordinary speech they had heard, or the frontless confidence with which that speech had been delivered. Such a farrago of idle and arrogant declamation, uttered in any other place, or by any other person on the subject in question, would naturally have filled the hearers with astonishment; but spoken by that gentleman, within those walls, in the presence of men who were witnesses of all the proceedings of the business, it was an act of boldness, a species of parliamentary hardihood, not to be accounted for upon any known and received rules of common sense or common reason.

Mr. Fox remarked upon the vast disparity in the tone of temper, and the style of expression, exhibited by Mr. Pitt upon this occasion, from those which he had employed upon the first introduction of the twenty propositions. In that debate he had observed, that the *ampullæ* and the *sesquipedalia verba*, his magnificent terms, his verbose periods and bombastic sentiments, were for once relinquished in exchange for a language and manners better accommodated to his disastrous condition. Then they saw that preposterous ambition, that gaudy pride and vaulting vanity, which glared beyond all the other features of Mr. Pitt, and which prompted him to look down with contempt upon his political coadjutors, melt away. Then they saw him descend to a curious and most affecting sympathy with the other supporters of the system, as well as into something like a modest and civil demeanour towards those who opposed it. But the change was transient and temporary. Mr. Pitt has relapsed into his favourite and darling habits. Nerv-

ed with new rancour, and impelled with fresh vehemence, he rushed blindly forward. Mr. Fox, however, inferred, from this conduct, that he was reduced to the last extremity. Finding it impossible to say one word in favour of his deformed and miserable system, he was obliged to throw out a series of invectives, and by exhibiting a list of charges—charges which, at the moment he gave them utterance, he knew to be absolutely and entirely destitute of every vestige of truth, to engage the attention and divert the notice of the house from his own wretched and contemptible schemes.

Mr. Fox took notice of Mr. Pitt's having reflected on Mr. Sheridan for the length of his declamation. Such a charge came with peculiar ill grace from that gentleman, who, like himself, was under the necessity of troubling the house much oftener, and for a much longer time than might be agreeable. Grateful for the indulgence with which they were favoured, and thankful for the patience and politeness with which they were honoured, they should certainly be the last to condemn that, in which themselves were the greatest transgressors. Mr. Fox added, that if an almost uniform deviation from the immediate subject in discussion, if abandoning fair argument for illiberal declamation, if frequently quitting sound sense for indecent sarcasms, and preferring to rouse the passions and to inflame the prejudices of his auditory to convincing their understandings and informing their judgments, tended to diminish the title of any member of that house to a more than common portion of its temper and endurance, he did not know any man who would have so ill-founded a claim upon such favours as Mr. Pitt himself.

The charge of shifting their ground and playing a double game, which Mr. Pitt had made upon the opposition, Mr. Fox considered as particularly unguarded and unfortunate. He —he to talk of their shifting their ground! he, who had shifted his ground till in truth he had no ground to stand upon! he, who had assumed so many shapes, colours, and characters, in the progress of this extraordinary undertaking! he, who had proclaimed determinations only to recede from them, and asserted principles only to renounce them! he, whose whole conduct, from the first moment the system had been proposed, was one continued chain of tricks, quibbles, subterfuges, and tergiversations, uniform alone in contradiction and inconsistencies! he, who had played a double game with England, and a double game with Ireland, and juggled both nations by a train of unparalleled subtlety! Let the house reflect upon these circumstances, and then let them judge whether a grosser piece of insanity was ever heard of, than that the author of all this miserable foolery should charge others with tergiversation and duplicity.

But it was not in retorting these silly charges that they rested their defence upon these points. It were indeed a hardship and injustice, that, because they combated the defects of a new scheme, they should be liable to the charge of shifting their ground against an old one no longer the object of discussion. Mr. Fox added, that if it was true that ingratitude was the worst of sins, he could see no other light in which Mr. Pitt appeared, but that of the worst of sinners. What a pernicious scheme would this have been, unpurged by their amendments! and now what a return did he make them? But there were proud and sullen souls in the world, enveloped in a fastidious admiration of themselves, and an austere and haughty contempt for the rest of the world; upon whom obligation had only the effect of enmity, and whose

hatred was best secured by redeeming them from danger and dishonour.

§ 112. *Speech of Mr.* CURRAN, *on the bill to limit the amount of Pensions.* 1786.

I object to adjourning this bill to the first of August, because I perceive in the present disposition of the house, that a proper decision will be made upon it this night. We have set out upon our inquiry in a manner so honourable, and so consistent, that we have reason to expect the happiest success, which I would not wish to see baffled by delay.

We began with giving the full affirmative of this house, that no grievance exists at all; we considered a simple matter of fact, and adjourned our opinion, or rather we gave sentence on the conclusion, after having adjourned the premises. But I do begin to see a great deal of argument in what the learned baronet has said,* and I beg gentlemen will acquit me of apostasy, if I offer some reasons why the bill should not be admitted to a second reading.

I am surprised that gentlemen have taken up such a foolish opinion, as that our constitution is maintained by its different component parts, mutually checking and controlling each other: they seem to think with Hobbes, that a state of nature is a state of warfare, and that, like Mahomet's coffin, the constitution is suspended between the attraction of different powers. My friends seem to think that the crown should be restrained from doing wrong by a physical necessity, forgetting that if you take away from a man all power to do wrong, you at the same time take away from him all merit of doing right, and by making it impossible for men to run into slavery, you enslave them most effectually. But if instead of the three different parts of our constitution drawing forcibly in right lines, at opposite directions, they were to unite their power, and draw all one way, in one right line, how great would be the effect of their force, how happy the direction of this union. The present system is not only contrary to mathematical rectitude, but to public harmony; but if instead of privilege setting up his back to oppose prerogative, he was to saddle his back and invite prerogative to ride, how comfortably might they both jog along; and therefore it delights me to hear the advocates for the royal bounty flowing freely, and spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales. If the crown grants double the amount of the revenue in pensions, they approve of their royal master, for he is the breath of their nostrils.

But we will find that this complaisance, this gentleness between the crown and its true servants, is not confined at home, it extends its influence to foreign powers. Our merchants have been insulted in Portugal, our commerce interdicted; what did the British lion do? Did he whet his tusks? Did he bristle up and shake his mane? Did he roar? No; no such thing—the gentle creature wagged his tail for six years at the court of Lisbon, and now we hear from the Delphic oracle on the treasury bench, that he is wagging his tail in London to chevalier Pinto, who he hopes soon to be able to tell us will allow his lady to entertain him as a lap-dog; and when she does, no doubt the British factory will furnish some of their softest woollens to make a cushion for him to lie upon. But though the gentle beast has continued so long fawning and crouching, I believe his vengeance will be great

* Sir Boyle Roche, who opposed the bill, said, he would not stop the fountain of royal favour, but let it flow freely, spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales, that turns so many mills.

as it is slow, and that posterity, whose ancestors are yet unborn, will be surprised at the vengeance he will take.

This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection :—it teacheth, that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they had earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the pension list that are like the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson which indeed they might have learned from Epictetus—that it is sometimes good not to be over virtuous : it shows that in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also—in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

But, notwithstanding the pension list, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this house—give me leave to say, that the crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of parliament ; for hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the state, and they will by so doing have this security for their independence, that while any man in the kingdom has a shilling they will not want one.

Suppose at any future period of time the boroughs of Ireland should decline from their present flourishing and prosperous state—suppose they should fall into the hands of men who would wish to drive a profitable commerce, by having members of parliament to hire or let ; in such a case a secretary would find great difficulty, if the proprietors of members should enter into a combination to form a monopoly ; to prevent which in time, the wisest way is to purchase up the raw material, young members of parliament, just rough from the grass, and when they are a little bitted, and he has got a pretty stud perhaps of seventy, he may laugh at the slave merchant : some of them he may teach to sound through the nose like a barrel organ ; some, in the course of a few months, might be taught to cry, hear! hear! some, chair! chair! upon occasion, though, those latter might create a little confusion, if they were to forget whether they were calling inside or outside of these doors. Again, he might have some so trained that he need only pull a string, and up gets a repeating member ; and if they were so dull that they could neither speak nor make orations, (for they are different things,) he might have them taught to dance, *pedibus ire in sententia*—This improvement might be extended ; he might have them dressed in coats and shirts all of one colour, and of a Sunday he might march them to church two and two, to the great edification of the people and the honour of the Christian religion ; afterwards, like the ancient Spartans, or the fraternity at Kilmainham, they might dine all together in a large hall. Good heaven! what a sight to see them feeding in public upon public viands, and talking of public subjects for the

benefit of the public. It is a pity they are not immortal; but I hope they will flourish as a corporation, and that pensioners will beget pensioners to the end of the chapter.

§ 113. *Speech of Mr.* WILBERFORCE, *on the Slave Trade.*

He began with observing, that he did not mean to appeal to the passions of the house, but to their cool and impartial reason. He did not mean to accuse any one, but to take shame to himself, in common indeed with the whole parliament of Great Britain, for having suffered so odious a trade to be carried on under their authority. He deprecated every kind of reflection against the various descriptions of persons who were most immediately involved in this wretched transaction. It was necessary for him to state in the outset, that he did not conceive the witnesses, who were examined, and particularly interested witnesses, to be judges of the argument. In the matters of fact that were related by them he admitted their competency; but confident assertions, not of facts, but of supposed consequences of facts, went for nothing in his estimation. Mr. Wilberforce divided his subject into three parts; the nature of the trade as it affected Africa itself, the appearance it assumed in the transportation of the slaves, and the considerations that were suggested by their actual state in the West Indies. With respect to the first, it was found by experience to be just such as every man who used his reason would infallibly have concluded it to be. What must be the natural consequence of a slave trade with Africa, with a country vast in its extent, not utterly barbarous, but civilized in a very small degree? Was it not plain that she must suffer from it; that her savage manners must be rendered still more ferocious, and that a slave trade carried on round her coasts must extend violence and desolation to her very centre? Such were precisely the circumstances proved by the evidence before the privy council, particularly by those who had been most conversant with the subject, Mr. Wadstrom, captain Hill, and Doctor Sparrman. From them it appeared, that the kings of Africa were never induced to engage in war by public principles, by national glory, and, least of all, by the love of their people. They had conversed with these princes, and had learned from their own mouths, that to procure slaves was the object of their hostilities. Indeed, there was scarcely a single person examined before the privy council, who did not prove that the slave trade was the source of the tragedies continually acted upon that extensive continent. Some had endeavoured to palliate this circumstance; but there was not one that did not more or less admit it to be true. By one it was called the concurrent cause, by the majority it was acknowledged to be the principal motive of the African wars.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded to describe the mode in which the slaves were transported from Africa to the West Indies. This he confessed was the most wretched part of the whole subject. So much misery condensed in so little room, was more than the human imagination had ever before conceived. He would not accuse the Liverpool traders; he verily believed, that if the wretchedness of any one of the many hundred negroes stowed in each ship could be brought before the view, and remain in the sight of the African merchants, there was not one among them whose heart would be strong enough to bear it. He called upon his hearers to imagine six or seven hundred of these victims chained two and two, surrounded with every object that was nauseous and disgusting, diseased,

and struggling with all the varieties of wretchedness. How could they bear to think of such a scene as this? Meanwhile he would beg leave to quote the evidence of Mr. Norris, delivered in a manner that fully demonstrated that interest could draw a film over the eyes, so thick, that total blindness could do no more. 'Their apartments,' said this evidence, 'are fitted up as much for their advantage as circumstances will admit. They have several meals a day, some of their own country provisions, with the best sauces of African cookery, and by way of variety, another meal of pulse, &c. according to European taste. After breakfast they have water to wash themselves, while their apartments are perfumed with frankincense and lime-juice. Before dinner they are amused after the manner of their country; the song and the dance are promoted, and games of chance are furnished. The men play and sing, while the women and girls make fanciful ornaments with beads, with which they are plentifully supplied.' Such was the sort of strain in which the Liverpool delegates gave their evidence before the privy council. What would the house think, when by the concurring testimony of other witnesses the true history was laid open? The slaves, who were sometimes described as rejoicing in their captivity, were so wrung with misery, at leaving their country, that it was the constant practice to set sail in the night, lest they should be sensible of their departure. Their accommodations it seemed were convenient. The right ancle of one, indeed, was connected with the left ancle of another by a small iron fetter, and if they were turbulent, by another on the wrists. The pulse which Mr. Norris mentioned were horse beans, and the legislature of Jamaica had stated the scantiness both of water and provision as a subject that called for the interference of parliament. Mr. Norris talked of frankincense and lime-juice, while the surgeons described the slaves as so closely stowed, that there was not room to tread among them; and while it was proved in evidence by Sir George Yonge, that, even in a ship that wanted two hundred of her complement, the stench was intolerable. The song and the dance, said Mr. Norris, are promoted. It would have been more fair perhaps if he had explained the word promoted. The truth was, that for the sake of exercise these miserable wretches, loaded with chains and oppressed with disease, were forced to dance by the terror of the lash, and sometimes by the actual use of it. 'I,' said one of the evidences, 'was employed to dance the men, while another person danced the women.' Such was the meaning of the word promoted; and it might also be observed, with respect to food, that instruments were sometimes carried out in order to force them to eat; which was the same sort of proof how much they enjoyed themselves in this instance also. With respect to their singing, it consisted of songs of lamentation on their departure, which while they sung they were always in tears; so that one of the captains, more humane probably than the rest, threatened a woman with a flogging, because the mournfulness of her song was too painful for his feelings. That he might not trust, however, too much to any sort of description, Mr. Wilberforce called the attention of the house to one species of evidence which was infallible. Death was a witness that could not deceive them, and the proportion of deaths would not only confirm, but, if possible, even aggravate our suspicion of the misery of the transit. It would be found, upon an average of all the ships upon which evidence had been given, that, exclusively of such as perished before they sailed, not less

than twelve and a half *per cent.* died in the passage. Besides these, the Jamaica report stated, that four and a half *per cent.* expired upon shore before the day of sale, which was only a week or two from the time of their landing; one third more died in the seasoning, and this in a climate exactly similar to their own, and where, as some of the witnesses pretended, they were healthy and happy. The diseases however that they contracted on ship-board, the astringents and washes that were employed to hide their wounds, and make them up for sale, were a principal cause of this mortality. The negroes, it should be remembered, were not purchased at first except in perfect health, and the sum of the different casualties taken together, produced a mortality of above fifty *per cent.*

Mr. Wilberforce added, that as soon as he had advanced thus far in his investigation, he felt the wickedness of the slave trade to be so enormous, so dreadful, and so irremediable, that he could stop at no alternative short of its abolition. A trade founded in iniquity, and carried on with such circumstances of horror, must be abolished, let the policy be what it might; and he had from this time determined, whatever were the consequences, that he would never rest till he had effected that abolition. His mind had indeed been harassed with the objections of the West Indian planters, who had asserted that the ruin of their property must be the consequence of this regulation. He could not however help distrusting their arguments. He could not believe that the Almighty Being, who forbad the practice of rapine and bloodshed, had made rapine and bloodshed necessary to any part of his universe. He felt a confidence in this persuasion, and took the resolution to act upon it. Light indeed soon broke in upon him; the suspicion of his mind was every day confirmed by increasing information, and the evidence he had now to offer upon this point was decisive and complete. The principle upon which he founded the necessity of the abolition was not policy, but justice; but, though justice were the principle of the measure, yet he trusted he should distinctly prove it to be reconcileable with our truest political interest.

In the first place he asserted, that the number of negroes in the West Indies might be kept up without the introduction of recruits from Africa; and to prove this, he enumerated the various sources of the present mortality. The first was the disproportion of the sexes, an evil which, when the slave trade was abolished, must in the course of nature cure itself. The second was the disorders contracted in the transportation, and the consequences of the washes and mercurial ointments by which they were made up for sale. A third was excessive labour, joined with improper food; and a fourth, the extreme dissoluteness of their manners. These would both of them be counteracted by the impossibility of procuring further supplies. It was the interest, they were told, of the masters, to treat their slaves with kindness and humanity; but it was immediate and present, not future and distant interest, that was the great spring of action in the affairs of mankind. Why did we make laws to punish men? It was their interest to be upright and virtuous. But there was a present impulse continually breaking in upon their better judgment, an impulse which was known to be contrary to their permanent advantage. It was ridiculous to say that men would be bound by their interest, when present gain or ardent passion urged them. It might as well be asserted, that a stone could not be thrown into the air, or a body move from place to place, because the principle of gravitation bound them to the surface of

the earth. If a planter in the West Indies found himself reduced in his profits, he did not usually dispose of any part of his slaves, and his own gratifications were never given up, so long as there was a possibility of any retrenchment in the allowance of his negroes. Mr. Wilberforce entered into a calculation in order to prove, that in many of the Islands, and particularly in Jamaica, there was an increase of population among the slaves actually begun; and he deduced from the whole, that the births in that Island at this moment exceeded the deaths by one thousand or eleven hundred *per annum*. Allowing, however, the number of negroes to decrease, there were other obvious sources that would ensure the welfare of the West Indian Islands; the waste of labour which at present prevailed; the introduction of the plough and other machinery; the division of work, which in free and civilized countries was the grand source of wealth; and the reduction of the number of domestic servants, of whom not less than from twenty to forty were kept in ordinary families. But granting that all these suppositions were unfounded, that every one of these succedanea should fail; the planters would still be secured, and out of all question indemnify themselves, as was the case in every transaction of commerce, by the increased price of their produce in the English market. The West Indians, therefore, who contended against the abolition, were nonsuited in every part of the argument. Did they say that fresh importation was necessary? He had shown, that the number of slaves might be kept up by procreation. Was this denied? He asserted that the plough, horses, machinery, domestic slaves, and all the other inevitable improvements, would supply the deficiency. Was it persisted in that the deficiency could be no way supplied, and that the quantity of produce would diminish? He then reverted to the unanswerable argument, that the increase of price would make up their loss, and secure them against every possible miscarriage.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded to answer incidental objections. In the first place he asserted, that the African trade, instead of being the nursery of our sailors, had been found to be their grave. A comparison had with great industry been formed between the muster-rolls of the slave ships and those of the other branches of our commerce; and it had been found, that more sailors had died in one year in the slave trade, than in two years in all our other trades put together. Three thousand one hundred and seventy seamen had sailed from Liverpool in 1787, and of these only fourteen hundred and twenty-eight had returned. Information upon the subject had lately been received from the governor of Barbadoes, who stated, in the course of his narrative, 'that the African traders at home were obliged to send out their ships very strongly manned, as well from the unhealthiness of the climate, as the necessity of guarding the slaves; and as they soon felt the burden of the consequent expense, the masters quarrelled immediately upon their arrival in the islands with their seamen, upon the most frivolous pretences, and turned them on shore, while many of these valuable subjects, sometimes from sickness, and sometimes from the necessity of entering into foreign employment for subsistence, were totally lost to their country.' A further objection that had been urged was, that if we abandoned the slave trade, it would only be taken up by the French; we should become the sufferers, and the evil would remain in its utmost extent. This was indeed a very weak and sophistical argument; and, if it would defend the slave trade, might equally

be urged in favour of robbery, murder, and every species of wickedness, which, if we did not practise, others would probably commit. The objection, however, he believed had no foundation in fact. Mr. Necker, the present minister of France, was a man of ability and religion, and in his work upon the administration of the finances, had actually recorded his abhorrence of the slave trade; and the king of France having lately been requested to dissolve a society formed for the express purpose of the abolition, had answered that he could not comply with what was desired, and that he, on the contrary, rejoiced in the existence of such a society.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded in his arguments to show, that no measure could in the present case be effectual, short of the entire abolition. The Jamaica report had recommended, that no persons should be kidnapped, or permitted to be made slaves contrary to the customs of Africa. Might they not be reduced to this state unjustly, and yet by no means contrary to the customs of Africa? Besides, how could we distinguish between the slaves justly and unjustly reduced to that condition? Could we discover them by their physiognomy? If we could, was it believed that the British captains would by any regulations in this country be prevailed upon to refuse all those that had not been fairly, honestly, and uprightly enslaved? Those who were offered to us for sale, were brought, some of them, three or four thousand miles, and exchanged like cattle from one hand to another, till they reached the coast. What compensation then could be made to the rejected slaves for their sufferings? The argument was equally valid as to their transportation. The profit of the merchant depended upon the number that could be crowded together, and the shortness of the allowance. As to their ultimate situation, it would also remain. Slavery was the source of all sorts of degradation, and the condition of slavery could not even be meliorated, without putting an end to the hope of further reinforcements. In fine, Mr. Wilberforce called upon his hearers to make all the amends in their power for the mischief they had done to the continent of Africa. He called upon them to recollect what Europe had been three centuries ago. In the reign of king Henry the Seventh, the inhabitants of Bristol had actually sold their children as an article of merchandise. The people of Ireland had done the same. Let then the same opportunity of civilization be extended to Africa, which had done so much for our own islands. It might hitherto have been alleged in our excuse, that we were not acquainted with the enormity of the wickedness we suffered; but we could no longer plead ignorance—it was directly brought before our eyes, and that house must decide, and must justify to the world and their consciences, the facts and principles upon which their decision was formed.

§ 114. *Speech of* PATRICK HENRY, *on the Virginia Resolutions.* 1775.

He rose at this time with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did, of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he

should speak forth *his* sentiments freely and without reserve. This," he said, "was no time for ceremony. The question before the house was one of awful moment to this country. For his own part he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions, at such a time, through fear of giving offence, he should consider himself as guilty of treason towards his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is it," he asked, "the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, *he* was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"He had," he said, "but one lamp by which his feet were guided: and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir: she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remon-

strances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

"They tell us, sir," continued Mr. Henry, "that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—"give me liberty, or give me death!"

Wirt.

§ 115. *Part of Mr.* AMES' *Speech on the British Treaty.*

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honour. Every good citizen makes that honour his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence; and is conscious that he gains protection, while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonoured in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice: he would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians: a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless: can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or, rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him: he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonour. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men,

their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

I can scarcely persuade myself to believe, that the consideration I have suggested requires the aid of any auxiliary; but, unfortunately, auxiliary arguments are at hand. Five millions of dollars, and probably more, on the score of spoliations committed on our commerce, depend upon the treaty: the treaty offers the only prospect of indemnity. Such redress is promised as the merchants place some confidence in. Will you interpose and frustrate that hope, leaving to many families nothing but beggary and despair? It is a smooth proceeding to take a vote in this body: it takes less than half an hour to call the yeas and nays, and reject the treaty. But what is the effect of it? What but this: the very men, formerly so loud for redress, such fierce champions, that even to ask for justice was too mean and too slow, now turn their capricious fury upon the sufferers, and say, by their vote, to them and their families, no longer eat bread: petitioners, go home and starve: we cannot satisfy your wrongs and our resentments.

Will you pay the sufferers out of the treasury? No. The answer was given two years ago, and appears on our journals. Will you give them letters of marque and reprisal, to pay themselves by force? No. That is war. Besides it would be an opportunity for those who have already lost much to lose more. Will you go to war to avenge their injury? If you do, the war will leave you no money to indemnify them. If it should be unsuccessful, you will aggravate existing evils: if successful, your enemy will have no treasure left to give our merchants: the first losses will be confounded with much greater, and be forgotten. At the end of a war there must be a negotiation, which is the very point we have already gained: and why relinquish it? And who will be confident that the terms of the negotiation, after a desolating war, would be more acceptable to another house of representatives than the treaty before us? Members and opinions may be so changed, that the treaty would then be rejected for being what the present majority say it should be. Whether we shall go on making treaties and refusing to execute them, I know not: of this I am certain, it will be very difficult to exercise the treaty-making power on the new principle, with much reputation or advantage to the country.

The refusal of the posts (inevitable if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be the price of the Western lands will fall: settlers will not choose to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States should calculate, how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty; how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? However the form of the vote and the protestations of many may disguise the proceeding, our resolution is in substance, and it deserves to wear the title of a resolution, to prevent the sale of the Western lands and the discharge of the public debt.

Will the tendency to Indian hostilities be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers were scourged with war, until the negotiation with Great Britain was far advanced; and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations are innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they are not. We ought not, however, to expect that neigh-

bouring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages. The traders will gain an influence and will abuse it; and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great Britain, in case the treaty should be rejected: they will not be our friends, and at the same time the friends of our enemies.

But am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts, will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. It is remembered, with what emphasis, with what acrimony, they expatiated on the burden of taxes, and the drain of blood and treasure into the western country, in consequence of Britain's holding the posts. Until the posts are restored, they exclaimed, the treasury and the frontiers must bleed.

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field: you are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers. It is known, that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say, that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching. Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust

it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask: Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen: they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote: we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none: experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness: it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture: already they seem to sigh in the Western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

§ 116. *Conclusion of Mr.* HARPER'S *Speech on resisting the Encroachments of France.* 1797.

Supposing therefore, Mr. Harper said, that the people of this country were unwilling to oppose her, and the government unable; that we should prefer peace with submission, to the risk of war; that a strong party devoted to her would hang on the government, and impede all its measures of reaction; and that if she should place us by her aggressions in a situation, where the choice should seem to aim between a war with England and a war with her, our hatred to England, joined to those other causes, would force us to take the former part of the alternative; she had resolved on the measures which she was then pursuing, and the object of which was to make us renounce the treaty with England, and enter into a quarrel with that nation: in fine to effect that by force and aggressions, which she had attempted in vain by four years of intriguing and insidious policy.

If such were her objects how was she to be induced to renounce them? By trifling concessions of this, that, or the other article of a treaty, this, that, or the other advantage in trade? No. It seemed to him a delusion equally fatal and unaccountable, to suppose that she was to be thus satisfied: to suppose that by these inconsiderable favours, which she had not even asked for, she was to be bought off from a plan so great and important. It seemed to him the most fatal and unaccountable delusion, that could make gentlemen shut their eyes to this testimony of every nation, to this glare of light bursting in from every side; that could render them blind to the projects of France, to the Herculean strides of her overtowering ambition, which so evidently aimed at nothing less than the establishment of universal empire, or

universal influence, and had fixed on this country as one of the instruments for accomplishing her plan.

It was against this dangerous delusion that he wished to warn the house and the country. He wished to warn them not to deceive themselves with the vain and fallacious expectation, that the concessions proposed by this amendment would satisfy the wishes or arrest the measures of France. Did he dissuade from these concessions? Far from it, he wished them to be offered, and in the way the most likely to give weight to the offer. It was a bridge which he was willing to build, for the pride of France to retreat on; but what he wished to warn the house against, was the resting satisfied with building the bridge, to the neglect of those measures by which France might be induced to march over it, after it should be built. He wished to negotiate, and he even relied much on success; but the success of the negotiation must be secured on that floor. It must be secured by adopting firm language and energetic measures; measures which would convince France, that those opinions respecting this country on which her system was founded, were wholly erroneous; that we were neither a weak, a pusillanimous, nor a divided people; that we were not disposed to barter honour for quiet, nor to save our money at the expense of our rights: which might convince her that we understood her projects, and were determined to oppose them, with all our resources, and at the hazard of all our possessions. This, he believed, was the way to ensure success to the negotiation; and without this he should consider it as a measure equally vain, weak, and delusive.

When France should be at length convinced, that we were firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she would soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources were; she well knew their greatness and extent; she well knew that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She would not therefore drive us to this extremity, but would desist as soon as she found us determined. He had before touched (he said) on our means of injuring France, and repelling her attacks; and if those means were less, still they might be rendered all sufficient, by resolution and courage. It was in these that the strength of nations consisted, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money: in the "unconquerable will—the courage never to submit or yield." These were the true sources of national greatness; and to use the words of a celebrated writer,—"where these means were not wanting, all others would be found or created." It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, had triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It was by these that in later times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, had honourably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. The Swiss had not been without their trials. They had given refuge to many French emigrants, whom their vengeful and implacable country had driven and pursued from state to state, and whom it wished to deprive of their last asylum in the mountains of Swisserland. The Swiss were required to drive them away, under the pretence that to afford them a retreat was contrary to the laws of neutrality. They at first temporized and

evaded the demand: France insisted; and finding at length that evasion was useless they assumed a firm attitude, and declared that having afforded an asylum to those unfortunate exiles, which no law of neutrality forbad, they would protect them in it at every hazard. France finding them thus resolved, gave up the attempt. This had been effected by that determined courage, which alone can make a nation great or respectable: and this effect had invariably been produced by the same cause, in every age and every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and Hannibal victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword, in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people, firmly resolved to conquer or die; and that resolution ensured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion, on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

These means, he said, and many others were in our power. Let us resolve to use them, and act so as to convince France that we had taken the resolution, and there was nothing to fear. This conviction would be to us instead of fleets and armies, and even more effectual. Seeing us thus prepared she would not attack us. Then would she listen to our peaceable proposals; then would she accept the concessions we meant to offer. But should this offer not be thus supported, should it be attended by any circumstances from which she can discover weakness, distrust or division, then would she reject it with derision and scorn. He viewed in the proposed amendment circumstances of this kind; and for that among other reasons should vote against it. He should vote against it, not because he was for war, but because he was for peace; and because he saw in this amendment itself, and more especially in the course to which it pointed, the means of impeding instead of promoting our pacific endeavours. And let it be remembered, he said, that when we give this vote, we vote not only on the peace of our country, but on what is far more important, on its rights and its honour.

§ 117. *The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.*

Different, indeed, most widely different from all these instances of emigration and plantation, were the condition, the purposes, and the prospects of our Fathers, when they established their infant colony upon this spot. They came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix, their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed, when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight. They

were acting however upon a resolution not to be changed. With whatever stifled regrets, with whatever occasional hesitation, with whatever appalling apprehensions, which might sometimes arise with force to shake the firmest purpose, they had yet committed themselves to heaven and the elements; and a thousand leagues of water soon interposed to separate them for ever from the region which gave them birth. A new existence awaited them here; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren as then they were, they beheld their country. That mixed and strong feeling, which we call love of country, and which is, in general, never extinguished in the heart of man, grasped and embraced its proper object here. Whatever constitutes *country*, except the earth and the sun, all the moral causes of affection and attachment, which operate upon the heart, they had brought with them to their new abode. Here were now their families and friends; their homes, and their property. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government, and institutions of religion; and friends and families, and social and religious institutions, established by consent, founded on choice and preference, how nearly do these fill up our whole idea of country! The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose, saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing, in the wanderings of heroes, so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness; but it was politic, intelligent and educated man. Every thing was civilized but the physical world. Institutions containing in substance all that ages had done for human government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature; and, more than all, a government, and a country, were to commence with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish, that his country's existence had otherwise begun?—Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable?—Who would wish for an origin, obscured in the darkness of antiquity?—Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence was with intelligence; her first breath the inspirations of liberty; her first principle the truth of divine religion?

Local attachments and sympathies would ere long spring up in the breasts of our ancestors, endearing to them the place of their refuge. Whatever natural objects are associated with interesting scenes and high efforts, obtain a hold on human feeling, and demand from the heart a sort of recognition and regard. This Rock soon became hallowed in the esteem of the Pilgrims, and these hills grateful to their sight. Neither they nor their children were again to till the soil of England, nor again to traverse the seas which surrounded her. But here was a new sea now open to their enterprise, and a new soil, which had not failed to respond gratefully to their laborious industry, and which was already assuming a robe of verdure. Hardly had they provided shelter for the living, ere they were summoned to erect sepulchres for the dead. The ground had become sacred, by enclosing the remains of some of their companions

and connexions. A parent, a child, a husband or a wife, had gone the way of all flesh, and mingled with the dust of New-England. We naturally look with strong emotions to the spot, though it be a wilderness, where the ashes of those we have loved repose. Where the heart has laid down what it loved most, it is desirous of laying itself down. No sculptured marble, no enduring monument, no honourable inscription, no ever-burning taper that would drive away the darkness of death, can soften our sense of the reality of mortality, and hallow to our feelings the ground which is to cover us, like the consciousness that we shall sleep dust to dust with the objects of our affections.

In a short time other causes sprung up to bind the Pilgrims with new cords to their chosen land. Children were born, and the hopes of future generations arose, in the spot of their new habitation. The second generation found this the land of their nativity, and saw that they were bound to its fortunes. They beheld their fathers' graves around them, and while they read the memorials of their toils and labours, they rejoiced in the inheritance which they found bequeathed to them.

Webster.

§ 118. *The Slave Trade.*

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit, that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and

add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever, or wherever, there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

Webster.

§ 119. *Conclusion of Mr.* WEBSTER'S *Speech at Plymouth.*

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New-England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New-England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the trea-

sures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

§ 120. *Part of Mr.* WEBSTER'S *Speech on the Greek Question*, 1824—*On the Policy of the Holy Alliance.*

The ultimate effect of this alliance of sovereigns, for objects personal to themselves, or respecting only the permanence of their own power, must be the destruction of all just feeling, and all natural sympathy, between those who exercise the power of government and those who are subject to it. The old channels of mutual regard and confidence are to be dried up, or cut off. Obedience can now be expected no longer than it is enforced. Instead of relying on the affections of the governed, sovereigns are to rely on the affections and friendship of other sovereigns. There are, in short, no longer to be nations. Princes and people no longer are to unite for interests common to them both. There is to be an end of all patriotism, as a distinct national feeling. Society is to be divided horizontally; all sovereigns above, and all subjects below; the former coalescing for their own security, and for the more certain subjection of the undistinguished multitude beneath. This, sir, is no picture drawn by imagination. I have hardly used language stronger than that in which the authors of this new system have commented on their own work. Mr. Chateaubriand, in his speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, in February last, declared, that he had a conference with the Emperor of Russia at Verona, in which that august sovereign uttered sentiments which appeared to him so precious, that he immediately hastened home, and wrote them down while yet fresh in his recollection. "The Emperor declared," said he, "that there can no longer be such a thing as an English, French, Russian, Prussian, or Austrian policy: there is henceforth but one policy, which, for the safety of all, should be adopted both by people and kings. It was for me first to show myself convinced of the principles upon which I founded the alliance; an occasion offered itself; the rising in Greece. Nothing certainly could occur more for my interests, for the interests of my people; nothing more acceptable to my country, than a religious war in Turkey: but I have thought I perceived in the troubles of the Morea, the sign of revolution, and I have held back. Providence has not put under my command 800,000 soldiers to satisfy my ambition, but to protect religion, morality, and justice, and to secure the prevalence of those principles of order on which human society rests. It may well be permitted that kings may have public alliances to defend themselves against secret enemies."

These, sir, are the words which the French minister thought so important as that they deserved to be recorded; and I too, sir, am of the same opinion. But, if it be true that there is hereafter to be neither a Russian policy, nor a Prussian policy, nor an Austrian policy, nor a French policy, nor even, which yet I will not believe, an English policy; there will be, I trust in God, an *American* policy. If the authority of all these governments be hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance in its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness, by the preservation

of our own principles; which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity. The end and scope of this amalgamated policy is neither more nor less than this:—to interfere, *by force*, for any government, against any people who may resist it. Be the state of the people what it may, they shall not rise; be the government what it will, it shall not be opposed. The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text. Look at Spain, and at Greece. If men may not resist the Spanish inquisition, and the Turkish scimitar, what is there to which humanity must not submit? Stronger cases can never arise. Is it not proper for us, at all times—is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny, and condemn, these monstrous principles. Where, but here, and in one other place, are they likely to be resisted? They are advanced with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way; and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigour of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed; and that, to the extent which may consist with our own settled, pacific policy, our opinions and sentiments may be brought to act on the right side, and to the right end, on an occasion which is, in truth, nothing less than a momentous question between an intelligent age, full of knowledge, thirsting for improvement, and quickened by a thousand impulses, and the most arbitrary pretensions, sustained by unprecedented power.

This asserted right of forcible intervention, in the affairs of other nations, is in open violation of the public law of the world. Who has authorized these learned doctors of Troppau, to establish new articles in this code? Whence are their diplomas? Is the whole world expected to acquiesce in principles, which entirely subvert the independence of nations? On the basis of this independence has been reared the beautiful fabric of international law. On the principle of this independence, Europe has seen a family of nations, flourishing within its limits, the small among the large, protected not always by power, but by a principle above power, by a sense of propriety and justice. On this principle the great commonwealth of civilized states has been hitherto upheld. There have been occasional departures, or violations, and always disastrous, as in the case of Poland; but, in general, the harmony of the system has been wonderfully preserved. In the production and preservation of this sense of justice, this predominating principle, the Christian religion has acted a main part. Christianity and civilization have laboured together; it seems, indeed, to be a law of our human condition, that they can live and flourish only together. From their blended influence has arisen that delightful spectacle of the prevalence of reason and principle over power and interest, so well described by one who was an honour to the age—

"And sovereign *Law*, the *world's* collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress—crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend *Discretion*, like a vapour, sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

But this vision is past. While the teachers of Laybach give the rule, there will be no law but the law of the strongest.

It may now be required of me to

show what interest *we* have, in resisting this new system. What is it to *us*, it may be asked, upon what principles, or what pretences, the European governments assert a right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbours? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger; and, however others may suffer, *we* shall remain safe.

I think it a sufficient answer to this, to say, that we are one of the nations; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of national law and national intercourse, which has heretofore subsisted, so beneficially for all. Our system of government, it should also be remembered, is, throughout, founded on principles utterly hostile to the new code; and, if we remain undisturbed by its operation, we shall owe our security, either to our situation or our spirit. The enterprising character of the age, our own active commercial spirit, the great increase which has taken place in the intercourse between civilized and commercial states, have necessarily connected us with the nations of the earth, and given us a high concern in the preservation of those salutary principles, upon which that intercourse is founded. We have as clear an interest in international law, as individuals have in the laws of society.

But, apart from the soundness of the policy, on the ground of direct interest, we have, sir, a duty, connected with this subject, which, I trust, we are willing to perform. What do *we* not owe to the cause of civil and religious liberty? to the principle of lawful resistance? to the principle that society has a right to partake in its own government? As the leading Republic of the world, living and breathing in these principles, and advanced, by their operation, with unequalled rapidity, in our career, shall we give *our* consent to bring them into disrepute and disgrace? It is neither ostentation nor boasting, to say, that there lie before this country, in immediate prospect, a great extent and height of power. We are borne along towards this, without effort, and not always even with a full knowledge of the rapidity of our own motion. Circumstances which never combined before, have combined in our favour, and a mighty current is setting us forward, which we could not resist, even if we would, and which, while we would stop to make an observation, and take the sun, has set us, at the end of the operation, far in advance of the place where we commenced it. Does it not become us, then, is it not a duty imposed on us, to give our weight to the side of liberty and justice—to let mankind know that we are not tired of our own institutions—and to protest against the asserted power of altering, at pleasure, the law of the civilized world?

But whatever we do, in this respect, it becomes us to do upon clear and consistent principles. There is an important topic in the message to which I have yet hardly alluded. I mean the rumoured combination of the European continental sovereigns, against the new established free states of South America. Whatever position this government may take on that subject, I trust it will be one which can be defended, on known and acknowledged grounds of right. The near approach, or the remote distance of danger, may affect policy, but cannot change principle. The same reason that would authorize us to protest against unwarrantable combinations to interfere between Spain and her former colonies, would authorize us equally to protest, if the same combination were directed against the smallest state in Europe, although our duty to ourselves, our policy, and wisdom, might indi-

cate very different courses, as fit to be pursued by us in the two cases. We shall not, I trust, act upon the notion of dividing the world with the Holy Alliance, and complain of nothing done by them in their hemisphere, if they will not interfere with ours. At least this would not be such a course of policy as I could recommend or support. We have not offended, and, I hope, we do not intend to offend, in regard to South America, against any principle of national independence or of public law. We have done nothing, we shall do nothing, that we need to hush up or to compromise, by forbearing to express our sympathy for the cause of the Greeks, or our opinion of the course which other governments have adopted in regard to them.

It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us?* If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> "Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of* Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. ——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—— And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:——Has he a

son with him then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room, a little, says my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow; my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when

I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a goodnatured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it;—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate;——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been

standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to day ;—harassing others to-morrow ;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms ;—beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not ;—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then,) it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow ;—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it ;—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—— Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside :—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's —said the lieutenant.—I told him your honor was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time musing ;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband, about his neck, and kissed it twice.——Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it, too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,——I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to

your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon;—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so I wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp: and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim,—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,——thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll

drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—— He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—— the film returned to its place,——the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd — stopp'd again — mov'd — stopp'd—shall I go on?——No.

Sterne.

§ 2. *Story of* La Roche.

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which after-

wards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean, white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the lady's being sensible of their entering it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and, when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the governante. 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the governante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman, of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His governante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings, which they put up on his recovery: for she too was a heretic in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanks-

givings.—'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.'—'Not a Christian!' exclaimed mademoiselle La Roche, 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!'—'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated, than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.' 'But Mr. ———,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.'—She was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord—he took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.'—'That is right,' replied his landlord.—'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ———'s hand); but, when I look upon this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much,—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme, that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved the landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived.——

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they

arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where Nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood, that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent: his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear, that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence: it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound: he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us: if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philosopher; 'I will attend ma'moiselle at her devotions.' 'She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' ''Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it, was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music. This fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ: it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused; it ceased; and the sobbing of ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and

his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation: their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our Father, which art in Heaven!' might the good man say, for he felt it; and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. ———, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which Nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and, when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

It was with regret he left a society, in which he found himself so happy: but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.——

About three years after our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva. The promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies: when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend, whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dis-

positions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event, and determined to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry, who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier—' 'La Roche!' exclaimed he, in reply. 'Alas! it was she indeed!' The appearance of surprise and grief, which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ———; 'I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with mademoiselle La Roche.'—'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—where is her father?'—'She died, sir, of heartbreak, I believe. The young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us, as a Christian should; he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.' He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being, whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and Nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they. La Roche arose; 'Father of mercies,' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people!

My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well said the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord! at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters, which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comforts, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends; I cannot, I cannot if I would.' His tears flowed afresh. 'I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience, that while you see me suffer, you may know my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted toward myself. Not many days ago, you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy: ye who are parents, will judge of my felicity then; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look toward him who struck me; I see the hand of a father, amid the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power waits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict: for we are not as those, who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are all my children. Would ye, that I should grieve without comfort? So live as she lived, that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end be like hers.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. Mr. ——— followed him into the house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past: at the sight of him, the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind. La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected. They went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight,—'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he, ''tis the weakness of humanity, but my comfort is not therefore lost.'—'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.'—'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith,

let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mackenzie.

§ 3. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice: and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore

the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came into his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller of the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen! no time so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery. *Goldsmith.*

§ 4. *A Dialogue between Mr.* ADDISON *and Dr.* SWIFT.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an abso-

lute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob, should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts; perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest: so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them: they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; ay, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.——Mr. Addison, I beg your

pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you——Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in showing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.——He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself,) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do,) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon show the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.———Adieu! I must now return to my business above.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 5. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend farther, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and en-

courage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often out-stripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influ-

ence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 6. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long prospective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with

increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. *Goldsmith.*

§ 7. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgwater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag; an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began;

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will

not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by misshapen pebbles; who losest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandise and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beauteous simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom, and make these ripplings in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear, than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that resounds from your stately barges. If the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to the fields, and only subservient to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandises, my stream will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to submit my honours to the decision of those whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, will acknowledge that the elegant deities who preside over simple and natural beauty, have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas. The sweetest and most majestic bird that ever sung, has taken a pride in owning his affection to woods and streams; and while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and vallies, are sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding Mincius still retains his tranquil ho-

nours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten; when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and desolate; the softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Phœbus and the Muses."

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 8. *The Story of a Disabled Soldier.*

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't?—I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner

for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the east India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle: but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushed upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you

that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life! but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Goldsmith.

§ 9. *On Dignity of Manners.*

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they may.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind from the moment he told him he had written

three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the το πρεπον, or decorum, even though affected and put on.

Chesterfield.

§ 10. *On Vulgarity.*

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said is meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a mangossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If any

body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being: which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth;* he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Chesterfield.

§ 11. *On Good-breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and com-

forts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which every body means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken no-

tion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Chesterfield.

§ 12. BAYES's *Rules for Composition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask you how you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 13. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our

fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesterfield.

§ 14. *A Dialogue between* PLINY *the Elder and* PLINY *the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is the part of a man,

but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by showing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect; you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the prefect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the gallies were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads: and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountains had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on the part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this

I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to return to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind, that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 15. *Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please.*

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree; constantly show a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or

done. Oh! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say perhaps, that the company was so silly that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met; but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very

good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance; a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it; when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

Chesterfield.

§ 16. *Humorous Scene between Prince* HENRY *and* FALSTAFF, *in which the Prince detects* FALSTAFF'S *monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing? give

me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal!

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I

would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you!—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

Shakspeare.

§ 17. *Scene between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which* CASSIO *regrets his folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd.——Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath, one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!——Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!———Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. —I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cat. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakspeare.

§ 18. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit (which I am not sure that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order) wear it, like your sword in the scabbard, and do not blandish it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality, that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unless in themselves:—a man must have a good share of wit himself, to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper: wit, it is true, may be shown in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of showing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire; which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours: the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Con-

tent yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every day's wear: whereas wit is a holiday-suit, which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used, and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful and clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body plays with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property; but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow, that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

Chesterfield.

§ 19. *Egotism to be avoided.*

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No: the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company; who do not know what

to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at least as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which naturally reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men: carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe the *a-propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unsocial formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, That no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass gene-

rally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A ploughman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the clothes of another man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not; it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please: a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please will most infallibly please.

Chesterfield.

§ 20. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin redbreasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole

race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports: in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity: but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pope.

§ 21. *The Manners of a Bookseller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare), overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher; "For that rogue, my printer (said he) disappointed me; I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, be-

sides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ———; and if Mr Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise; if you have any more bags he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: —"Now damn them! what if they should put it in the news-paper how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the speaker: but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.

Hereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray dont you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at your leisure hours!" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, seven miles. "Z—ds! Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St Giles's pound, shall make you half a job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (replied he), those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe; I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read

it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian, myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S——— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's: agreeing to pay the author so many shillings on his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones with a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife called to dinner—Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot (said he), I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book; I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to advise with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in——My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry; and tells me in the same breath, that your book is commendable and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carlton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to

be equalled when I meet your lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

Pope.

§ 22. *Description of a Country Seat.*

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In answer to a letter in which he enclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodging; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beauti-

fully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little further, on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended, (as we imagine,) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms, between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have

not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts, in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole: but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c. *Pope.*

§ 23. *Apology for his Religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains

I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature; *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another: and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogat-

ed authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.

Pope.

§ 24. *Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.*

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it your's, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most wor-

thy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirm that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high: and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay, unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth, (a reflection, copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren,) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but in truth of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than

even the noble blood they derive only from you; a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be showing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where), that Tully naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expense.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give; your lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language. *Pope.*

§ 25. *Envy.*

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears

the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being. *Rambler.*

§ 26. EPICURUS, *a Review of his Character.*

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, *On ne sauroit pas dire assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.* His general maxim, That happiness

consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal than a philosopher. *Orrery's Life of Swift.*

§ 27. *Example, its prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding, is by example? The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistook; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in

departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate: were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country, into this prince's hands: whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within a hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardin observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance.

Bolingbroke.

§ 28. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how the streets of London and Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North; you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves, that it is so.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 29. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of the Religion of Nature delineated has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and such is the thing called glory among us! To discerning men this fame is mere air, and what they despise, if not shun."

But surely "'twere to consider too curiously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of

it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet's description of fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose), to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed.*

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantum* (as Tully calls it), the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 30. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me entreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that

of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore:* and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen basin, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

> Weary'd we should lie down in death,
> This cheat of life would take no more,
> If you thought fame an empty breath,
> I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.
>
> PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 31. *Fortune not to be trusted*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceiv-

ed by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her evils disarmed by Patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city: all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Bolingbroke.

§ 32. *Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather choose

to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter; not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any

vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined in a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Hume's Essays.

§ 33. *Detraction a detestable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," says Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it: and he who should diffuse poison in a brook,

would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 34. *Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, inclines us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualification which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's inquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and, instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind. *Ibid.*

Its Progress.

It had been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the great-

est simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquests of Alexander; yet the arts from that moment declined amongst them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and showed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden not Hamburgh, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians: the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English: and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l' art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of the sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.*

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their

* The traces of rusticity long remained and even now remain among us.

sense be excellent. Men in this country have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confessed, that even in those sciences above mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy; which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Useless without Taste.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel. *Hume's Essays.*

Its Obstructions.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal

propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious. *Idler.*

§ 35. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,——and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.——But why do we want her instructions?——Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.——

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?——God! thou knowest they carry us too high——we want not *to be*——but *to seem.*——

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing;——three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:———alas! he has them not.——

Behold a second, under a show of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life;——he is just entering the house of God:———would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence;——every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret——and, What is that?

———That the saint has no religion at all.

——But here comes GENEROSITY: giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the walls apart for the prophets;* but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!——'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum——

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery:

—Chastity, never once in harm's way;——and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

———Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,——let not my soldier run——'tis some good Christian giving alms. O PITY, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 36. *Hard Words defended.*

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to levy with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar." This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtlety will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation;

it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose, that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental inquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only, because few that look upon an edifice examine its parts or analyze its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 37. *Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyments, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the

calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain; but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is re-created by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our

work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.

§ 38. *Justice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious, when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 39. *Habit, the difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs

only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer. *Idler.*

§ 40. *History, our natural Fondness for it, and its true use.*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of

their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child harkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance; and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity; as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves that we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the further disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.** The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Se-

* Men believe their eyes rather than their ears:—the way is long by precept, short and efficacious by example.

neca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a-piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuated.

Bolingbroke.

§ 41. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature we are very apt to make comparison between men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forwards to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances: improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

Hume's Essays.

§ 42. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine,

acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast. *Orrery.*

§ 43. *On the Liberty of the Press.*

We have the origin of book-licensing not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later, nor from the modern custom of any reformed city abroad; but from the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb.

I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention.

Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets, and statutes, and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks.

To the pure all things are pure; not only meats and drinks, but all kinds of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled.

Bad books serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious: those are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps;

for then she speaks not true, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

To count a man not fit to print his mind, is the greatest indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man [rather than] a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an *imprimatur?* When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, it cannot but be a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

Nor is it to the common people less a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser. That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither: those corruptions which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at doors which cannot be shut. He who were pleasantly disposed could not avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man, who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitorial rigour that hath been executed upon books.

I could recount what I have seen and heard in countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, who did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

This obstructing violence meets, for the most part, with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at; instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. 'The punishment of wits enhances their authority,' said the Viscount St. Albans, 'and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.'

When God shakes a kingdom, with strong and healthful commotions, to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

If any one would write and bring his helpful hand to the slow moving reformation which we labour under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us

that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed; and not consider, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors? And what do they vainly tell us of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance.

When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewithal to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up, and yet springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy to bring a famine upon our minds, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel?

Believe it, lords and commons, they who counsel you to such a suppressing of [books], do as good, bid you suppress yourselves: and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government. It is Liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of Heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly prizing of the truth, unless you first make yourselves, who made us so, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as you found us; but you must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities; yet give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.

As good almost kill a man as kill a book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a

life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. *Milton.*

§ 44. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctancy. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses,

Parent of Nature! Master of the World!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn;
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 45. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône——when I was stopped at the gate——

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his

two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike ——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers —whether in liberty or bondage—— I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough ——in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.——I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)— yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered— there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street———

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

———He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way———

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death———Well!—a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—— And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.———In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon ——than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him— he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in

my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may."——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillet's—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Sterne.*

§ 46. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness. *Seed's Sermons.*

§ 47. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth re-double their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own

family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex among a polite people discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding ring. The same people, in their own houses, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece.

Hume's Essays.

§ 48. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I

ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock, and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth: and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet: he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

Johnson's Rasselas.

§ 49. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

It is manifest that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sci-

ences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil: I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next to Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes; and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil

and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

Dryden.

§ 50. *Remarks on some of the best English dramatic Poets.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating

into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantùm lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greatest part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: and the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in since, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both

Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 51. *Retirement of no Use to some.*

To lead the life I propose with satisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleasures and business of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not sufficient; the supine creature, whose understanding is superficially employed through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a close and steady pursuit of truth, may renounce the pleasures and business of the world, for even in the business of the world we see such creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay, he may retire and drone away life in solitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whose house, as if his house had been his tomb, somebody writ, "Here lies such an one:" but no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and easy if he had accustomed himself to it early, will be unpleasant and impracticable late: such men lose their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the necessity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind just as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as strong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; just as he who has the same elasticity in his muscles, the same suppleness in his joints, and all his nerves and sinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy sluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needless, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on trust, will be as little able as the other to improve his solitude to any good purpose: unless we call it a good purpose, for that sometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, so that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life, are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others

must labour on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.

Bolingbroke.

§ 52. *Defence of Riddles: In a letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connexions. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves, who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that "he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign:" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a farther recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for

not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 53. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alleged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! I have seen a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek, and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted towards her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the

contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unsocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput! sed cerebrum non habet.**

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displeased and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams; will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackerel.

The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragrancy of new mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet briar, the honeysuckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropsical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'sparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, peas without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welsh beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have sauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance and dance before the eye; and, like

* What a fine head! but it has no brains.

an infant kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. *Smollett.*

§ 54. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing: a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad-dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney coach-man.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation;* though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's or at any other polite assembly; by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station; but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect: while the genteeler sort of swearers put forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loath to be taken at his word; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Connoisseur.

§ 55. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of

others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 56. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of

some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 57. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on the subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the picture of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commenda-

tion, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm: therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

Dryden.

§ 58. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain of death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 59. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befal the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to

be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? the shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shows them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the case, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives; wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fog, and warms the ground

with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use, in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle;* nay more, is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail. *Dryden.*

§ 60. *History of Translations.*

Among the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing, the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once; for distant nations had little commerce with each other, and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what

has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poems is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention: those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to inquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to

an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruccion of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the version of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had his prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshaw's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius, which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination: they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept

sprightliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed, Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

Idler.

§ 61. *What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator.*

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all those graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience, Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to the sub-

ject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it;

frequently makes use of synalæphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character: but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character: and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Dryden.

§ 62. *Examples that Words may affect without raising Images.*

I find it very hard to persuade several, that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation, we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers, I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men, blessed with the most perfect sight, can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which

he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of a higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned, he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day*, and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next;* for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be

found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 63. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There I think they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is the fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 64. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant.* He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent, *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation that Persius gave him; where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we

call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the utmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court; as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit: he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation: he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble, his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds more lively agitation to the spirits. *Dryden.*

§ 65. *Delicate Satire not easily hit off.*

How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheek stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of

shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded; and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolic. *Dryden.*

§ 66. *The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination.*

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which affords so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molle que sub arbore somni.*
VIRGIL.

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resem-

* But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness,
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams, that thro' the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
DRYDEN.

ble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landskips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effects of design, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to those of Nature.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance to such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable

of receiving, a man might make a pretty landskip of his own possessions. *Spectator.*

§ 67. *On the Progress of the Arts.*

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which show rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor. *Idler.*

§ 68. *The Study of Astronomy, peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile,) as it would be to a good poet to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise.

How many fox-hunters and rural 'squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a

planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the whole world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tatler.*

§ 69. *The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star; as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which, with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles; a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philo-

sophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day; so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

§ 70. *Causes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some

account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

It is a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society; it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 71. *Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice,

as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

Spectator.

§ 72. *Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

But as I am now talking to the world, yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become very ridiculous: but in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction, now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak in the emphatical manner of the scripture), "He knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife." The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their

manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

Guardian.

§ 73. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions. Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects:

Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are. SHAKSPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenious, liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust;

and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask: and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive: but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour to play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean time our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sunrise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to show different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

Connoisseur.

§ 74. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it, —seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse; to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out,—without care,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever; —and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a man of mere reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre——some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a half-penny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place,—that company which is really good is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions, but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connexions and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,—owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 75. *Controversy seldom decently conducted.*

It is no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Browne's Essays.

§ 76. *How to please in Conversation.*

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in a hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy and inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those, who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of the heart.

For this reason no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connexion with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task. *Rambler.*

§ 77. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversa-

tion, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself: for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company: and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over the whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck: are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-scai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before they can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence, and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and;* which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gal-

lery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to those tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper: but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme;* the Gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation: nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other;* and lastly the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear to their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckows. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses; Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing, and some of

them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

Connoisseur.

§ 78. *Distempers of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, tailor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without showing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a Methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Miss Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and at present, whichsoever way the wind blows he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq. was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house; instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a long-

ing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c.

Bonnel Thornton.

§ 79. *Character of a mighty good kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another: and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be east, west, north, or south, south-east and by east, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fireside. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem: and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of those good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently crying, "Yes," together, and "very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts, and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the undergraduates. Though he was not reckoned by the college to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys supply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones,

whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond: but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shows it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation; if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 80. *Character of a mighty good sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of a woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart: yet if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person, and *sorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be* and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

Our principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families: and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care

to tell him in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is; or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants; she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion; she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take notice of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitfield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her half-pence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six-pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while

they are intimate; but upon any slight difference——"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies——but—she has done with them:—other people will find them out as well as herself:——that's all the harm she wishes them."——

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion savours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one may be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls her sisters are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is——a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 81. *Interview between Waverley and Miss Mac-Ivor, previous to the Execution of her Brother.*

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of catholic devotion, but when Waverley entered, laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complex-

ion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress —even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, "Have you seen him?"

"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been refused admittance."

"It accords with the rest," she said, "but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?"

"For—for—to-morrow?" said Waverley, but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

"Aye, then or never," said Flora, "until"—she added, looking upward, "the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past."

"Vain indeed!" echoed Waverley.

"Or even of the future, my good friend, so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part, and yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!"

"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind"—

"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly; "there is, Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart, that whispers—but it were madness to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!"

"Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?"

"Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom: I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword;' that I had but once said, Remain at home, reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr. Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister!"

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

"Do not think I have forgotten them," she said, looking up, with eager quickness; "I do not regret his attempt, because it was wrong! O no; on that point I am armed; but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus."

"Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution." Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fer-

gus's bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal garment; our friends here," said she, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vhor. But they will not all rest together; no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the anti-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case, containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns at Paris. To-morrow—if indeed I can survive to-morrow—I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister; and now, Mr. Waverley, adieu. May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 82. *Meg Merrilies' Threat to the Laird of Ellangowan.*

She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, as she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park."—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gyp-

sy, "Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapplings she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 83. *Edie Ochiltree's Address to the Duellists.*

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and, in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a gray palmer, or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were round him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. "What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws?—Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close of it? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless, and brotherless, and friendless?—Ohon! it's an ill fight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man—but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae fighting aneugh, and may be auld Edie will hirple out

himself if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiments, and manly, rude elocution of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly upon the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrament, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend conciliation. *Sir. W. Scott.*

§ 84. *The Funeral of the Fisherman's Son.*

The Antiquary being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencounter which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Muckle-backit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remains in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach

him, she had that morning with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence, that frightened the child; his next to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a bra' fallow an ye be spared, Patie,—but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me!—he has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness—They say folks maun submit—I shall try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the common-place topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle—then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside—She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear caught by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded—then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. So she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine, and spirits, and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and

often may we hae such merry meetings."

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine —how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay," she continued, with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, tiends, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles-lettres—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be *hounded out*, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect, which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech —"Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude —ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—it's our duty to submit!—

But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him!—O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn! what for is thou lying there, and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman meantime addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing his theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and impressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, to express how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the mean time the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed with a sort of laugh, "Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day—Whan did I that before, think ye, cummers?—Never since"——

And the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed to the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal reliques of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to

seize this opportunity of offering a prayer, and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the reliques of him, whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or, at least, Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present, among other fishwomen, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season, (of which fish he was understood to be fond,) if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons,—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the gravediggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in

mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 85. *Macbriar's Exhortation after the Battle of Loudon-Hill.*

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation was hardly twenty years old, yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle, and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs,

that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the high-ways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's highplaces, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's ser-

vice, and take arles at the hand of the servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and clasping him with hands on which the gore was yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—"God bless you, my brethren—it is HIS cause. Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befal us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 86. *Interview between Jeanie Deans and Effie Deans in prison.*

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sun-beam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed; and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter, "Ye are very ill."

"O what wad I gi'e to be ten times waur, Jeanie," was the reply—"what wad I gi'e to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I amna his bairn langer now—O I hae nae friend left in the warld!—O that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle Kirk-yard."

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situa-

tion from me! O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand?—had ye spoke but a word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner—"Isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it: and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysel."

"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burthen—"Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kenned what he was saying weel aneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright—"Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now?—Was it!—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither?—I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—"was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming,—"O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgi'e our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him?" answered Effie—"If I had na loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend—And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no."

"What needs I tell ye ony thing about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell—Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth foreby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue.—Ye needna look in my face sa amazed. I ken mair things than that maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—"D'ye ken whare they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O, man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in Heaven, or a broken hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me whare they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo' she? How the de'il suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded: and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the farthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson, and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification."

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was at me for gi'eing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt ye—But come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye ony thing that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "O, if ye kenn'd how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned,—if ye but kenn'd how muckle good it does me but to ken ony thing o' him, that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him."

Jeanie sighed, and commenced

her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it at first as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow,"—"poor George," which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

"And ye tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year old yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I dared na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit—"Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—Murder?—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its e'e."

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose, as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson—How can I help loving him that loves me better than body and soul baith? Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you," —here she paused and was silent.

"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time aneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony body."

"Never speak mair o't," said the prisoner. "I'ts just as weel as it is —and gude day, sister; ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on—Ye'll come back and see me I reckon, before"——here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? O, Effie, look but up, and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amaist to say that I wad do't."

"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am na worth saving? God knows, that, in my

sober mind, I wadna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the warld and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gi'e the Indian mines of gold and diamonds, just for life and breath—for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever; but instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bull-segg, that I used to see spieling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans; and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's—And then they stretch out their faces and make mouths, and girn at me, and which ever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson, when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face." She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 87. *Jeanie Deans' Address to Queen Caroline.*

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late, may it be yours—O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 88. *Interview between Rebecca and Bois Guilbert in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf.*

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was

heard on the stair, and the door of the turret chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and secured the door behind him: his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and to my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls are orient, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom and have mercy!—Gold will purchase you pleasure,—to misuse us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satiate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou may'st purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—may'st obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; but know, bright lily of the vale of Bacca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchymist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an alembic, which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful masque of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of those ornaments."

"What would'st thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess.—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? *Despardieux!*—Not if she were the queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Zion,

that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter with Languedoc for a dowry, I could not wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden, otherwise than *par amours*, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present?"

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

"I believe as my fathers taught," said Rebecca; "and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is *yours*, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?"

"It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sirach!" answered the Templar; "but, gentle Ecclesiastica, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privilege. Marriage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the wisest of monarchs, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Zion have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon's Temple may claim license by the example of Solomon."

"If thou readest the Scripture," said the Jewess, "and the lives of the saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproof—"Hearken," he said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto spoke mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations, nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity."

"Stand back," said Rebecca—"stand back, and hear me ere thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou may'st indeed overpower, for God made woman weak, and trusted their defence to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order, shall learn, that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at thy crime, will hold thee accursed for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearest as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his Order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—"thou art sharp-witted," he said, "but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help, die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred Heaven! to

what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—*thou* the best lance of the Templars!—craven Knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy."

As she spoke she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and, in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality."

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," said the Templar; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever. If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear. I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far," and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called.—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar."

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to the looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou need'st no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar, "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice. I am not naturally that which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. It was woman that taught me cruelty, and on woman therefore I have exercised it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who boasted for all his domains but a ruinous tower and an unproductive vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren lands of Bordeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady's that had a county for a dowry. —Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform with an animation in which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence —"Yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide De Montemare known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I requited?—When I returned with my dear bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith. But my vengeance has recoiled on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties—My manhood must know no domestic home —must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must outlive me to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. At the feet of my Superior I have laid down the right of self-action—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice."

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, as priests tell us, to themselves, it is because they hold it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals.—And ambition! it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself."—He paused a moment, and then added, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch——Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse. The Templar loses, as thou hast said, his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body before which thrones already tremble; even as the single drop of rain which mixes with the sea, becomes an individual part of that resistless ocean, which undermines rocks and ingulphs royal ar-

madas. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the baton of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of kings—a hemp-sandaled monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messias offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayest thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee"——

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. Think not we long remained blind to the idiotical folly of our founders, who forswore every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touch-stone. I will soon return and hold farther conference with thee."

He re-entered the turret chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarce more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of Jacob for the protection which he had afforded her, and to implore its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition—it was that of the wounded Christian whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his avowed enemies. Her heart indeed checked her, as if, even in communing with the Deity in prayer, she mingled in her devotions the recollection of one with whose fate hers could have no alliance—a Nazarene, and an enemy to her faith. But the petition was already breathed, nor could all the narrow prejudices of her sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 89. *Interview between Leicester and the Countess at Kenilworth.*

The Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villany?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward, and dropping his cloak, while he said in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the Countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear and grief, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers but the more interesting. He received and repaid her caresses with fondness, mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over: when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met!—for I call not this morning's horrible vision a meeting. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger—But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety."

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord," said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—"how could I injure that which I love better than myself."

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the Earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed!" she exclaimed eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer? O if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor place!—but I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither*; yet if it concern your safety"——

"We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my Northern castles, under the personage—it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my Lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all"——

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary — I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will NOT, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!"

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote-Hall, and there she might remain in safety untill time permitted the developement of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The Countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house! —When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the Countess will be warrant for the honour of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family"——

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the Countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honour and integrity.—My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake —I will not do him the farther injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can forbear," she said looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person I would say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object

not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity."

Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne—Say that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection—since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the Countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.

"I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy.—And the Queen—but let her take my head, as she has threatened."

"Your head, my lord!" said the Countess; "because you used the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the Queen's justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scare-crows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!" said Dudley: but, instantly checking himself, he added, "Yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance—I have friends—I have allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own Castle."

"O, my good lord," said Amy, "make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honour. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless—Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

"But Wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, "is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession—since it must be called so—as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence. Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an ex-

pense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy. You shall soon hear farther from me."

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment. The latter as he left the room, bowed low, and, as he raised his body, regarded Amy with a peculiar expression, as if he desired to know how far his own pardon was included in the reconciliation which had taken place betwixt her and her lord. The Countess looked upon him with a fixed eye, but seemed no more conscious of his presence, than if there had been nothing but vacant air on the spot where he stood.

"She has brought me to the crisis," he muttered—"She or I are lost. There was something, I wot not if it was fear or pity, that prompted me to avoid this fatal crisis. It is now decided—She or I must *perish*."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 90. *Queen Elizabeth discovers the Marriage of Leicester.*

As Tressilian rode over the bridge lately the scene of so much riotous sport, he could not but observe that men's countenances had singularly changed during the space of his brief absence. The mock-fight was over, but the men, still habited in their masking suits, stood together in groups, like the inhabitants of a city who have been just startled by some strange and alarming news. When he reached the Base-court, appearances were the same—domestics, retainers, and under officers, stood together and whispered, bending their eyes towards the windows of the great hall, with looks which seemed at once alarmed and mysterious.

Sir Nicholas Blount was the first person of his own particular acquaintance Tressilian saw, who left him no time to make inquiries, but greeted him with "God help thy heart, Tressilian, thou art fitter for a clown than a courtier—thou canst not attend as becomes one who follows her majesty.—Here you are called for, wished for, waited for—no man but you will serve the turn; and hither you come with a misbegotten brat on thy horse's neck, as if thou wert dry nurse to some sucking devil, and wert just returned from airing."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Tressilian, letting go the boy, who sprung to the ground like a feather, and himself dismounting at the same time.

"Why, no one knows the matter," replied Blount; "I cannot smell it out myself, though I have a nose like other courtiers. Only, my lord of Leicester has galloped along the bridge, as if he would have rode over all in his passage, demanded an audience of the Queen, and is closeted even now with her, and Burleigh and Walsingham—and you are called for—but whether the matter be treason or worse, no one knows."

"He speaks true, by heaven," said Raleigh, who that instant appeared; "you must immediately to the Queen's presence."

"Be not rash, Raleigh," said Blount, "remember his boots—For heaven's sake, go to my chamber, dear Tressilian, and don my new bloom-coloured silken hose—I have worn them but twice."

"Pshaw!" answered Tressilian; "do thou take care of this boy, Blount; be kind to him, and look he escapes you not—much depends on him."

So saying, he followed Raleigh hastily, leaving honest Blount with the bridle of his horse in one hand, and the boy in the other. Blount gave a long look after him.

"Nobody," he said, "calls me to these mysteries,—and he leaves me here to play horse-keeper and child-

keeper at once. I could excuse the one, for I love a good horse naturally; but to be plagued with a bratchet whelp.—Whence come ye, my fair-favoured little gossip?"

"From the fens," answered the boy.

"And what didst thou learn there, forward imp?"

"To catch gulls with their webbed feet and yellow stockings," said the boy.

"Umph!" said Blount, looking down on his own immense roses,—"Nay, then the devil take him asks thee more questions."

Meantime Tressilian traversed the full length of the great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groups, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall into the Queen's withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many a neck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of the apartment; but the tapestry which covered the door on the inside, was dropped too suddenly to admit the slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself not without a strong palpitation of heart in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but seemed to delay speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

"Ho, sir!" said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; "*you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised upon us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice?" Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense showing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou know'st of this affair—dost thou not?"

"Not, gracious Madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession," said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushed to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—"the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villany hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine own eyes for their blindness!"

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him,

while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou dost not, thou canst not comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me."

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"— here her tears fell over her cheeks in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured Sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—slighted—'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion would betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a Queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of regular motion.

"Our Sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness,

"My Lord Shrewsbury we discharge you of your prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair."—She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

Tressilian told his story, generously suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that in doing so he did the Earl good service; for had the Queen at that instant found any thing on account of which she could vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our Secretary-office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter. My Lord of Leicester it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piece-meal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor-Place in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. 'Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions which were yester-morning accounted but a light offence."

The Queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His Lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal? —You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of

soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, madam," said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom"——

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the Earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me"——

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

"To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?"

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

"Why, ay," said the Queen; "so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure.—Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain faitours there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady here in all honour—lose no time and God be with you."

They bowed and left the presence.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 91. *Sorrow for the Dead.*

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood

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over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavail-

ing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; —but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

W. Irving.

§ 92. *An Autumnal Evening.*

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favourite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden winged wood-pecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and spendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red tipt wings and yellow tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb in his gay light blue coat and white under clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Further on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain; a few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into a deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slant-

ing ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark grey and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air. *W. Irving.*

§ 93. *The Storm Ship.*

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called Walter the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed, one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses. The lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weather cock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom, and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes; they gathered their children together and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed post, lest they should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting sun breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of her birth, from which they were so completely severed. To the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap, nor new gown, until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools; the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of hollands; the schoolboy for his top and marbles; and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of "The Ship." It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship—was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion, with great confidence, to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times,

and were great authorities on such occasions: these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents. But the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service; the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvass, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing—a hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye. She was a stout, round, Dutch built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly upon his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder cloud. The by-standers looked at Hans Van Pelt to see what he would say to this report. Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it. What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river.

Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour master, ordered his boat and set off to board her, but after rowing for two or three hours he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this, it is probable, was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style; the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers. Not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues; and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud, melting away in a summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague; and smoked his long jasmin pipe; and listened to all that his counsellors had to say, on a subject about which they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings; the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week elapsed; but she never returned down the

Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they soon had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship, at different parts of the river. Sometimes near the Palisadoes; sometimes off Croton Point; and sometimes in the Highlands; but she was never reported as having been seen above the Highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of a thunder storm, lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down; and would throw them into great bustle and alarm, when the next flash would show her far off; always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the Highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moon-beams. By the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her top-sails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the Storm Ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever; and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point of ships seen off the coast of New-England navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman, which had so long haunted Table Bay, but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbour. Others suggested that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the Half Moon; who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a north-west passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor; but it passed current out of doors. Indeed, it had already been reported that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountain; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled; or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council; and the Storm Ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, to be a matter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote throughout the whole time of the Dutch government; and particularly just before the capture of New-Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province, by the English squadron. About that time the Storm Ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappaan Zee; about Weehawk, and even down as far as Hoboken, and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no authentic accounts of her, though it is said she still haunts the Highlands, and cruises about Point-no-point. Peo-

ple who live along the river insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep, still midnight, they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these Highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose, and sugar-loaf'd hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand; which they say keeps about the Dunderberg Mountain. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's Nose; and that, at such time, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thundergust that came scouring down from the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully and rocked until the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed; when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast head; which was known at once for the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast head and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the Highlands, until she had passed Pollopel's Island; where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat all at once spun up into the air like a top; whirled up all the clouds into a vortex; and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast; a wise precaution against evil spirits, which has since been adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

W. Irving.

A NEW

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

ALSO,

THE ÆRA, THE COUNTRY, AND WRITINGS OF LEARNED MEN.

The whole comprehending, in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before Christ.

4004 THE Creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.
About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.
2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.
2188 Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyses, in 525 before Christ.
2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.
1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.
1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.
1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.
1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God first high-priest of the Israelites.
1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom,

together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the Tabernacle, and in it the Ark of the covenant.

1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.

1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.

1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.

1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.

1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.

1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.

1048 David is sole king of Israel.

1004 The Temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.

896 Elijah, the prophet, is translated to Heaven.

894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.

869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.

824 The kingdom of Macedon begins.

753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, first king of the Romans.

720 Samaria taken, after three years siege, and the kingdom of Israel finished, by Salmanasar, king of Assyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.

The first eclipse of the moon on record.

658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.

604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, some Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.

600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.

Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.

597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.

587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.

562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.

559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.

538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.

534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.

526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.

515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.

509 Tarquin the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.

504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.

486 Æschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.

481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.

458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.

454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.

451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.

430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.

Malachi the last of the prophets.

400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.

331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical æra on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.
47 The battle of Pharsalia between Cæsar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
45 The war of Africa in which Cato kills himself.
The solar year introduced by Cæsar.
44 Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the senate-house.
35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæsar.
30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themselves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
27 Octavius, by a decree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Cæsar, and an absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman Emperor.
8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.
12 ——— disputes with the doctors in the Temple;
27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderness by John;
33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
Pontius Pilate kills himself.
40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
51 Caractacus, the British King, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——————— persecutes the Druids in Britain.

61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples, about this time.
64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.
67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.
83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and first sails round Britain, which he discovers to be an island.
96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his Revelation—his Gospel in 97.
121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the Southern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle; but this also proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The second Jewish war ends, when they were all banished Judea.
139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
141 A number of heresies appear about this time.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius stops the persecution against the Christians.
217 The Septuagint said to be found in a cask.
222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
260 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and flayed alive.
274 Silk first brought from India: the manufacture of it introduced into Europe by some Monks, 551: first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
291 Two emperors, and two Cæsars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
306 Constantine the Great begins his reign.
308 Cardinals first began.
313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.
325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, against Arius, where was composed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
328 Constantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Constantinople.
331 ———— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.
363 The Roman Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.
364 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Constantinople the capital) and western (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus, of Campagnia.
404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of Honorius, emperor of the West.
410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Visi-Goths.
412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to their own valour.
446 The Britons now left to themselves, are greatly harassed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no assistance from that quarter.
447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.

449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Scots and Picts.
455 The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.
476 The western empire is finished, 523 years after the battle of Pharsalia; upon the ruins of which several new states arise in Italy and other parts, consisting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguished, and the works of the learned are destroyed.
496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Christianity begins in that kingdom.
508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
513 Constantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burned by a speculum of brass.
516 The computing of time by the Christian æra is introduced by Dionysius the monk.
529 The code of Justinian, the eastern emperor, is published.
557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, which continues near fifty years.
581 Latin ceased to be spoken about this time in Italy.
596 Augustine the monk comes into England with forty monks.
606 Here begins the power of the Popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.
622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar their caliph or prince.
653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.
664 Glass invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
685 The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.
748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.
749 The race of Abbas become caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.
800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to restore learning in Europe: but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprises.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.
828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.
867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tithings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford about this time.
915 The university of Cambridge founded.
936 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
979 Coronation oaths said to be first used in England.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia Letters of the alphabet were hitherto used.
996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
999 Boleslaus, the first king of Poland.

1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufacture introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.
1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.
1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunsinane, and marries the princess Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.
1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.
1066 The battle of Hastings fought between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.
1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.
1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany and the pope quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry in penance walks barefooted to the pope towards the end of January.
1076 Justices of peace first appointed in England.
1080 Doomsday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086.
The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his English subjects, numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
1096 The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.
1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.
1118 The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to protect Christian strangers.
1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
1163 London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.
1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, as lord-lieutenant.
1176 England is divided by Henry into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.
1180 Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England.
1181 The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.
1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
1186 The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
1192 The battle of Ascalon, in Judea, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladine's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
1200 Chimneys were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be used; first among the nobility.
1208 London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor, and other magistrates, from king John.
1215 Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas established.
1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Khan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, overrun all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
1233 The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.

1233 The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.
1253 The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
1264 According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.
1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.
1302 The mariner's compass invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swiss cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln's Inn society established.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344, ditto in England.
1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, which, says Edward III. may prove of great advantage to us and our subjects.
1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting first made use of by John Vaneck.
Heralds' college instituted in England.
1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
1349 The order of the Garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals first brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.
1386 A company of Linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
Windsor Castle built by Edward III.
1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the Earl of Douglas.
1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
1399 Westminster abbey built and enlarged—Westminster hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
1410 Guildhall, London, built.
1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.

1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
1430 About this time Laurentius of Harlem invented the art of printing, which he practised with separate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corsellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fusil types, in 1474.
1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Constantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
1477 The university of Aberdeen in Scotland, founded.
1483 Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years, and the loss of 100,000 men.
1486 Henry establishes fifty yeomen of the guards, the first standing army.
1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.
1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America discovered by Americus Vespusius, from whom it has its name.
1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.
1505 Shillings first coined in England.
1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holiness.
1529 The name of Protestant takes its rise from the Reformed protesting against the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houses dissolved by ditto.
1539 The first English Edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished 1611.
About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the steel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins first used in England, before which time the ladies used skewers.
1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten *per cent.*
1549 Lord Lieutenants of counties instituted in England.
1550 Horse guards instituted in England.
1555 The Russian company established in England.

1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
1563 Knives first made in England.
1569 Royal Exchange first built.
1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
English East India company incorporated—established 1600.
English Turkey company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator.
Parochial register first appointed in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years' imprisonment.
1588 The Spanish armada destroyed by Drake and other English admirals.
Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Protestants.
1589 Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.
1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
1605 The gunpowder plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.
1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a priest.
1611 Baronets first created in England by James I.
1614 Napier, of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
1620 The broad silk manufacture from raw silk introduced into England.
1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.
1635 Province of Maryland planted by Lord Baltimore.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
1640 King Charles disobliges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
The massacre in Ireland, when forty thousand English Protestants were killed.
1642 King Charles impeaches five members who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
1662 The Royal Society established at London by Charles II.

1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2, and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
1670 The English Hudson's Bay Company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. overruns great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, Dec. 3.
King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, Feb. 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
1689 The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
1690 The battle of the Boyne gained by William against James in Ireland.
1691 The War in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.
1696 The peace of Ryswick.
1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's in the 68th year of his age.
1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts established.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and Allies, against the French.

1704 The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
The battle of Ramilies won by Marlborough and the Allies.
1707 The first British parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the Allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the Allies.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expense, by a duty on coals.
The English South-Sea company began.
1712 Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is succeeded by George I.
Interest reduced to five *per cent.*
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Lewis XV.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels disperse.
1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.
An act passed for septennial parliaments.
1719 The Mississippi scheme at its height in France.
Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the rest; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.
The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.
1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
Inoculation first tried on criminals with success.
Russia, formerly a dukedom, is now established as an empire.
1732 Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.
Several public spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.
1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace, at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.
1738 Westminster-Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750 at the expense of 389,000*l.* defrayed by parliament.
1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, Oct. 23.
1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and Allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
1746 British Linen Company erected.
1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent.*
British herring fishery incorporated.
1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.
Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.

1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the Black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine society established at London.
1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
1760 King George II. dies, Oct. 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who, on the 22d of Sept. 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770, at the expense of 52,840*l.* to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, born Aug. 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, Feb. 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000*l.* to Mr. Harrison, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists.
An act passed annexing the sovereignty of the island of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.
The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.
1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.
The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
The English East India Company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.
1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.
The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three-pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
First petition of Congress to the King, November.
1775 April 19, The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.
May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

1775 June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

1776 March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops.

An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charleston, in South Carolina.

The Congress declare the American Colonies free and independent states, July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners: and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.

Torture abolished in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expense in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of Parliament.

The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq. and George Johnstone, Esq., arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congress refuse to treat with the British Commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Brest between the English fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.

Grenada taken by the French, July 3.

1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.

The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.

Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.

The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.

Three actions between admiral Rodney, and the count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.

Charleston, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.

Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.

The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000 go up to the house of commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.

That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.

Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.

Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.

General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.

1780 Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Islands, October 3 and 10.
A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.
1781 The Dutch Island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and General Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.
Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.
1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The house of commons address the king against any farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, Mar. 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.
Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.
Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.
The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, Esq. and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded May 3.
The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.
The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, August 24.
The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded between the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.
1783 Preliminary articles of peace betwixt his Britannic majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.
1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.
Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.

1784 Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.

1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.

Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.

Sept. 26. Commercial treaty signed between England and France.

Nov. 21. £471,000 3 *per cent.* stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £30 a man.

Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4, 1787.

1787 March. (France) The Assembly of Notables first convened under the ministry of Mons. de Calonne.

May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Aug. 11. The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop.

1788 August. (France) Mons. Necker replaced at the head of the finances. November: The Notables called together a second time.

In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted his majesty George the Third. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.

1789 Feb. 17 His Majesty was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.

April 23. A general thanksgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.

May. (France) Opening of the States General at Versailles.

July 13, 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Bastile, execution of the governor, of the intendant, of the secretary of state, &c.

October 19. The first sitting of the National Constituent Assembly at Paris.

1790 July 14. Grand French Confederation in the Champ de Mars.

1791 June 21, 22, 25. (France) The king and royal family secretly withdraw from Paris, but are stopped at Varennes and brought back.

On the 14th of July, in consequence of some gentlemen meeting to commemorate the French revolution in Birmingham, the mob arose and committed the most daring outrages for some days on the persons and properties of many of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; burning and destroying meeting-houses, private dwellings, &c. Peace and security were at length restored, by the interposition of the military power.

October 4. (France) The second assembly takes the name of the Legislative Assembly, and is opened by the king in person.

1792 On the 19th of March, the definitive treaty of peace was signed between the British, and their allies, the Nizam, and Mahrattas on the one part, and Tippoo Sultan on the other, by which he ceded one half of his territorial possessions, and delivered up two of his sons to lord Cornwallis, as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty.

Gustavus III. king of Sweden, died on the 29th of March, in consequence of being assassinated by Ankerstroom.

Sept. 20. (France) First sitting of the Third Legislature, which takes the title of National Convention.

1793 Jan. 21st. (France) Lewis XVI. after having received innumerable indignities from his people, was brought to the scaffold, and had his head severed by the guillotine, contrary to the express laws of the new consitution, which had declared the person of the king inviolable.

On the 25th of March, lord Grenville, and S. Comte Woronzow, signed a convention at London on behalf of his Britannic majesty and the empress of Russia, in which their majesties agreed to employ their respective forces in carrying on the "just and necessary war" against France. Treaties also were entered upon with the king of Sardinia, and the prince of Hesse Cassel.

1793 The unfortunate queen of France, on the 16th of October, was conducted to the spot, where Louis had previously met his fate, and conducted herself during her last moments with fortitude and composure, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

Messrs. Muir and Palmer, having been accused of seditious practices were tried in the high court of Justiciary in Scotland, and pronounced guilty. Their sentence was transportation for the space of 14 years, to such place as his majesty might judge proper.—They were sent to Botany Bay.

1794 On the 1st of June, the British fleet, under the command of admiral earl Howe, obtained a most signal victory over that of the French, in which two ships were sunk, one burnt, and six brought into Portsmouth harbour.

1795 In consequence of the rapid progress of the French arms in Holland, the princess of Orange, the hereditary princess and her infant son, arrived at Yarmouth, on the 19th of January: the hereditary prince himself, with his father the stadtholder, landed at Harwich on the 20th.

On the 8th of April, his royal highness George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, was married to her serene highness princess Caroline of Brunswick.

The trial of Warren Hastings, esq. at length came to a close on the 23d of April, when the lord chancellor, having put the question to each of the peers, upon the sixteen articles of the impeachment, and finding that a very great majority voted for his acquittal, informed the prisoner that he was acquitted of the charges brought against him by the house of commons, and of all matters contained therein.

Belgium incorporated with France.

Executive Directory installed in France.

1796 The king assaulted in his coach, February 1.

Battle of Lodi, May 11.

War between England and Spain, October 11.

1797 Lord St. Vincent's victory, February 14.

Mutiny in the fleet, April.

Lord Duncan's victory, October 11.

Treaty of Campo Formio, October 17.

1798 Irish rebellion broke out, April 2; suppressed.

Battle of the Nile, Aug. 1.

French land at Killala, in Ireland, August 24; surrender, September 28.

1799 War recommenced between France and Austria.

Bonaparte defeated at Acre, April 21.

———— returned to France, October 10.

———— installed First Consul, November 25.

British land at the Helder, August 27.

Convention in Holland, October 18.

1800 King's life attempted by Hatfield, May 15.

Battle of Marengo, June 14.

1801 The bill for the union with Ireland signed, January 1.

Treaty of Luneville, February 9.

British land in Egypt, March 8.

Battle of Alexandria, March 21.

Battle of Copenhagen, April 2.

1802 Peace of Amiens, March 27.

1803 War declared against France, May 10.

1804 Bonaparte assumes the Imperial diadem, May 18.

Duke d'Enghien murdered by order of Bonaparte, March 22; Pichegru do. April 6.

The Emperor of Germany resigns the crown of the Cæsars, and assumes the title of Emperor of Austria, September 5.

1805 War declared against Spain, January 11.

Bonaparte crowned king of Italy, May 26.

Sir R. Calder defeats the French fleet, July 22.

War between Austria, Russia, and France, September.

Battle of Trafalgar, October 21.

Bonaparte enters Vienna, November 14.

Battle of Austerlitz, December 2.

Peace between France and Austria, Dec. 27.

1806 Expedition of Miranda to Caraccas—unsuccessful.

Public funeral of Lord Nelson, Jan. 9.

Louis Bonaparte proclaimed king of Holland, June 11.

1806 Bonaparte declares himself protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, July 12.
Prussia declares war against France, October 9.
Battle of Jena, October 14.
Bonaparte enters Berlin, October 24.
1807 Battle between Christophe and Petion, Jan.—Christophe declared governor for life.
Battle of Eylau, February 27.
Battle of Friedland, June 14.
Treaty of Tilsit, July 24.
Copenhagen surrendered to the English, September 7.
Russia declares war against England, Oct. 31.
Portuguese Royal family emigrate to Brazils, Nov. 29.
1808 Charles IV. of Spain abdicates in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII. who is compelled to resign by Bonaparte, March.
Bonaparte appoints his brother Joseph King of Spain, May 4.
Papal territories annexed to France, May 21.
Spain implores the aid of Great Britain against France, June 6.
French fleet at Cadiz seized, June 14.
Gen. Dupont surrenders to the Spaniards, July 19.
Battle of Vimiera, August 19.
Convention of Cintra, Aug. 30.
1809 Battle of Corunna, January 16.
Mr. Madison elected President, March 4.
War between France and Austria, April 8.
Bonaparte re-enters Vienna, May 12.
Battle of Essling, May 22.
Battle of Wagram, July 6, 8.
Armistice between France and Austria, July 12.
Expedition to Walcheren sailed, July 20.
Battle of Talavera, July 28.
Peace signed, October 14.
Bonaparte divorces his wife Josephine, December 15.
Walcheren evacuated, December 23.
Grand Jubilee on the King's entering the 50th year of his reign, October 25.
The Viceroy of Peru disperses the Juntas of La Plata and Quito.
Revolution in Chili.
1810 Bonaparte marries the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, April 2.
Provisional government of Buenos Ayres established, May.
Holland annexed to France, July 9.
General Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden, August 21.
Lucien Bonaparte takes refuge at Malta, August 24.
Capture of the Mauritius, December 3.
Congress of Venezuela assembles.
Viceroy sent to Spain.
Liniers defeated in Cordova, and Velasco in Paraguay.
1811 Prince of Wales appointed Regent, February 6.
Battle of Barossa, March 5.
Battle of Almeida, May 3, 5.
Battle of Albuera, May 16.
Venezuela declares itself independent, July 5.
Comet appeared visible for some weeks to the naked eye, September 1.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Congress of New Grenada declares itself independent.
Insurrection in Mexico—unsuccessful.
Christophe declares himself emperor of Hayti.
1812 Congress passes various acts for increasing the army of the U. States, Jan.
Ciudad Rodrigo taken by storm, January 19.
Badajoz ditto, April 6.
Mr. Percival shot by Bellingham, May 12.
America declares war against England, June 18.
France declares war against Russia, June 23.
Battle of Salamanca, July 22.
General Hull invades Canada, July—surrenders to Gen. Brock, Aug. 16.
Battle of Smolensko, August 16, 17.
The Guerriere captured Aug. 19.

1812 Battle of Borodino, September 7.
Bonaparte enters Moscow, September 14—abandons it, October 22—quits his army at Smorgonie, and escapes by flight, December 5—arrives at Paris, December 18
Battle of Queenstown, Oct. 11.
The Macedonian captured, Oct. 25.
The Java captured, Dec. 29.
Earthquake in Caraccas.
Monteverde defeats Miranda and occupies Caraccas.
Prussian General Yorck enters into a convention with the Russians, December 30.
1813 Battle of the river Raisin—General Winchester defeated, Jan. 17.
Mr. Madison re-elected, March 4.
Prussia declares against France, March 17.
York, Upper Canada, taken, April 29.
Battle of Lutzen, May 2.
Battle of Bautzen and Wurtschen, May 20, 21.
Fort George, Upper Canada, taken, May 27.
Battle at Sackets' Harbour, May 29.
The Chesapeake captured, June 1.
Armistice between Bonaparte and the Allies agreed to, June 4.
Battle of Vittoria, June 21.
Fort Erie, Upper Canada, taken, July.
Col. Croghan defeats the British at Sandusky, Aug. 1.
Battle of the Pyrenees, August 11.
Hostilities in Germany renewed, Austria declares war against France, Aug. 17.
St. Sebastian's taken by storm, Aug. 31.
Perry's victory on lake Erie, Sept.
General Proctor surrenders to Gen. Harrison in Upper Canada, Oct.
Lord Wellington enters France at the head of his victorious army, Oct. 7.
Bonaparte totally defeated near Leipsic, with immense loss, October 18—20.
The Dutch recall the Prince of Orange, Dec. 1.
The allies cross the Rhine, December 20.
Fort Niagara taken by the British, Dec.
Bolivar re-emancipates Venezuela.
Expedition of the Peruvian royalists into Chili.
1814 Battle of Tallapoosa—Gen. Jackson defeats the Creeks, Jan. 22.
Battle of La Cole, Lower Canada, March 31.
The allies enter Paris, March 31.
Bonaparte dethroned and sent to Elba, April 6.
Battle of Toulouse, April 11.
Louis XVIII. recalled, May 2.
Peace signed, June 2.
The Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia visited London, June 6.
Battle of Chippewa, July 6.
Battle of Bridgewater, July 25.
Assault on Fort Erie—British repulsed, Aug. 15.
Battle of Bladensburgh—Washington taken and the capitol burnt, Aug 24.
McDonough's victory on lake Champlain—battle of Plattsburgh, Sept. 11.
Battle at N. Point, near Baltimore, Sept. 12.
Sortie from Fort Erie, Sept. 17.
Gen. Jackson takes Pensacola, Nov.
Bolivar defeated by Boves and driven out of Caraccas.
Battle of Roncagua in Chili—The Peruvian Royalists reconquer the country.
The British invade Louisiana, Dec.
Gen. Jackson attacks them by night, Dec. 23.
Treaty signed at Ghent between the U. States and G. Britain, Dec. 24.
1815 The British entirely defeated at New Orleans, Jan. 8.
The treaty of Ghent ratified by Congress, Feb. 17.
Bonaparte returns from Elba to Paris without opposition and resumes the Imperial diadem, March 20.
Louis XVIII. retires to Lille, and afterwards to Ghent.
The Allies issue a Declaration against Bonaparte, and march into France.
Bonaparte gains successes over the Prussians, June 16th and 17th.
Bonaparte entirely routed by the Duke of Wellington, June 18th, at Waterloo.

1815 Louis XVIII. returns to Paris, July 8.
The Duke of Wellington enters Paris.
Bonaparte surrenders to the British and is sent to St. Helena.
War between America and the Algerines, May—treaty signed in Aug.
Martial law proclaimed in Ireland, Oct.
Marshal Ney executed, Dec.
Protestants persecuted at Nimes.
Murat makes a descent in Naples—is taken and executed.
War in Ceylon—King of Candy made prisoner by the British.
War with Nepaul—The Nepaulese defeated—peace concluded.
1816 *The Holy Alliance* formed, Jan.
The U. States' Bank established, April.
Marriage of Princess Charlotte, May 2.
Insurrection at Barbadoes.
The Independents of New Grenada defeated by Morillo, and the country again occupied by the royalists.
The Congress of Buenos Ayres declares itself independent, July 9.
Lord Amherst's mission to China—failed.
Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers—successful attack and treaty.
Bolivar returns to Venezuela and is defeated—lands again, Dec. and defeats the royalists, March, 1817.
Indiana admitted into the union, Dec.
Civil war between Buenos Ayres and Artigas commences—ends in the defeat and death of the latter.
Petion declared president for life of the republic of Hayti.
Portuguese take Montevideo, Dec.
1817 Mr. Monroe elected President, March 4.
San Martin collects an army in Buenos Ayres and enters Chili—defeats the royalists in the battle of Chacabuco.
Barcelona, in Caraccas, taken by the Spaniards, April.
Bolivar declared dictator—establishes his government at Angostura.
Revolt in Pernambuco.
The Cato-street Conspiracy.
Habeas corpus suspended in Great Britain.
War with the Pindarees in India.
War with the Mahrattas—The Peishwah defeated—Poonah taken.
Death of Princess Charlotte, Nov.
Mississippi admitted into the union, Dec.
Amelia Island taken by the Americans.
1818 Bernadotte proclaimed king of Sweden, Jan.
Habeas corpus restored, Feb.
Scindiah joins the British against the Pindarees.
Battle of Maipu—Royalists driven out of Chili, April.
Seminole war commences, April.
Gen. Jackson takes Pensacola, May.
Representative constitution of Bavaria established, May.
War in India closed by the reduction of the Pindarees.
Deposition of the Peishwah.
Congress of Aix-la Chapelle, Oct.
The Allied Troops evacuate France, Nov.
Pensacola restored to Spain, Nov.
Illinois admitted into the union, Dec.
Death of Petion—Boyer succeeds him.
1819 New marriage act passes the British Parliament, March.
Florida ceded to the U. States, by Spain.
Assassination of Kotzebue.
McGregor's unsuccessful expedition against Porto-bello.
Lord Cochrane blockades Callao.
Radical meeting at Manchester dispersed by the military, Aug.
Bolivar marches into New Grenada.
Battle of Boyaca, Aug. 8.
Occupation of Bogota by Bolivar.
Union of New Grenada and Venezuela, Dec.
Abbé Gregoire excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, Dec.
Act passed the British parliament prohibiting seditious meetings.

1819 Alabama admitted into the union, Dec.
1820 Insurrection at Cadiz, Jan.
Death of George III. Jan. 29
Assassination of the Duke of Berri, Feb.
Maine admitted into the union.
Fourth census of the U. States.
Debate on the Missouri question.
Revolution in Spain—Constitution of 1812 re-established, March—massacre at Cadiz, April.
The Queen arrives in England, June.
Meeting of the Spanish Cortes, July.
Revolution in Naples.
Revolt of Ali Pacha.
Trial of the Queen voted, Aug.
Disturbances in Sicily.
Chilian expedition to Peru under San Martin.
Revolution in Portugal, Sept.
Riego dismissed from his command.
Palermo surrenders to Gen. Pepe, Oct.
Armistice between Bolivar and Morillo—Morillo returns to Spain, Nov.
Conference of Troppau, Nov.
Trial of the Queen concluded—Bill withdrawn, Nov.
Death of Christophe—Hayti united in one government under Boyer.
1821 Conference at Laybach, Jan.
Departure of the king of Naples for Laybach—War declared against Naples.
Tumult in Madrid—King's body-guard disbanded, Feb.
Treaty for the cession of Florida finally ratified, Feb.
Portuguese Cortes meet to form a constitution.
Mr. Monroe re-elected President.
Missouri admitted into the union, March.
The Austrians invade Naples, March.
Revolution in Piedmont—the King abdicates in favour of his brother.
Battle of Rieti—Austrians enter Naples.
Revolution in Piedmont quelled by the Austrians.
Revolt in Moldavia under Ypsilanti, May.
Death of Bonaparte, May 5.
Congress of Colombia installed.
The Royalists begin a predatory war in Spain.
Brazil adopts the Portuguese constitution.
Battle of Carabobo, June.
San Martin enters Lima, June.
———— declares Peru independent, July.
Gen. Jackson takes possession of Florida, July.
The king of Portugal leaves Brazil for Lisbon, July.
Bank of England resumes cash payments.
Massacres in Constantinople—Patriarch beheaded.
Revolt of the Greeks in Morea and the islands.
Coronation of George IV., July.
Death of Queen Caroline, Aug.
Callao surrenders to San Martin, Sept.
Yellow Fever in Barcelona, Oct.
The French establish a *cordon sanitaire* on the Spanish Frontier.
The Mexicans declare their independence.
Iturbide concludes an arrangement with the Spanish commander in chief.
The Russian armies assemble on the Turkish frontier.
The Turks retake Athens, Nov.
Disturbances in the South of Ireland.
War between Persia and Turkey.
1822 Tripolitza taken by the Greeks, Jan.
Habeas corpus suspended in Ireland, Feb.
Disturbances in France—insurrection of Gen. Berton at Saumur, March.
Spanish St Domingo united with Hayti.
Ali Pacha delivered up to the Turks and beheaded.
Massacre at Scio.
The U. States declare the S. American States independent, April.

1822 Revolt of Thessaly, May.
Constitution of Colombia established—Bolivar elected President.
Iturbide proclaimed emperor of Mexico.
Arrangement between Russia and Turkey.
Bolivar undertakes an expedition to Quito and Guyaquil May.
Revolt of the Royal guards at Madrid, June.
War between Persia and Turkey renewed.
Trial of Gen. Berton at Paris, Aug.
Greek victory over the Turkish fleet near Scio.
Greeks declare the Turkish coasts blockaded.
Death of Marquis of Londonderry.
Interview between Bolivar and San Martin at Guayaquil.
Execution of Gen. Elio at Valencia, Sept.
Civil war in the N. of Spain—army of the Faith.
Morales takes Maracaibo, Sept.
San Martin abdicates the Dictatorship of Peru and retires to Chili.
The Prince Regent of Brazil declares himself independent of Portugal, and assumes the title of emperor, Nov.
Regency of Urgel formed.
Defeat of Chourschid Pacha in the Morea—massacre of Cyprus.
Spanish Regency driven into France.
Alliance between Spain and Portugal.
Congress of Verona, Dec.
1823 Surrender of Napoli to the Greeks, Jan.
Canterac defeats Alvarado near Arica, Jan.
War declared by France against Spain, March.
M. Manuel expelled the Chamber of Deputies.
Deposition of Iturbide—the Mexican republic restored, March.
The French invade Spain under the Duke of Angouleme and Marshal Moncey, April.
The King and Cortes leave Madrid for Seville.
Corinth surrenders to the Greeks.
Commodore Daniels defeated in a naval action with the Spaniards, April.
The Duke of Angouleme enters Madrid—Regency formed, May.
Canterac enters Lima, May.
Valencia occupied by the French, June.
The King and Cortes retire to Cadiz, July.
Morillo joins the French.
The French advance to Cadiz.
Battle at Corunna with Quiroga.
Padilla defeats Morales on the lake of Maracaibo, July.
Maracaibo captured—Morales capitulates, Aug.
Downfall of the Portuguese constitution—old government restored, Aug.
Siege of Barcelona.
Lord Byron sails from Leghorn to Greece, Aug.
Defeat and submission of Ballasteros.
Botzaris defeats the Pacha of Scutari at Carpenissi, in a night engagement—but is killed in the action, Aug. 21.
Corunna and Pampeluna surrendered, Sept.
Attack on the Trocadero.
Death of Pope Pius VII.
Bolivar enters Lima, Sept.
The Cortes surrender Cadiz, Oct.—The constitution abolished.
Insurrection of the Blacks in Demerara.
Great Britain sends Consuls to S. America.
Barcelona surrendered, Nov.
Porto Cabello taken and the Spaniards driven out of Colombia, Nov.
Gen. Mina lands in England, Nov. 30.
The Duke of Angouleme arrives at Paris, Dec. 2.
Treaty for the occupation of Spain by 40,000 French troops concluded at Madrid.
Treaty of peace between Persia and the Porte.
Montevideo taken by the Brazilian army.
Battle between the British and the Ashantees, Sir C. M'Carthy killed, Dec. 31.
1824 Lord Byron joins the Greeks at Missolonghi, Jan.

The Turks raise the siege of Missolonghi and retire into Albania.
The legislature of Tobago passes an act to ameliorate the condition of slaves.
The British declare war against Algiers, March.
The Algerines land on the Spanish coast and carry off the inhabitants.
The Royalists take Callao by treachery.
The British government issues a proclamation for ameliorating the condition of the slaves in the West Indies—the colonial legislatures hostile to it.
War with the Burmese commences on the Eastern frontier of Bengal.
Death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, April 19.
Second Battle with the Ashantees, May.
A British squadron sails from Madras to Burmah and takes Rangoon.
Battle of Cheduba near Rangoon—the Burmese defeated, June 10.
Battle of Junin in Peru—the royalists defeated.
Chateaubriand dismissed from the French ministry, June.
Iturbide sails for Mexico.
A British squadron blockades Algiers—Peace concluded, July.
The Turks attack and ravage Ipsara.
The Greeks defeat the Turkish fleet and retake Ipsara.
A third battle with the Ashantees—the latter defeated, July 11.
Gen. Lafayette arrives in New York, Aug.
The Greeks land at Epanomi on the Gulf of Smyrna, defeat the Pacha and ravage the country.
Iturbide lands in Mexico, is taken and shot.
A party of Spanish constitutionalists land at Tariffa; after a few days' occupation of the town are taken prisoners by the French.
Death of Louis XVIII., Sept. 16.
The Greeks defeat the Turkish and Egyptian fleets at Cos and Samos, and take and destroy 74 vessels.
Dervish Pacha defeated at Thermopylæ.
Canterac defeated at Apurimac, Sept. 29.
The Patriots blockade Lima.
Battle of Keykloo near Rangoon, the Burmese defeated, Oct. 8 & 9.
Lord Cochrane takes Pernambuco for the emperor of Brazil.
Evacuation of Spain by the French troops, as far as the Ebro, agreed upon, November.
Slave trade abolished in Mexico.
The Russians announce the evacuation of Moldavia by the Turks.
The French troops evacuate Madrid, Dec. 20.
Death of Ferdinand IV. of Naples.
1825 Bolivar totally defeats the royalists at Guamanquilla—the latter surrender and deliver up all Peru to the Patriots; Callao refusing to surrender is blockaded and declared outlawed by Bolivar.
Dreadful inundations in the North of Europe.
J. Q. Adams elected President of the U. States, Feb.
Debate in parliament on the Catholic Emancipation bill, March.
Capture of Naviran by Ibrahim Pacha.
Hayti acknowledged Independent by the king of France, April 7.
Coronation of Charles X., May 29.
Death of Alexander, Emperor of Russia.
1826 Death of the king of Portugal.
The Turks take Missolonghi, March 22.
Fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence celebrated, July 4th—the same day died Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, late Presidents of the United States, and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

MEN OF LEARNING AND GENIUS.

B. C.
907 HOMER, the first profane writer and Greek poet, flourished. *Pope.*
Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer.
884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver. [*Cooke.*
600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. *Fawkes.*
558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
556 Æsop, the first Greek fabulist. *Croxal.*
548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.
497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addison, Moore.*
456 Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *West.*
413 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of profane history. *Littlebury.*
407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
Democritus, the Greek philosopher. [*Fielding.*
359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashley,*
348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimsdale.*
332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the stoic philosophy in ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
30 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*
19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satiric poet. *Francis.*
A. C.
17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Crieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
64 Quintus Curtius, a Roman historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*

64 Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Estrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
69 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. Mrs. *Carter.*
95 Quintilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon. Murphy.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden, Gifford.*
140 Ptolemy, the Egypian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinstone.*
193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshall.*
273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
342 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, bishop of Cæsaria.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philosopher. *Bellamy, Preston.*
529 Procopius, of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft.* *

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory; but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce, illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians: and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, succeeded worse than Gothic ignorance—the superstition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have sprung up in a new soil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at least equal, the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

735 Bede, a priest of Northumberland; History of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
901 King Alfred; history, philosophy, and poetry.
1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; History of England.
1292 Roger Bacon, Somersetshire; natural philosophy.
1308 John Fordun, a priest of Mearns-shire; History of Scotland.
1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of English poetry.
1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
1535 Sir Thomas More, London; history, politics, divinity.
1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.

* The names in Italics are those who have given the best English translations.

1568 Roger Ascham, Yorkshire; philology and polite literature.
1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; history of the Church of Scotland.
1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonshire; History of Scotland, Psalms of David, politics, &c.
1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakspeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marcheston, Scotland; discoverer of logarithms.
1623 William Camden, London; history and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philosophy, literature in general.
1634 Lord Chief Justice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
1638 Ben Jonson, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1654 John Selden, Sussex; antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent; discovered the circulation of the blood
1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miscellaneous poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradise Lost, Regained, and various other pieces in verse and prose.
Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltshire; History of the Civil Wars in England.
1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Isaac Barrow, London; natural philosophy, mathematics, and sermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worcestershire; Hudibras, a burlesque poem.
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somersetshire; Intellectual System.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorsetshire; History of Physic.
1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
Robert Barclay, Urie; Apology for the Quakers.
1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
1694 John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 sermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonshire; 27 tragedies and comedies, satiric poems, Virgil.
1704 John Locke, Somersetshire; philosophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Essex; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Ash. Cowper, earl of Shaftesbury; Characteristics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, bishop of Salisbury; history, biography, divinity.
1718 Nicholas Rowe; Devonshire; 7 tragedies, translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.
1719 Rev. John Flamstead, Derbyshire; mathematics and astronomy.
Joseph Addison, Wiltshire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and astronomy.
1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
1724 William Wollaston, Staffordshire; Religion of Nature delineated.
1727 Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.
1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norfolk; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordshire; 7 dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and 11 dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-shire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkshire; classical learning, criticism.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, translation of Homer.
1745 Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleshire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philosophy.
1748 James Thomson, Roxburghshire; Seasons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Isaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Airshire; System of Moral Philosophy.
1750 Rev. Dr. Conyers, Middleton, Yorkshire; life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphysics and natural philosophy.
1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.

1751 Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London; on poisons, plague, small-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somersetshire; Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, &c.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1758 *Jonathan Edwards;* theology, metaphysics.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London; 69 sermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; sermons and controversy.
Samuel Richardson, London; Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancashire; Answer to Deistical Writers.
1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simpson, Glasgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; Sermons, Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnshire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Erasmus, Ecclesiastical History, and sermons.
Dr. Mark Akenside, Newcastle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonshire; History of England, novels, translations.
Thomas Chatterton; poetry.
1771 Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; poems.
1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttelton, Worcestershire; History of England.
1774 Oliver Goldsmith; poems, essays, and other pieces.
Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester; Annotations on the New Testament, &c.
1775 Dr. John Hawkesworth; essays.
Joseph Warren; politics—killed at Bunker's Hill, June 17.
1776 David Hume, Merse; History of England, and essays.
James Ferguson, Aberdeenshire; Astronomy.
Cadwallader Colden, New York; History of the Five Nations.
1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays, &c.
William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester; Divine Legation of Moses, and various other works.
Sir William Blackstone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the laws of England.
1780 Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkshire; philosophy and medicine.
James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philosophical Arrangements.
Thomas Hutchinson; History of Massachusetts.
1782 Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol, Litchfield; Discourses on the Prophecies, and other works.
Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghshire; Diseases of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticism, Sketches of the History of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanarkshire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Version of the Bible, theological tracts.
James Otis, Massachusetts; politics.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and some Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnson, Litchfield; English Dictionary, biography, essays, poetry. Died December 13, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, LL. D. author of the Justice of Peace, Ecclesiastical Laws, &c. Died Nov. 20.
Richard Glover, Esq.; Leonidas, Medea, &c. Died Nov. 25.
1786 Jonas Hanway, Esq.; travels, miscellanies. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
1787 Dr. Robert Lowth, bishop of London; criticism, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Esq.; Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and other pieces. Died Dec. 18.
1788 James Stuart, Esq.; celebrated by the name of "Athenian Stuart." Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainsborough, Esq.; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
1788 Thomas Sheridan, Esq.; English Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c. Died Aug. 14.

1788 William Julius Mickle, Esq.; translator of the Lusiad. Died Oct. 25.
1789 Dr. William Cullen; Practice of Physic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
1790 *Benjamin Franklin*, Esq. Boston, New England; electricity, natural philosophy, miscellanies. Died April 17.
Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; History of English Poetry, poems. Died April 21.
Dr. Adam Smith, Scotland; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
John Howard, Esq. Middlesex; account of Prisons and Lazarettos, &c.
William Livingston, New Jersey; poetry.
1791 Rev. Dr. Richard Price, Glamorganshire; on Morals, Providence, Civil Liberty, Annuities, Reversionary Payments, Sermons, &c. Died Feb. 19, aged 68.
Dr. Thomas Blacklock, Annandale; poems, Consolations from natural and revealed Religion. Died July, aged 70.
Francis Hopkinson; law, poetry.
1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds, Devonshire; President of the Royal Academy of Painting; Discourses on Painting delivered before the Academy. Died Feb. 23, aged 68.
John Smeaton, Yorkshire; Civil Engineer; Mechanics, Edystone Lighthouse, Ramsgate Harbour, and other public works of utility.
1793 Rev. Dr. William Robertson, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland; History of Scotland, of the Reign of Charles V., History of America, and Historical Disquisition concerning India. Died June 11, aged 72.
John Hunter, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Surveyor General to the Army; Anatomy. Died Aug. 16.
John Hancock; politics.
Roger Sherman; politics.
1794 Edward Gibbon, Esq. History of the Roman Empire, &c. Died Jan. 16.
James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; Travels into Abyssinia.
John Witherspoon; theology, politics.
1795 Dr. Alexander Gerard; Essay on Taste, sermons. Died Feb. 22.
Sir William Jones, one of the Judges of India, and president of the Asiatic Society; several law Tracts, translation of Isæus, and of the Moallakat, or Seven Arabian poems, and many valuable papers in the Asiatic Researches.
Ezra Stiles; theology.
1796 *David Rittenhouse;* astronomy.
Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet.
1797 Edmund Burke; politics, philology, &c.
Horace Walpole; miscellaneous writer.
1798 *Jeremy Belknap;* history, biography.
Thomas Pennant; naturalist, topographer.
1799 *George Washington*, President of the U. States, died Dec. 14.
Patrick Henry; politics.
1800 Hugh Blair; divinity and morals.
William Cowper; poet.
1803 *Samuel Adams;* politics, died Oct. 2.
1804 *Alexander Hamilton;* politics.
1805 Dr. W. Paley; theology, moral philosophy.
1806 *Robert Morris;* finance.
Henry Kirke White; poetry.
William Pitt; statesman.
Charles James Fox; statesman and historian.
1807 *Oliver Ellsworth*, Chief Justice of the United States.
1808 *John Dickenson;* Farmer's Letters.
Fisher Ames; politics.
Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester; theology, criticism.
Thomas Beddoes, M. D.; medicine.
John Home; tragedies.
1809 Sir George Baker; medicine.
1810 Henry Cavendish; natural philosophy.
Charles B. Brown; novels.
1811 Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore; poems, Reliques of ancient English poetry.
Richard Cumberland; poems, plays, &c.
Nevil Maskelyne, D. D.; astronomy.

1812 John Horne Tooke; philology, politics.
Joel Barlow; poetry.
Joseph Dennie; essays.
Roger Griswold; politics.
Joseph S. Buckminster; theology.
1813 *Theophilus Parsons;* law.
Benjamin Rush; medicine.
1814 Benjamin Count Rumford; physics, economy.
1815 Samuel Whitbread; politics.
Rev. Claudius Buchanan; Propagation of Christianity in the East.
Richard Alsop; poetry, translations.
Benjamin S. Barton; botany, medicine.
James A. Bayard; politics.
Robert Fulton; mechanics.
1816 Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff; chemistry, theology.
John P. Curran; law, politics.
Adam Ferguson; History of the Roman Republic, &c.
Samuel Dexter; law.
Gouverneur Morris; politics.
1817 Richard L. Edgeworth; education.
Charles Burney: classics, criticism.
Timothy Dwight; theology, poetry, travels.
1818 Sir S. Romilly; politics.
Warren Hastings, Esq. Governor General of India
1819 James Watt; physics.
John Playfair; mathematics, physics.
Samuel S. Smith; theology.
1820 P. Colquhoun, Esq.; police.
Isaac Milner, D. D.; theology, mathematics.
Thomas Brown, M. D.; poetry, metaphysics.
Henry Grattan; politics.
William Hayley, Esq.; poetry, criticism.
Benjamin West; painting, President of the Royal Academy.
1821 Rev. Vicesimus Knox, LL. D.; essays.
1822 The Marquis of Londonderry; politics.
James Gregory, M. D.; medicine.
T. F. Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta; theology, criticism.
William Herschel; astronomy.
Edward D. Clarke, LL. D.; travels.
Levi Frisbie; moral philosophy.
William Pinckney; law, politics.
1823 *Robert R. Livingston;* politics.
Thomas Lord Erskine; law, politics.
Edward Jenner, M. D.; vaccination.
David Ricardo; political economy.
Matthew Baillie, M. D.; medicine.
William Lowndes; politics.
1824 George Lord Byron, died April 19; poems.
Rev. C. Maturin; plays, novels.
1825 Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr; classics, criticism.
Dr. Rees; theology, encyclopedia.
Count Lacepede; natural history.
Robert G. Harper; politics.
1826 *Thomas Jefferson*, President of the United States, died July 4th.
John Adams, President of the United States, died July 4th.

N. B. By the Dates is implied the Time when the above writers died; but when that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flourished is signified by fl. *The names in Italics are Americans.*

END OF VOL. II.

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